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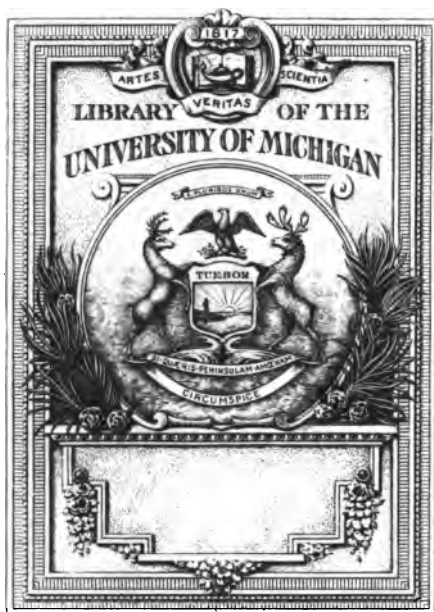
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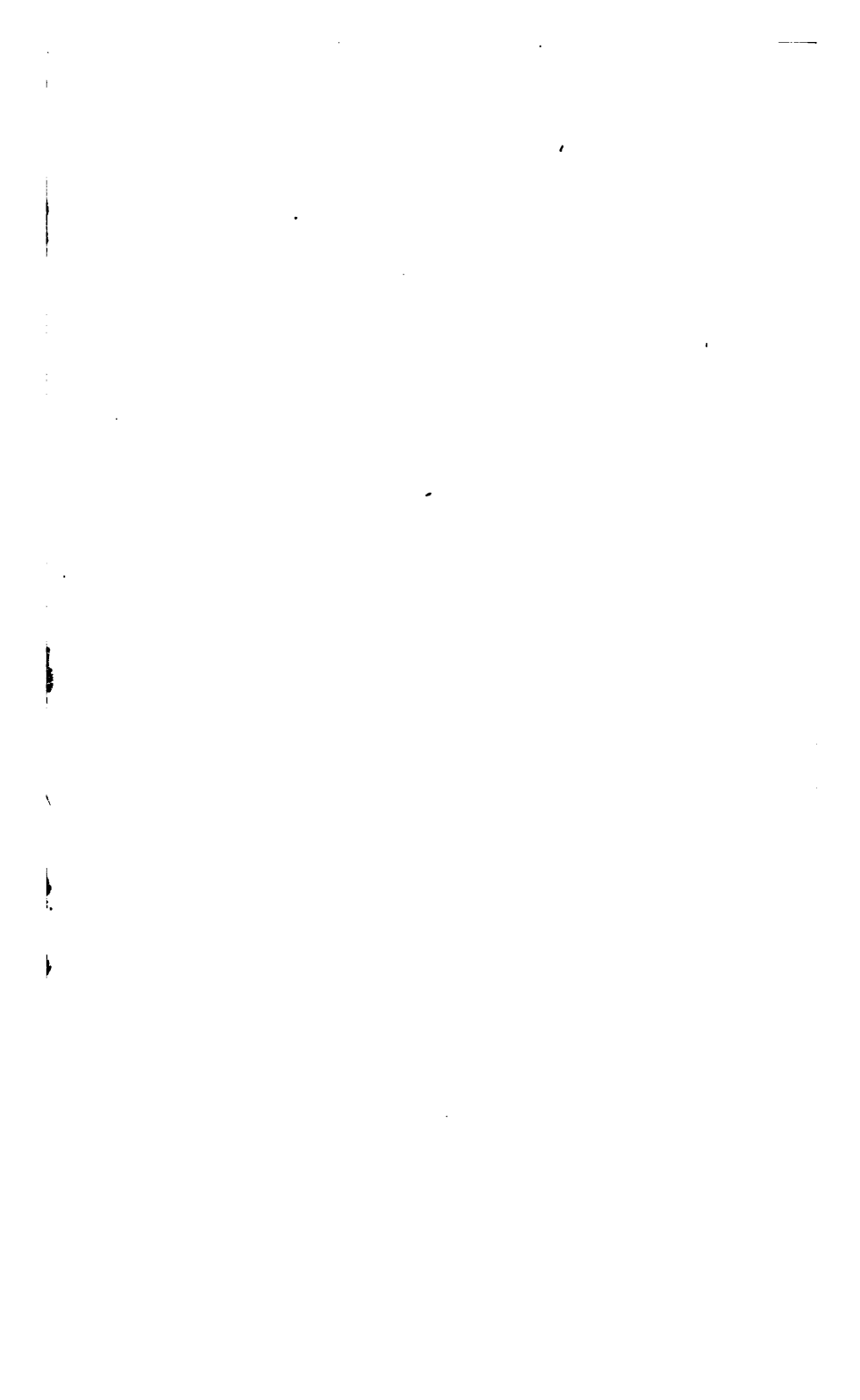


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THE  
FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

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BY  
ROBERT EYRES LANDOR, M.A.

AUTHOR OF  
"THE FAWN OF SERTORIUS," "THE IMPIOUS FEAST,"  
TRAGEDIES, ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR  
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## P R E F A C E.

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SOME imaginary narratives must be written in the names of those fictitious adventurers whose fortunes they relate. When the author adds his own name, he subscribes it to an absurdity. I would leave my man of straw responsible for his autobiography, if this evasion might be as well reconciled with honesty as with prudence. But it is not just that the buffets of criticism should be transferred from him and me to any third person; or that a profitable error should be perpetuated.

Two years ago, I published—thus far anonymously—a fictitious history collected from Plutarch's Lives, and called "The Fawn of Sertorius." It was instantly supposed to have been written by my brother: and several, even among his most discerning acquaintances, might hardly be convinced that the first page of it which he ever saw, was already in print. This misapprehension seems

the more inexplicable as there could be no confusion of names, and as the single passage allusive to him must have disproved his interference, at least, if not his knowledge.

He endured so humiliating a misconception with the good-humoured complacency which he always feels where my projects are concerned. It must not, however, be forgotten that what I received as the most flattering of compliments, he must have suffered as an imputation—that the reader's interest is also implicated—and that silence, a second time, would operate disingenuously in one case, fraudulently in the other.

There are few movements or qualities of the mind more carelessly considered than those in which what we call style originates—yet are there few so curious, so patent to our investigation, or so largely supplied with materials for analysis. We hear much of resemblances from imitation; and there can be no doubt but that a man's language, as well as his morals and his temper, may be corrected by good examples, or vitiated by bad. But, nevertheless, in all these three, the natural tendency will survive. Every style, which is

not forcibly distorted, must be constitutional—for style is the form of expression assumed habitually by our thoughts, till it becomes characteristic.

In the 5th volume of his *Doctor*, and the 165th chapter, Southey says that “perhaps there is no other instance of so strongly marked an intellectual family likeness”—as between my brother’s mind and my own. The Laureat must have meant only such a resemblance as often exists between great things and little. He would have been as incapable of mistaking the one for the other, as a child for his father. Southey did not ascribe this resemblance to imitation. Yet neither he nor my brother could have been aware that, in prose composition, I was the earliest of the two—that preferring a fictitious denomination, or none at all, I wrote thirty years ago, as I write now. In saying this, I ruin my best apology for having written, at last, no better—but then I free myself from the suspicion of an attempt to pass, with such short and coarse skirts, as if covered by a royal mantle.





# THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

## BOOK I.

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Idem ego, cùm subii convexa foramina terræ,  
Supposuique ferox imis mea terga cavernis,  
Solicito MANES.

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## THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

### BOOK I.

#### CHAPTER I.

THAT ancient method, exploded at present for no wiser reason than because it is old and methodical, by which the Author introduces his book as modestly as he knows how, was ever dear to me. It satisfies the inquisitive, propitiates the disdainful, prevents misconceptions in the heedless, and establishes such social and amicable communication between the parties chiefly concerned, as may consist with self-respect. An Author formerly was humble in his opinions and deferential in his deportment: thus approached, the Reader's honour, as well as his humanity, required that he should be gentle, considerate, benevolent, and forbearing. They began their intercourse with a good-humoured presage that both might be pleased in its prosecution. We now look suspiciously, if not hostilely, at one another — coldly and carelessly, if not captiously and contemptuously. Too early for any worse provocation, we are at least willing to quarrel. The Author cavils, swaggers, bullies, gasconades; the Reader looks at him superciliously, as if he would demand some explanation of all this arrogance and insolence; and yet, perhaps, he refuses to hear it when he may.

In such a tone as may invite to reciprocal courtesy, if there be good breeding with its ordinary charac-

teristics on the other side, I will relate some few particulars of my family. And as part of that wisdom which derives its honours from a humble mind, I would at once acknowledge my Reader's superiority; thus anticipating disadvantageous comparisons, and deprecating offence. Unlike himself, unlike all his friends, relatives, or associates, I am, by birth, no more than a gentleman. Let this early and painful admission fortify my title to credit when other facts shall be related by me; for surely there are not many which can appear so rare! The unfortunate peculiarity which distinguishes me from almost every other gentleman in England, agricultural or commercial, is this very humiliating uniformity. There was not one of my ancestors much more illustrious than myself. Some amends are made to me by the far prouder genealogy of a hundred acquaintances, proved through their armorial bearings and their own report. My Family was good, was old, was greater once, was much respected, was opulent if not powerful, — yet I stand solitary for want of pretensions as much higher than these, as these are higher than the truth.

An introductory account of my father's death, — of my mother's marriage, — of my own pupilage under Doctor Ralph, — of my uncle Richard's two sons, and why they were removed from Smyrna to Corfu, — of my uncle Richard's own oversight and improvidence, — of my commercial acquisitions, expectations, and disappointments, — will occupy no more than a few pages in this first book. I shall find room also for the history of my return to England, of my reception in Buckinghamshire and Derbyshire, with my esta-

blishment at Hayfield near Castleton as a country gentleman on my own estate. After having cleared away preliminary obstructions to the knowledge which will be more deliberately revealed as we advance, I shall conduct my courteous, and as I hope unincredulous, Reader farther than any other living man has ever been.

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## CHAPTER II.

I WAS born on the 14th day of February, 1781, at Prince's Risborough, Bucks. My father, who is still affectionately remembered there, had been ordained to the curacy of Wendover in the same county. Youngest among three brothers, he was a patient and conscientious teacher in the twofold capacity of schoolmaster and parish priest. His life was not spared till he could graduate as Doctor in Divinity, or his pupils must have been much more numerous than they were, and the remuneration received from each of them twice as great.

His eldest brother Antony, my godfather, resided on a small family estate between Hayfield and Castleton in Derbyshire. Not without some gratification as an antiquary, I say a family estate, because the Lugwardines have retained it during almost four centuries, and I retain it still. We came originally from Lugwardine in Herefordshire; for I find that the two earliest of my Derbyshire ancestors are so

described in our title-deeds, their names being Philippus de Lugwardine and Robertus de Lugwardine. In 1386 there was an Antonius de Lugwardine, who lost his life while fighting for our just right to the toll of Twyford Ferry between Breedon church and Tewksbury bridge, against the high bailiff's deputy, or, as some think, against the high bailiff himself. Having thus presented Antony, the eldest of these uncles, it remains to say that Richard, my father's only other brother, had been established during more than five and twenty years in the Levant, as a merchant or a factor there. After the cession of Corfu to England he removed both his sons thither from Smyrna; but not, as Mr. Sylvester supposes, either his main establishment or himself.

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### CHAPTER III.

MY first great misfortune, the death of an indulgent father, occurred when I was barely fifteen. The year following deprived me of my mother also, though in a different way. She was then married to Giles Cadwallader Millar, Esq., of Amersham, whose five sons and eight daughters, by two former wives, required no family augmentation through me.

As the latter half of my poor Father's education had been accomplished in Germany, he habituated his pupils to speak the Latin language. But sensible that, from this custom, there is as much danger of

barbarism as advantage through facility, he exercised us also in frequent and careful composition. His own knowledge of Greek was, perhaps, rather exact than extensive. I had become master of no more than the New Testament to the Epistles, of Xenophon's Mem., of Plato's Dialogues, Lucian, Herodotus, the Iliad, and about half the Odyssey, when my instructor was called away from me.

His illness had been sufficiently protracted to give him leisure for such arrangements on my behalf, as implied some forethought of those which his widow might possibly contemplate on her own. He had recommended me to the protection of his old Leipsic fellow-student Doctor Ralph Drumcragenhaus; and a friendship far less sacred than theirs would have secured, from one so affectionate and benevolent, the guardianship which he proposed. Doctor Ralph's tears, on my arrival in Germany, were scarcely less parental, and his kisses were certainly not less profuse, than those of my dear mother on our separation at Amersham. But then his thoughts were occupied about an old friend; hers, much more seasonably, about a new husband; and, unlike her, he had nobody else to kiss.



## CHAPTER IV.

I HAVE never known a better man than Professor Ralph. Even Germany has produced few scholars more profound or so unambitious. His studies were chiefly directed to Greek and Latin literature; adding, perhaps, not much more than such general knowledge of Oriental theology as might be demanded, by his profession, from a Protestant Divine. Classical and philological erudition was to him the amusement of life, if not its business. He eschewed all modern languages as either loose, flaccid, effeminate, and impure; or else rough, uncouth, barbarous, and inexpressive. Though heartily patriotic, never did he converse in his own, but by necessity and with dislike. Of Aristotle and Cicero he remembered many more particulars, historical, traditional, and conjectural, than of his younger brother Roger the Scrivener, or Andrew the Apothecary, though living affectionately with them in the same house. That house contained apartments which he never entered, and to which he could not have found his way; but he had constructed, with extreme minuteness, a large cork model of the Villa so elaborately, and, to most other readers beside himself or Doctor Becker, so unintelligibly described by the younger Pliny.

Is it asked whether nothing else beside Greek and Latin was learnt by me from my illustrious friend? Greek and Latin, with their moral, philosophical, political, poetical, and historical revelations, are treasures not quite so inconsiderable as they may appear. In their pages is deposited the wisdom of the two

wisest and greatest nations among mankind, still maintaining an intellectual sovereignty beyond so wide an abyss as seventeen centuries, and over so many ruins as lie between. Yet through my own fault alone was it, if I did not acquire other instruction more profitable than even this from my venerable guardian. His piety was neither lessened nor corrupted by his learning. Unlike most of his contemporaries, he valued knowledge because it exercised him in humility; for by what other standard can we ascertain our deficiencies? The dread of religious controversy, which when not unjust is almost always uncharitable, slackened his diligence in theological criticism.

I have never known a better man: I have never known one so benevolent. Parents, whose children are the most sensitive and have the greatest docility, take heed to this! Ye seek teachers for them at home, or masters at the public schools—men of competent erudition, of urbane habits, of unsullied morals, of cultivated tastes—and ye do well. Yet some such qualifications, at least, may be found by us every day in conjunction with unchristianlike propensities and contentious tempers. These last are not less teachable than Latin and Greek. It is easier to cross the ass's bridge of dogmatism than of science. A man's feelings and affections are as momentous to his happiness as a first class. Our children's faces are like mirrors, with this difference, that the evil tempers which they reflect from other faces may remain, all life long, both there and upon the heart.

The eyes of my little ones should look habitually at no man's countenance which was not gracious. Their

ears should be familiar with no recriminations, no splenetic retorts, no petulant and vexatious wrestlings for a dishonourable victory in debate. They should stand aloof from the feelings of malice, as well as from its acts and arts. I would provide for their tuition, as far as it might be possible, the social exterior of their grandfather's friend; in addition to his hopeful piety, his easy yet uncorrupt manners, and his unobtrusive learning. From their mother's voice and eyes they would acquire a love for music and a perception of beauty. Their father's countenance should shine as a dial-plate on which to reckon their hourly progress in humanity and benevolence, but by some other indication than its shade. Alas, that I must so soon abandon these fanciful speculations! Poor visionary babes, they never had a mother! Their father's countenance is exceedingly lion-like and austere! The last surviving of the Lugwardines remains an unmarried man!

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## CHAPTER V.

MEN seldom appear so humane, or in a position so advantageous to their humanity, as when they part. How few friends are there who endure a protracted separation without some abatement of warmth — or meet, by appointment, without some precautionary anxieties — or continue together long without some accidental discontents; but none, in any degree

entitled to that character, ever part without much regret! Even the cheerful and social are not always exempt from those momentary perturbations with which selfishness chills the pulse, or controversy overheats it. The needle will oscillate a little from the just point of its affections; and though its polarity is never lost, it is seldom steady. Yet even the petulant, the irritable, and the more generous of the resentful, lose all unkindness as they pass away from each other, — sighing at a consummation which, perhaps, they may have mutually desired. The last shake of the hand is sufficient to dissipate a hundred grievances. There are then no reproaches which we can recall beside those against ourselves.

My dismissal from the hospitable Professor suggested these remarks, because among so many intimacies and associations contracted by me before the middle of life, they leave him as the single exception. In Doctor Ralph's case alone are they quite inapplicable. We parted with many tears, but with no repentant and ungrateful remembrances. He would have fulfilled a duty imposed by friendship if it had not been consecrated by death. The guardianship of seven happy, because industrious, years was repaid on my part by love, gratitude, and a faithful devotion to the same pursuits.

The loss of two sons by the small-pox had left my uncle Richard, amidst his mercantile distractions in the Levant, unassisted if not solitary. Perhaps it was the first time, since his youngest brother's decease, that our relationship had occurred to him. But at present there is such a congruity in our respective losses and misfortunes as was formerly

discovered by Mr. Millar of Amersham and my dear mother. Two negatives make an affirmative. Two melancholy d relicts are the best materials for a happy couple. My uncle had no heirs, and I had no money : the sons deceased having made such a vacuum between us as nature abhors. So now for the orphan's sake, after his seven years' consignment to Doctor Ralph, for my father's sake, and not because such ignorant services as mine could benefit himself, did he propose that I should supply their place. To my mother and Mr. Millar this offer sounded like the conditional promise of adoption ; and as my uncle Richard was supposed by us to be rich beyond any arithmetical calculation, the whole family might partake, not directly, but through me. Their congratulatory letters, therefore, were affectionate in the extreme.

And indeed it was a benignant thought at the right time. All my uncle Richard's negotiations were conducted in this manner. I cannot remember a single purchase which he ever made because the article was wanted by him. Jews, Turks, Greeks, and Armenians were under infinite obligations to their English customer for solicitude so much more active on their account than on his own. Nor were they at all wanting in readiness to return his benefits by similar consideration as often as they were able ; even looking out for the opportunity. There is a present as well as a promised blessing to the benevolent. The most dependent of nephews became, by degrees, the most assiduous and economical of clerks. Zeal grows anxious through tenderness : the alertness of industry is quickened by hope, and

invigorated by such contingencies as a large estate. Every letter received by me from my mother had just room enough in it for a postscript from Mr. Millar, both reminding me that my uncle possessed no other nephew, and that his sons were dead.

He received me at Smyrna, with the hospitality of a mind not unable to occupy its energies about commercial gains after such family losses. When I would have cited the passages which I had collected from Cicero, Seneca, and Epictetus, he chuckled me under my chin, pointing to a huge folio ledger. Without their help or mine, my uncle knew how to look for some compensation from his misfortunes, making the most of them, in one sense, and the least of them, in another. His two sons had lived long enough to spend a vast deal of money. They left memorials behind them with their creditors, which greatly augmented his affliction at first, and assuaged it afterwards. A careful parent's bereavement may have occurred too late rather than too soon; if, through the small-pox's tardiness, his children could find leisure enough for the expenditure of seven thousand Spanish dollars. But then instead of seven thousands they might have obtained credit for fourteen. "I submit!" said my uncle, "I am resigned! There is no impiety or impatience in feeling that, if such an affliction must have visited me for my chastisement, I could have endured it better two or three years ago."

The inferiority of my pretensions, as compared with theirs, made some amends to him for the greater distance of our relationship. On that ground I could keep no Greek mistresses, and — as my uncle inti-

mated neither indistinctly nor unfrequently — I was dismissible when he pleased. As nephew I stood on the far less stable footing which can be maintained no longer than during our good behaviour, if so long. *Standing* is not the one word, nor is *footing* the other; but hanging as the spider does, with a slender thread, an active appetite, a doubtful expectancy, and from an hazardous elevation. Let me confess, in justice to my uncle, that he disavowed all promises. So candid was he as to repeat, whenever some lucky adventure, through my activity or intelligence, had called forth his good humour — that he promised nothing — that he disliked pledges — that he kept himself free — that no one should reproach him or his memory with disappointed hopes — but that he understood men's motives, and knew well when he was well served — that there was a time for all things — especially a time for the recompence of those who preferred his interests to their own gratifications. Strange to say, every one of my uncle's plainest warnings was read, like Canidia's incantations, the wrong way upwards.

The care with which I melted and recoinced older Greek into the new currency — the alacrity with which I accomplished his commissions, during almost thirteen years, on both continents and twenty islands — travelling from Athens to Alexandria, from Constantinople to Corfu, and from Smyrna to Malta — my zeal and industry, providence and self-denial, merited the confidence which was reposed in me, and — as I thought — something better still. He had no other nephew. But it was not his forgetfulness of which I had the most reason to complain. As his heir-at-law,

I could have been reconciled to such neglect, even if he had prepared no will at all. Dying rich, my uncle Richard did prepare his will, in which he remembered, with sufficient distinctness, everything else concerning him, beside my duty. How was this? Did I then indeed keep some Greek mistresses secretly, as his sons had done? No — but my uncle Richard himself did; and by these means he had other sons. He afflicted me through the posthumous discovery that his morals had been no better than my foresight; and that, without any other nepotism than the Pope's, there was no want of heirs.

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## CHAPTER VI.

BEFORE we calculate ill-fortune by the arithmetic of our mortifications, we should consider whether some casual profit may not have accrued, in which neither hope nor foresight were at all concerned. I lost what I had — perhaps not unreasonably — expected, the succession to my uncle's wealth. But then, twelve or thirteen years spent in honourable industry and the acquisition of valuable knowledge, were not ill spent. My occupations had made me familiar with countries the most interesting upon earth. With scholarship not usually looked for in the votaries of commerce, I had encountered individuals, some memorable through their singularities, others illustrious through their genius. Had I been resident in



England, I should have seen nothing of Lord Byron, Lady Hester Stanhope, or Sir John Cam Hobhouse — though all three were English. It is worth while to pick up smaller memorials than these, during our journey through early life, as curiosities which we may deposit in the cabinets of more stationary age, for our friends' amusement, and possibly for our own use.

On my return to England, after an absence of almost twenty years, my good mother received me with the tenderest composure. She presented to me three brothers and four sisters. The two youngest of these, being my godchildren through the intervention of proxies, were named Antony and Cadwallader Antony. That two out of five, or six, or even seven, should have been so dedicated, during an absence which might have continued all life long, was the highest honour ever yet conferred upon me. Mr. Millar partly accounted for this unexpected compliment, by adding to it several others, attesting my good sense, my great opulence, and my strong family attachments, now so rare. He demonstrated "that, three times married himself, no single man can adequately comprehend the amount of his unincumbered felicity, till it be lost: that all happiness in this world is little else than an escape from something evil: that our first wives leave, with their children, a necessity for the maternal tenderness of our second wives — and they of our third — augmenting and perpetuating grief: that lost liberty, like lost innocence, never may be regained; and that it is still more certain to be followed by repentance: that our best, as well as our least troublesome children, are our godchildren, answering almost every good

purpose for which matrimony was ordained: that if he is worse than an infidel who provides not for his own household, worse than an apostate must he be who forgets or disregards this more spiritual relationship: that as Mr. Millar had ever been my father in affection, so were even his elder children my brothers and sisters: and finally, that the Antonies had two additional claims on my protection, being joined with me both by natural and ecclesiastical consanguinity."

It would be ungrateful to repine against that destiny which had made me amends for such an uncle as uncle Richard, by a father-in-law thus earnestly dissuasive through his own experience. Both of these relatives were profuse in their commendations of my prudence — both calculated very flatteringly on my disinterested solicitude for their welfare. But my uncle should have remembered, as a merchant and also a moralist, the just claims of reciprocity. Mr. Millar, on the other hand, seemed to have contracted his three marriages chiefly as three warnings against matrimony, for my admonition.

I repaid these truths, as well as I could, with some others; particularising certain events of which Mr. Millar had not yet heard. I said that "my uncle Richard's property was fallen into other hands: that my uncle Richard had been so far of Mr. Millar's opinion as to provide amply for his own household, in which nephews were not comprehended: that returning no more to the Levant, whether single or married, I should fix my residence, and pursue my studies, at Hayfield near Castleton in Derbyshire." The intimation astonished my father-

in-law, and the resolution enraged him. Two or three of his sons by former marriages had been, not only designed, but prepared and expensively qualified, for junior partners in my establishment at Smyrna, expecting uncle Richard's decease. Giles especially had applied his mind to algebra with extraordinary success. Without waiting the maturity of little Antony and Cadwallader Antony, he was now ready for the voyage. And so was James, whose proficiency in book-keeping would make a spendthrift rich. Arrangements thus abortive operating upon my poor mother's spirits, could hardly be counteracted early enough, by sal-volatile and burnt feathers, to save Mr. Millar from a fourth wife.

Perhaps it happened that, as my removal from them this time was only to so short a distance, Mr. and Mrs. Millar expedited my departure. Certainly their family was not small; and, as they said, their house was not large. It occurred to them that my books and pictures, if left unpacked, would be ruined by the mildew. So kindly considerate were they as to suppress their curiosity, and to discountenance any examination of these valuables till it could be accomplished at Hayfield. My intended visit of six weeks, after twenty years' absence, was reduced to eight days and nine nights. Some of the curiosities — a few pearls, cameos, and Venetian chains — were left at Amersham, among my mother's daughters and my mother's step-daughters. A promise was given that Antony should inherit my land, and Cadwallader Antony my money; if, following Mr. Millar's advice, and eschewing his example, I contrived to die unmarried. In the mean time they were ad-

monished to emulate the learning of their god-father and their father-in-law ; to love their books, to love one another, and, as a foundation for the rest not yet secured, to learn their catechism.

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## CHAPTER VII.

COMMERCE had done but little for me in the thirteen years of my devotion to it. A few small adventures hazarded successfully, without my uncle Richard's participation, were its only recompense. Nevertheless I did not return perplexed by the necessity of choosing a new profession so late in life. By the decease, in 1814, of Antony Lugwardine, my unmarried god-father and the eldest of my uncles, I was already a landed proprietor. Some four or five hundred acres, with my own accumulations of four or five thousand pounds, a bachelor's abode, and that ambiguous position in the world which is not much lower than an esquire's, or higher than a gentleman's, awaited my arrival. My travels, my Greek, my familiarity with the usages of continental society, all greatly less common at that time than at present, inclined the uncertainty in my favour. No one doubted, except Sir Christopher Crane, but that I must be a gentleman. So rapid have been the changes among us since then, that we have now, for one gentleman, seven esquires. As the concurrence of my neighbours had conceded to me thus much,

the modesty which evades honour, or the wisdom which deprecates envy, required no more,—I declined a commission in the peace.

You may become a grand-jury man in your new neighbourhood; if properly introduced, you may present yourself uninvited at the nearest great archery-meeting; you may interpose with modest authority in your parish vestry, when the chair is vacant, because the vicar is sick; you may second, or even propose, a vote of thanks at some friendly society, lamenting that the honour had not fallen on one far better qualified for its reception; but beware lest you should be suspected of aspiring to the Bench! It stands on that debatable ground which the old petty-session settlers secretly and silently, but scornfully, defend against the new. The littleness of your estate will be diminished; questions will arise about title-deeds, and whispers circulated insinuating a second mortgage; the major will doubt your Greek, the agriculturalist your Latin. All my acquaintances directed their notes to Antony Lugwardine, Esqre., while the title was no more than honorary. After the commission had been rumoured as probable, all of the justices considered that Mr. Lugwardine would be enough. I regained my dignity by losing and renouncing my right to it.

There are few changes in life more pleasurable than this. Pleasurable I say, speaking as a bachelor; not rapturous, as at the approach of marriage, or ecstatic as at its arrival. The appropriate arrangement of a new establishment on a small scale, in your own country, after long absence—the mixed calculations of competence and economy—a rural life not yet

grown wearisome — a social neighbourhood in which there has been neither time for private, nor provocation to political, jealousies — a brief but salutary ignorance of the distinction between Liberals and Conservatives among those you meet — I maintain that, to a mind in health, this period and this position are as pleasant as any other. You increase your little library by a new bay-window, which commands the village spire, and admits the morning sun. You gain a dressing room and sufficient space for your shower-bath, without encroaching too much either on your housekeeper's patience or her china-closet. Fortune throws into your hands the *Delphin Classics*, Bayle's Dictionary, Cudworth's *Intellectual System*, Stephen's *Thesaurus*, Bacon's, Hooker's, Taylor's works, and the last *Encyclopedia*, all elegantly bound, though at less than half price — with bronze busts of Homer, Plato, Thucydides, and Aristophanes, all unquestionably original. The vicar consults you about the difference between concave and convex mulions for his new chancel window. You can extend your garden, cleanse your fish-pond, new-mound your orchard, and fill up the gravel-pit, for five and thirty pounds. By the sacrifice of little more than an unproductive acre, you may carry, in extension, the old filbert walk behind the hawthorns, as far as to the stone-quarry. Your dove-cot is well stocked. For the hog-maned galloway, which cost no more than eighteen guineas, you have been offered nineteen pounds. The Baronet has regretted that you were not nearer to him as a neighbour; and the ladies' book-society, at the intervention of his maiden sister, elects you its honorary member with the perpetual

secretaryship. For the first twelve months, this succeeds as well as a seat in the House of Commons ; if haply you have skill enough to extract honey from small flowers, which are almost always the sweetest.

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### CHAPTER VIII.

My peace retained its plumage unruffled during thrice twelve months, although there had been thirteen public meetings and a contested election. Certain rumoured insinuations arising from them, to the effect that, if I pleased, I might notice certain other insinuations, did, at last, stir a feather or two. Major Coppercap is an intolerant politician. He allows no neutrality : and he has supreme contempt for the more timid and tardy partizans even of his own creed. It was not because we differed in our opinions, but in their extent, and in the manner of maintaining them, that he felt offended. He should say what he thought of me, and I might do as I pleased.

Fortune has generally recompensed me in little matters, for her apparent severity in the greater. Considering that the greater concern us but now and then ; and that the little occur, or may occur, almost every other day,—a wise man, with power to take his choice between them, might well hesitate. You miss a legacy, and you are crossed in love ; but then

your newspaper arrives punctually; your canal shares were sold at a premium the week before they fell; your housekeeper excels all others in making apple-fritters; and you have picked up an undoubted Cuyp, well framed, for fifteen guineas. Consider that your legacy might have sent you to the Court of Chancery, and your success in love to Doctor's Commons. A very learned and laborious commentator was, in the latter part of life, not less devoutly thankful for his many crosses in love, than for any other mercy.

Perhaps there might have been so frequent a recurrence of this very obliging permission to do as I pleased, that I could not have done as I thought prudent. Happily I was relieved from the perplexing preference by some very fantastic rumours. It seems that I had broken eleven empty bottles out of twelve, at eighteen yards distance, with my shortest duelling pistols, while Lord Byron never could exceed nine; nor Zitzo, Captain Leake's Albanian, average seven. As they were my shortest duelling pistols, there must have been others longer; and as the trial of skill was exhibited before Ibrahim Pacha's two eldest sons, my superiority could be well attested. A little occasional practice with these very accurate instruments, on account of the echo in my stone quarry, which was remarkably distinct, strengthened the report. The major had good ears; and his road to the petty-sessions at Castleton ran close above. The invitation was not withdrawn, indeed, but it was not repeated. Lying like a gauntlet dropped by chance, rather than thrown down in defiance, it remained half way between him



and me. Other consequences arose, in time, from this very silly rumour, which I could neither escape nor foresee. But, for the present, I was so far satisfied with my privilege to do as I pleased, that I did nothing more, and yet I did as much as was prudent or becoming.

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## CHAPTER IX.

MY walk had been extended, as I have said, to a stone quarry, the fruitful mother of our venerable church, the vicarage, the bridge, the house and cornmill down stream, my own residence, and almost all the village. It had been guarded, during many years, with the jealous reverence due to private property which once was public. The alterations, additions, and improvements of a new proprietor made fresh demands on its resources.

My quarrymen were by no means surprised at reaching a small narrow cave in what had previously appeared to them like solid rock—for the mountains around are every where honeycombed with such, as well as with others incomparably larger. They mainly constitute what are called the wonders of the Peak. Beside the cavern at Castleton larger than the area of Westminster Hall, and its river which must be crossed almost as often as the Styx without reaching its termination, there are mines both natural and artificial—subterranean passages innumerable,

and, though sufficiently ascertained, many of them inexplorable. No doubt the whole region is burrowed by nature, as thickly as the perforations in a rabbit-warren, and the industrious cupidity of man has contributed its share. The searcher for minerals, breaking and blasting his way, is sometimes astonished at his own success. If wonder might be a compensation for labour, instead of lead, copper, fluor-spar, and blue-john, he would be well repaid. Thus there had been no indication of that underground cataract which was found in what we call the Speedwell level. After eleven years of hammering into the mountain's heart, a river, a subterranean Terni, was reached, which fell louder than the explosions required for its discovery. Its marvels shall not be depreciated by my too scrupulous love of accuracy; but the guides, and the guides' books, must hold themselves responsible for such thundering descriptions as, like the abyss they represent, man's wit has neither fathomed nor illuminated.

But though the quarry-men, accustomed to real wonders, look with scornful composure at such diminutive cavities as that situated behind my house, the proprietor often entertains some more rational curiosity. There may be lead, or copper, or spar, who knows? Abraham Green borrowed four hundred pounds to purchase an estate which cost him no more than seven hundred; and thirty years after, he left off business as Squire Green, High Sheriff for the County!

Mining is less sinful than rouge-et-noir, not less seductive, and often quite as ruinous. You find certain indications, such as ever accompany the presence of valuable minerals, but often exist without

them. Certain indications, therefore, have no certainty. Nay, you find the minerals themselves, only just perceptible indeed, but running in the right direction, and dipping at the most favourable angle. Wealth may be within some few yards of you—perhaps, at this moment, standing on your own ground, you are richer than Sir Robert Peel—a little courage—a little more enterprise and perseverance—after having spent your ready money and mortgaged your estate, you will hardly stop short now—following the indications only three or four months more, and you may become High Sheriff yourself.

I was as modestly unambitious of this office as most honorary Esquires profess to be; still the continual absence of all curiosity is stupid and brutish rather than philosophical. My diminutive cavern might, at least, afford me a cooler and shadier study for July than that with the new bay-window. At present there is hardly room enough in the entrance for a bench and a table. Or, by heightening the roof, I might gain a covering for my bottle-rack, rabbit-hutch, and chicken-pen. Such accommodations are worth the cost of a little labour and a few candles. Behold, it extends as I advance—it heightens, widens, deepens, abounds in stalactites, glitters with spar. I must consult the Barmaster.

## CHAPTER X.

A BARMaster is no insignificant person at the Peak, invested with no contemptible authority. Prince among miners, his office implies skill in the appreciation of minerals, judgment in the arbitration of disputes, and integrity in apportioning the award to every man's labours. In all these qualities my friend Bartholomew Horncastle was pre-eminent. As we shall travel in his company farther than you may yet suppose, let me introduce him. You see a short, compact, very well-looking person, rather full than fat, with delicate skin, ruddy complexion, blue eyes, flaxen hair, frame strongly built, limbs and features symmetrically proportioned, numbering some thirty-six or thirty-seven successful years, and drest in the soberest costume of a second class Quaker. I should have preferred the designation by which his own estimable Society distinguishes *itself*, but for the ambiguity connected with it, or any other title more respectfully appropriate to my feelings and wishes. The word Friend is too large and common for the member of so small a community; and many persons beside myself must have experienced similar perplexity while seeking another. If necessity should constrain me to use the same hereafter, it will be hazarded under the protective caution of this parenthesis.

Prosperous, in appearance at least, is the whole Society, and may it continue what it seems. But Bartholomew was pre-eminently an esteemed and a thriving man, even among the meritorious and the

thrifty. However republican in theory, the Friends have an unacknowledged, but a very efficient aristocracy of wealth, education, and family alliance. By no possibility could it have been otherwise. Mr. Horncastle was of plebeian origin, a *novus homo* among the Peak patricians; unlearned except in his professional studies; and as yet only on his way to wealth. Nevertheless, if he knows his place, he knows his value also. As a man of business, he is consulted, he is caressed, he is uncontradicted. Nature has given to him a very ample share of her chief favours; Fortune is giving still more. Success shines in his countenance, and there is a delighted consciousness of desert in his firm step, erect carriage, self-satisfied but benevolent smile, and confident but by no means arrogant address. He hath spoken at quarterly meetings with good acceptance; he hath shaken hands with the Bishop of Carlisle, his hat upon his head, though the Bishop's was off; he hath saved money, bought land, built a lime-kiln, a brick-kiln, and a windmill at Tideswell Rough; he holds five shares in the Grand Junction Canal, and hath speculated advantageously in two or three Newcastle collieries. Beside his malt-house at home, and his tanyard at Bakewell, he hath more than a share, — he hath an undivided property, in the heart of Joanna Warmington, the rich miller's only daughter, down stream below my house.

Mr. Horncastle was no new acquaintance; we had discovered one another before the cave. With few men, even of his own persuasion, would he spend an hour idly; but I was one. Enduring my cigar, though he himself smoked not, his seat in the new

bay-window was always selected for its eastern aspect and extensive prospect. On both sides there were many novelties to communicate. Such is man's freedom from selfishness, that, as far as wisdom may be concerned, we are all better pleased to sow than to reap. Where knowledge is the commodity, that benediction is remembered which rewards such as delight rather in giving much than in receiving even a little. Bartholomew largely repaid my learned importations from the Levant, with novelties much more instructive and profitable relating to the Peak.

A Quaker's pleasantry and sociability, when he is known, are almost always inversely proportionable to his gravity, and the squares of its distance, before. The cave, as a new centre of attraction, by drawing us nearer to itself, diminished the space between all three. Friend Antony Lugwardine was congratulated on his unborn pigs of lead, and slyly reminded of the parson's claim to tithe them. Bartholomew Horncastle was complimented, in return, with the proposal that there should be a partnership between him and Antony; that as the one possessed the lead, the other should supply the skill for its extraction; that the profits should be shared equally between them, but first the expenses.

## CHAPTER XI.

A COARSER thread of seriousness was gradually interwoven with this silken merriment, when the cavern had been explored. There were manifest indications of ore. The passage ran, at first, horizontally to the extent of, perhaps, twenty yards; then, slightly changing its direction, it descended steeply, but not precipitously, as much as two hundred. Unlike most of those small mines with which our whole neighbourhood abounds, it was seldom less than four or five feet high and wide. The floor, though extremely uneven, proved, for the most part, but little encumbered by the usual rocky obstructions. This comparative readiness of access was more than counterbalanced by the difficulty with which its riches, when found, must be conveyed to light and use, from such a depth. Should we sink a shaft? Could we level the floor? At the bottom of this long passage there was water apparently stagnant: and beyond the water there might be caverns larger, as well as more productive, than the richest in Peru.

Many hours were spent by us in subterranean discussions and deliberations over candle and lantern. Mr. Horncastle discouraged all superfluous notoriety; reminding me that we were no longer children with a newly discovered bird's nest. Jacob Blizzard, my gardener, was our only associate, an incurious listener, who smiled alternately at me as the dupe, and at Bartholomew as the deceiver. Jacob was one of

those philosophers whose wisdom consists in smiling thus. Some theological antipathies contributed to stimulate still farther his suspicions so injurious and ill-applied; for Jacob was a Wesleyan. Nevertheless, even his scepticism must have given way, if he had been present, and had beheld the thick, pure, and apparently inexhaustible vein of lead on which Mr. Horncastle stumbled as he stooped down to wash his hands. It ran widening, far beyond the reach of our sight, almost level with the water's surface. Perhaps, by sinking a little, they had betrayed it. Drain the pool, and Joanna Warmington would be, indeed, a fortunate bride! The barmaster was, at first, not quite so sure of her good luck; for, after having extended his lantern, securely attached to a long staff, as far as the water would permit him, he gradually drew its light back, and close against the seductive ore; then raising and throwing the full effulgence on my face, "Friend Lugwardine," said he, "there are no written contracts between us; thy word shall not bind thee; it may be retracted with my consent; but are we partners in this venture or no?" A similar illumination of the Barmaster's countenance seemed unnecessary to show how greatly was he agitated, though between the question and the reply scarcely one moment interposed; for his lantern shook, and his voice faltered. That conveyancer must be greatly skilled in binding and breaking who could have added legal securities more cautiously expressed than the duplicate indentures which were signed, sealed, and properly attested, next morning. Yet was Mr. Horncastle his own lawyer.



## CHAPTER XII.

JOANNA had reason to feel jealous of such good fortune; for during two or three days which continually expanded her lover's hopes, he almost lived with me in the mine. Jacob Blizzard, who had not been present at our discovery of the lead vein, was employed, without triumphing over his incredulity, in rendering the floor somewhat more easy; in cutting away the lateral points and angles which were most obstructive; in heightening the roof, and sustaining such parts of it with props and lintels as our labours had shaken. Several weeks were consumed in this manner. Jacob, having the least interest in our undertaking, did the least work; and even that share was purchased by an increase of wages, after some ambiguous questionings, not directly addressed to me, about the greatest fool on one side, and the greatest rogue on the other.

If this lead-seam should run under my neighbour's field, as well as my own, a good start would be a judicious beginning in the race between us. Or, as Mr. Horncastle suggested, there was a consideration better still. "Peradventure Samuel Romell's pasture might be purchased by thee. It needs to give no other reason for the inquiry whether he will sell, than that there is almost always less trouble in milking three cows than two. Say that both of these new Alderneys are likely to become dry at the same time: or that a score and a half of ewe sheep would freshen the greensward. For more stock there must be more

land. His farm has a heavy mortgage on it at five per cent. Its marketable price is forty-two or forty-three pounds an acre; but suppose he gets fifty pounds, taking what we please, and which way. I could command a few hundreds for our joint adventure. If nothing is said to him about me, forty-five will hardly be refused. We are full eight score rods within our own boundary; yet that water may run farther than we suppose." It did indeed; but how should we ascertain its extent or direction without help, and noise, and undesirable publicity? In the meadow below my house there was one of those narrow, flat-bottomed, wall-sided vessels which fishermen call punts, propelling them through flags and bull-rushes with a pole. It served Jacob for the better disposition of his eel lines, and me as a bridge between coppice croft and cowslip mead. Of substantial oak plank, and quite new, even among punts it was in size no more than a terrier to a mastiff. There was little difficulty in carting so small a boat to the cavern's mouth. But although the obstructions were comparatively few, and the descent unusually direct, both labour and patience were required in transporting it to the bottom. Work as hard as we might, and measure as accurately, twenty times did we stick fast. Our props and lintels were to be removed still oftener; and seldom could we stand upright so long as five minutes when there was any progress at all. We prevailed at last! We launched our little frigate on the tranquil waters; and, joyfully wiping the perspiration from our foreheads, we appointed the following morning for our voyage.



# THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

## BOOK II.

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Idem ego, cùm subiit convexa foramina terræ,  
Supposuique ferox imis mea terga cavernis,  
Solicito MANES.

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## BOOK II.

## CHAPTER I.

AVARICE is the football of genius, against which moralists of a graver temperament kick with all their abhorrence—those of a gayer, with all their wit. No other appetite seems in its indulgence as shameless—in its excess as extravagant—in its inveteracy as incurable. No other passion grows as sturdily or lasts as long. Love itself has hardly supplied so many characters to the Drama. From its wardrobe of rags, Tragedy, Comedy, and Farce have been enabled to re-create for themselves characteristic garments, terrible, whimsical, and absurd. At its beggarly table of mouldy fragments, the novelist entertains his guests with no unacceptable repast—the satirist and the epigrammatist contributing their condiments. Neither the *Sieur de Montaigne's* idle industry, nor the melancholy *Burton's* merry erudition, has collected a twentieth part of its good things, miserable as they may be esteemed. Yet all letters, sacred and profane, treat it with the same contempt.

But we may doubt, at last, whether the eager pursuit of gain is so unreasonable and inexplicable in the miser, as in our kind-hearted next door neighbour,—whether extortioners, with their twenty per cent. interest, are half so paradoxical as our oldest friends. To the money-lender gain is a trade, the purpose and business of his life, familiarised by

habit, stimulated by enterprise, encouraged by success. But how strange does it appear that there should be united so much avarice with so much liberality, in you, sir, and in me? that having a sufficiency, and confessing that we have it, as soon as some casual acquisition may present its chances, we should wish for more? that a new appetite should be so easily created by accident, or a dormant one awakened by opportunity? If rapacity be a natural instinct, it surely cannot be rendered unnatural by its excess. It is the intoxication of the sober which should surprise us.

I possessed, at Hayfield, everything adapted to my habits, my inclinations, and my rank in life. What is better still, I had sense enough to know that my good fortune could gain nothing by change. Some acquaintance with mankind had blunted the curiosity with which youth carves out such large expectations from the contingencies of the future. Without children, or the wish for notoriety, I might safely indulge my tastes. While this lead vein distends my purse, it is ruinous to everything else — the quiet of a residence so pleasant and ancient — the seclusion of a traveller so distinguished for his Latin and Greek! Henceforth I must live among smelting-houses, counting-houses, and public-houses. The view from my new bay-window will be hillocks of dross. Yet, on the other hand, who was ever so fortunate? This vein is under our own control; there can be no seductive and hazardous probabilities; we may test its purity; — its extent and abundance no man living can calculate. Neither the Marquis of Westminster nor the Marquis of Anglesea possesses so

rich a mine. I would not sell, even before a shilling has been expended upon the adventure, so much as one half of my own half for twenty thousand pounds.

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## CHAPTER II.

THOUGH punctual at other times in the extreme, my partner was some little behind his present appointment; for, obediently to an engagement yet earlier and pleasanter, he had already breakfasted with Joanna. As it afterwards appeared, he had prevailed on her father to appoint a day which is the usual transition between hope and happiness. This digression to the mill, where other influential parties had assembled, accounted also for the holiday exactness of Bartholomew's dress, so little consistent with our present arrangements, or his customary forethought. It was new and faultless, from his shoes' sole to the nap upon his beaver. My own habit was a strong plush shooting jacket and its appropriate corduroy accompaniments. But every amateur miner has a professional robe, which either covers his ordinary garments, or, as he descends the mine, is exchanged for them.

My friend's tax-cart conveyed, with himself, a full-sized hair-trunk locked and corded. As he would suffer no more time to be expended in questions and explanations, the trunk was immediately carried off between himself and Jacob Blizzard: while a small



hamper fell to my share. Our other arms also were loaded with torches in baskets and candles in boxes. Among so many preparations, some of the most essential are sure to be forgotten. We were unbuttoning our coats, and covering them with the mining-frocks, when Jacob discovered that, after having lighted our lanterns, he had left behind him both flint and steel. He was despatched for them to the house, carrying with him some domestic instructions which might be needed by my housekeeper.

His shadow had scarcely disappeared, when Mr. Horncastle proposed that we should ourselves convey the packages which lay before us to the place of embarkation. Till Samuel Romell's pasture had been secured, my partner felt a nervous dislike to the presence of Jacob's eyes, uninquisitive as they were; and suggested that, on his return, he might be dismissed as an encumbrance in so small a boat. Our road ran downward; but it was impossible that we could carry so many articles at once, in addition to the lanterns. They were soon divided; the smaller parcels tied together; and as Jacob's haste, never very impatient, was still farther slackened by some lazy dislike to the proposed excursion, we had made two descents, and were depositing our whole freight, hair-trunk and all, midships in the punt — when a low rattle, a loud crash, a long groan, a protracted roar, a continuous earthquake-like commotion, filled the cavern with dust and our hearts with terror! Large fragments of rock bounded past us into the pool. Our boat had been moored on one side, whence it was easier to step aboard, and was thus sheltered by some rocky projections; otherwise our lanterns

and ourselves must have been extinguished in it. There were fainter continuations of the same rumble which told us what the dust concealed. The roof had fallen in! The whole passage from floor to ceiling was filled with stone! After having widened and heightened our cavern, we had removed its props to admit the boat. Without argument or commentary, the truth at once became intelligible to us; the roof had yielded, and the steep declivity of our passage had conducted these stones and rubbish from one end whence they slipped, to the other end where we stood. We were stopped down with a cork of rock full two hundred yards in length!

As soon as the dust had ceased to suffocate us, we raised our lanterns, and would have rushed forth. Alas, the journey was short in that direction! Without exchanging one word, we returned to our first position by the boat, and sat down. A hundred miners in a hundred months could not approach us. Jacob Blizzard would conclude that we had been overwhelmed while standing upon the place so lately left by him, crushed beneath ten thousand tons at least. It would be like searching for two butterflies under a fallen pyramid. Mr. Millar, my father-in-law, who on the little Antonies' behalf must officiate as executor and trustee, was not silly enough to waste his time for no better purpose than the coroner's satisfaction. Exclusive of the two surviving Antonies, he had fifteen other children to think about. Buried I was already, without his intervention, as effectually, and under as many stones, as the oldest of the Pharaohs.

## CHAPTER III.

HITHERTO not one word had passed between my companion and myself during these simultaneous conclusions. We turned round in the same silence to our boat, and sat down. Of mine own appearance there, I can know nothing: but assuredly Mr. Horn-castle looked like a mouse newly detained in its trap. He, an experienced miner, well knew that the world with all its vanities was no longer dangerous to him: and yet would he gladly have given you both his coal-pit speculations, as well as his new share in our unpromising partnership, for a dinner where he had so lately breakfasted. He sat motionless as well as speechless, looking at me. My friend was a brave man with a good conscience; but, in such a situation, the Duke of Wellington himself might have felt uneasy.

At last some few sighs louder than the rest, arose by degrees into high tenor notes long protracted and sustained. The Friends dislike melody in all its variety from an organ to a skylark—but this did us both good; the Barmaster's spirit was relieved by it, and my tongue released. "We are lost! We are buried alive! We must soon perish of hunger!" Mr. Horn-castle appeared to receive no great pleasure from such acquiescence in his own conclusions, and held his peace. "We shall die miserably, where there is neither friend to close our eyes nor grave to receive our carcases," said I, in the tone of frenzy and despair. Still

the Barmaster's hands remained as before upon his stomach, and he refrained his lips. Demanding counsel which I knew to be profitless, again I spake—"What sayest thou, Mr. Horncastle?" Mr. Horncastle said nothing. His eyes were on my countenance, and, when I reiterated the same question in a louder voice, there was only the same mournful wail with an impatient movement of one foot. At last my unhappy companion answered me thus: "I would that thy quarry had been situated in the Levant, and that thou hadst continued there to waste thy substance and increase thy ill-repute, by shooting pistol-bullets at empty bottles." Who could have expected this—at such a time too! It discovered plainly what had been my friend's thoughts. He was sharing the punishment of a reprobate! He was suffering thus for having kept bad company of late! No scruple of the kind had ever been intimated by him in our happier intercourse—nor was I at all aware that a rumour so idle and extravagant could have reached his ears. Enough for my purpose if it reached the ears of Major Coppercap. I had reason for supposing that Joanna's father disliked my intimacy with his future relative, and that Joanna herself sometimes spoke of me as "light and random." But there was a sturdiness in my friend's temper which fortified it against the too great domination of love. Now, his countenance is even more derisive than his words. Should I reply? It was a strange place for recrimination. Though not much older, I had suffered more risks than he—more disappointments—more losses—and lived through greater hardships—excepting that I had made no preparations for my wedding day.

With a voice sepulchral as our abode, I addressed my fellow-captive thus: "It matters little, Bartholomew Horncastle, in what quarter of the earth our prison may be situated, since we never shall escape from it. Excepting for conscience' sake, it matters as little now whether either of us has been ensnared by the lust of gain, rather than by his fellow's example. Here we are! Why exasperate those christian feelings which alone can soften our calamity, and thus render the present ruin guilty as well as hopeless? Everything will be gone when we have lost patience.

'While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
Between us two let there be peace.'

Our modes of worship differ; but forms are little in comparison with our distress; nor does it perhaps signify much with what words or postures misery shall cry for pity and forgiveness from such a depth. Use thine own habits. I shall strive to obtain strength through resignation, and kneel down for the last time."

How the Friends may settle their respective claims to wisdom among themselves, I cannot tell. Few ever yet allowed an equality, either in grace or understanding, to the professor of any other creed. They have a happy, but not an arrogant, persuasion of this pre-eminence. It is no more than defensive. It renders them easy, cheerful, self-satisfied, but not supercilious, in their intercourse with strangers. More or less, such is the case with the best men of all our smaller sects, when not exasperated by polemics, or soured by proselytism. Each may be a

faint star in his own firmament ; yet he glows brighter than Hesperus if accidentally transferred to ours. The Barmaster was kind, tender, placable, and benevolent ; but, while dwelling among the Philistines, never was he humble. Never did he forget that he was the honoured member of a holier religion. Through good fortune, I had struck the right chord. His dignity was roused by having received such an exhortation to patience, instead of having spoken first. He assumed the confident attitude to which he was accustomed, and stretching forth his right hand, laid it gently upon mine. "Friend," said he, "I fear death as little as thou dost, and have as little reason to fear it, though no bottle-breaker." Let us not call it pride ; but something with at least as strong a similitude to that passion as Shetland ponies bear to Barclay's dray stallions, will stick by us worms, whether above ground or under ground, till the other worms eat us.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

WE were ill at ease, and for the first time little satisfied with each other. Every place seemed preferable to the sultry station now occupied by us. There was, indeed, but small choice. A whole mountain of lead would have been passed unregarded by the Barmaster in his present temper ; but we both desired to ascertain the boundaries of our prison, though hopeless to escape from it. Having embarked there-

fore, we pushed the punt gently forward, without once thinking of the purpose for which it had been brought and freighted. The water proved barely sufficient even for a vessel that required so little: but it deepened gradually as we advanced, and the cavern widened, diverging into so many branches and recesses that we often supposed ourselves at its termination. There was no perceptible current; nevertheless we still discovered the principal channel again, winding in twenty different directions under its low and irregular roof. More than an hour must have been spent in this labyrinth. At one of its almost endless turnings, there was a sound which reached us, and which communicated a momentary flush like hope — so faint indeed that we dared not confess it or retain it. The water was in motion, and there must be a vent for that at least. Its noise increased — the hiss and splash of much more than an inconsiderable rivulet which appeared to rush swiftly rather than to fall far. Hark! it is beyond this point — it is close ahead and noisy enough now! We see it fretting and foaming by the dim lantern-lights, and — hold hard, — we are in it!

The still pool, the mazy and currentless canal by which we had advanced so far, was no more than back-water laterally thrown off at the commencement of these rapids. Now we are in the midstream, dancing among the froth upon its surface, and hurried along with the impetuosity of a mill-race. “Hold fast, Bartholomew! take heed that our lights be not extinguished — kindle a torch, and lift it toward the roof or assuredly we shall lose our heads!” All our strength and vigilance scarcely sufficed to keep one end of the punt before the other. As I have shown,

it was strong and new, or its concussions against the rocks must have done worse than they did in throwing its passengers every moment upon their knees. Down it rushed, thumping and reeling, first on this side and then on that. Our heads were in less jeopardy than before; for this riotous and passionate torrent had worn deeply into its channel during five or six thousand years; — or, as the geologists would calculate, fifteen or sixteen millions. But there were eddies and vortices enough to make us giddy. Each end of the boat had its turn to precede the other, which signified the less as they were both alike. Seated upon his trunk one moment, and rising from his knees the next, Mr. Horncastle would have maintained his taciturnity perhaps, even if talking had been easy, or hearing possible. It was consolatory to remember that the Speedwell mine, with its roaring cataract, and, as the Guides tell us, its unsearchable abyss, occupied a far higher level. We were already some thousand feet below that danger: — nevertheless our river might be the same.

There is no doubt that any one of the geological Professors would have given both his ears for a passage with us: and yet, as far as the present exercise of his science might be concerned, the price would have proved too much. Here was no leisure for the selection of specimens; and, though we had one in our punt, no stopping places for the hammer. A much better geologist than myself might have learnt as little. He must have possessed sharp eyes who could distinguish, in such a tumult and by such a light, porphyry from pudding-stone — syenite from chalcedony — quartz or gneiss from grawacke of the third formation and mica



slate. Some rocks were hurried by, which dazzled us with the glitter of their crystals. We passed through a long grotto, loftily arched, that reflected even such feeble rays as those by which it was now illuminated for the first time, with almost insufferable splendour. Mr. Horncastle's countenance seemed to be on fire — all the colours of the rainbow, and ten thousand more, blazed every where around us — and we both gasped for breath. Another minute consigned us to the darkness against which our torches and lanterns contended almost in vain, even for a few yards above or on either side. Then awful and prodigious shapes presented themselves, but so obscurely that, at last, they may have been no worse than the suggestions of fancy strongly inflamed. That cat-shaped head, with huge round ears larger than either the wheels or the tilt of a stage waggon, and whiskers thicker than its shafts — that snake-like back-bone longer than Oxford street, which the waters had exposed knot by knot, joint by joint — were they, indeed, remnants of organised life in the first formation, or the mere mockeries of fantastic nature? Under those vast caverns, which are discerned so far off by some sultry and sullen glare arising from themselves, do we behold fire without flame, not smoking but smouldering century after century? If so, there wants but the very probable misdirection of our stream toward that furnace, and then the earthquake, the volcano, the creation of a new island or two, the destruction of twenty cities.

## CHAPTER V.

AFTER many hours of labour, to preserve lives now so valueless, our descent grew more easy. The water still rushed onward with extreme velocity, but diminished tumult. Its channel deepened; its flexures were less abrupt. We swam as in a sluice where strength was less needed than watchfulness. At last we could sit down upon the thwarts, and direct our vessel's head by striking first the one side and then the other. The intolerable speed diminished — the stream widened — we floated among vast blocks of stone lying horizontally and detached from each other by the water's friction. The roof was sometimes supported by these huge piers, and at other times was so high as to be no longer visible without better lights. When our river had become a small lake, these were its islands. Securing our boat, we landed upon one of them large enough and smooth enough not only for a table but for a bed. Never yet did travellers stand more in need of rest.

Professor Buckland places his mass of incandescent elements somewhere about one hundred miles beneath the earth's surface. We were not yet deeper than seven or eight miles, but, according to his theory, we must either have been roasted upon the rocks, or boiled in the waters. The learned geologist, with his habitual candour, and with the philosophical respect for science which disdains no information if it be experimentally true, will now retract this opinion. The earth is shown by my discoveries to

have neither the heat nor the solidity which he supposes. Its air, freshened by such a stream, was warm, but not sultry : and I have never tasted water so light or sweet.

How long this first part of our voyage may have continued, I am unable to determine. Let us suppose that our embarkation in the pool had commenced at eleven o'clock A.M., and that we had reached the torrent two hours after noon. Thirteen hours more, at least, must have elapsed from the latter date, and perhaps fourteen or fifteen. Mr. Horncastle's watch had gone down at twenty minutes past two, and mine had stopped before.

We needed refreshment and repose. My friend's notions of justice, or his pride of wealth, or perhaps his politic maintenance of a fair half in our partnership, which would suffer no inequality either of profit or cost, might have been thought almost too precise even by the scrupulous. From the hour that our disastrous speculation actually commenced, his vigilance was excessive in the exact division of every expense. That hair trunk of which I have spoken was stored, not only for our abundant sustenance during the short voyage originally contemplated by us, but for the ample indemnification of my previous *outlay*, as he called it, on his account. He calculated that the present might be the first only of twenty voyages ; and his instalments were prospective. The trunk, locked and corded, was carried to the cave so hastily that I might know nothing of its contents. Objections and remonstrances were to be anticipated. My notions of hospitality at home must suffer no offence, but the cave was his as well as mine.

In this chest he had contrived to deposit a pork ham, a neat's tongue, a double-gloucester cheese placed edgeways, three large loaves of brown bread, and two stone bottles of French brandy; thus providing for future voyages and more accurate investigations. My own forethought had been less liberal; but yet it extended to a long day, and to Jacob Blizzard's necessities as well as our own. Beside six bottles of strong beer and as many batch cakes, there was a small beef-steak pie. Both parties had provided candles and torches in still greater abundance—Bartholomew as an equivalent for my former expenditure—I, for the illumination of a mine, the wealth of which would soon render economy ridiculous.

With all these luxuries, we were far from happy. I thought of my executor Giles Millar, Esq.; Bartholomew, of Joanna Warmington and his wedding day. The huge purple and almost transparent slab of stone on which we rested, would have sold for fifty thousand guineas, at the cavern's mouth. One foot square of it would have made a lapidary rich. We had passed many such, many green, crimson, yellow, blue; and our boat was moored between too huge blocks veined and tinted like lapis-lazuli, only more pure. The least of them was loftier than an ordinary cottage. There is reason to suppose that this entire region consists of similar substances. If so, our lodging was worth more, could we there have found purchasers, than the Vatican comprehending St. Peter's. We were the most successful of miners!

There was no wind, but wherever there is running

water, there must be fresh air. We said little; even our appetite was moderated by grief and weariness. My cares could extend no farther than to the substitution of entire candles for the remnants within our lanterns; by his deep breathing Bartholomew Horncastle soon discovered that he had escaped even such as these. We lay side by side like the babes in the wood, excepting that there was, at present, for the assuagement of our sorrows, less of sympathy between us; and, for the performance of our obsequies, no robin-redbreasts. We had eaten, instead of blackberries, beef-steak pie. But our murderers were of our own selection—hired by our own avarice—and conducted into these desolate regions by ourselves. Slumber was not lightened by innocence; through the lust of gold, though we had enough before, were we imprisoned in a dungeon so deep below hope and help!

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## CHAPTER VI.

MEN above ground are apt to forget that the changes which measure time are all beautiful, and should be considered by them as blessings continually repeated. Change, regulated by the seasons and the shorter vicissitudes of day and night, is to our visible world as necessary as respiration to the animal body. It is diversified uniformity, suggestive of hope, corrective of memory, the measurer and controller of life. Without change there could be little either of

forethought or desire, of expectation or industry. In a stationary condition, we men, as at present constituted, should soon find our existence unendurable to us. Better travel in a repetition of circles than in a straight line which never ends. No one yet has dared to examine an idea so terrible as an eternity in which every moment must be the same as every other moment. Misery is represented as changing its posture, though without rest. There is some hope of some mitigation. The stone will remain, next time, upon its hill top—the sieve will be filled at last—the vulture will have gorged till it can swallow no more, and then it will fly away. But the same! the everlasting same! the absolute and immutable now! Who is there that dares think of this?

Our watches had again been neglected, for it was not bed-time where we had no bed, nor time where there was no change. There seemed but this single method by which I could conjecture its duration when sleep forsook me. A lantern had been placed so near, that I was awakened by the offensive effluvia from its almost extinguished candle. As my eyes opened, the flame was flickering and expiring in its socket. The other lantern was cold as well as dark! One minute longer would have left us where no rays of light had ever reached beside those which we carried with us. We should have continued groping in our roomy grave to lay hold on death; and have deplored the reversal of that usual and natural order which appoints his place, not after, but before our burial.

The flint and steel had been entrusted to Jacob Blizzard's care; they were, no doubt, still in the tinder-box, and the tinder-box in his pocket. So

extreme was the urgency, that I dared not to wait even till another candle could have been reached from the distance of four or five yards ; but while with my right hand I drew forth and kindled our partnership conditions and stipulations, with my left I shook the Barmaster. It was a startling transition, whether his fancy had sported among the triumphs of a successful speculation ; or again visited the mill-pool with its green seat, its weeping willow, and its two swans, while Joanna once more acknowledged her maiden partiality ! As if there were something especially hateful in a place where so much hazard and terror had been incurred, we hastened the expressions of our thankfulness : then remembering that we were in a wrong country for batch-cakes or double-gloucester cheese, we collected our fragments and re-embarked.

The stream ran easily in all directions. We stopped and landed, when we pleased, on some block or shelf, generally at the expiration of about eight hours — but it was agreed that never again, till the last rest of both, should both recline at the same time. Our pillow was Bartholomew's hair trunk ; and where there were no rapids we could sleep by turns without stopping the boat. Mr. Horncastle, subdued by grief, slumbered perhaps rather more than his just share ; but he was punctual when called, and vigilant on duty. A more agreeable refreshment was in the stream itself, tepid, unsullied, and almost as transparent as the air. The mining frocks alone were sufficient for warmth, sparing our more costly apparel till we should revisit the daylight. My partner seemed as solicitous to find clean and dry places in the boat for his new suit

and costly beaver, as if the wedding-day were deferred no longer than till next month.

Our repose was continually interrupted. The cavern became often so low that we could pass under its roof only by lying flat. At other times, the river was so shallow that we were obliged to lighten our bark, and to walk one before it and one behind. There were rapids and cataracts so exceedingly perilous, that it was necessary to cast out the freight and save the vessel. Estimating our river by the fanciful gradations of social rank and nobility—imperial, royal, princely, ducal, and so forth—I should say that it was less than a baronet among streams, and greater than a knight—less than a bishop's lady, and greater than a dean's.

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## CHAPTER VII.

OUR provisions were economised during a space which *above* may have comprehended seven or eight days and nights, as the measure of our existence, as well as its sustenance. Every crumb consumed was a deduction from life. As the trunk grew lighter, eternity drew nearer; yet sorrow and terror were seldom so powerful in us as to overrule that second nature which is superinduced by habit. At our resting places, the Barmaster again looked about him for minerals. On one occasion, while he was thus employed, I amused myself by scraping from the



river's bed, shallow in that part, large quantities of bright yellow sand so heavy that it lowered the punt. It was with some displeasure that Mr. Horncastle inquired whether I proposed to sink? I told him that, as we were in partnership, his share alone of the wealth collected by my industry might be valued at twenty thousand pounds; that the heavy sand was gold washed and sifted from all alloy; and that, if he would resume his usual good humour, I would concede the whole. Bartholomew smiled and sighed. He had other riches within his reach which would have been sufficient to purchase the Peak, comprehending Haddon and Chatsworth. We freighted our boat occasionally with stones, in size between a large plum and a small orange,—brilliant when broken as the purest diamond, and of colours infinitely more varied. Only the earth's refuse can have reached its surface. A cargo was often thrown away, that we might descend some rapid unencumbered, which, thirty or forty miles above, would have been worth ten fleets of laden Indiamen. Here we were more careful of our hats and coats. I had acquired some skill in precious gems through my intercourse with Armenian merchants, while residing at Smyrna; and I feel assured that the two pockets of my shooting jacket were often greatly more valuable than the two imperial crowns.

Terror cannot be permanent; and even grief, in healthy and energetic temperaments, has its reflux. These riches did greater service to Mr. Horncastle than to me. They awakened his curiosity, at least. He was a miner from his cradle; and he justly concluded that where two men had once been, two

hundred might follow them. His mind recovered its energies, and was gradually occupied by schemes which first amused and then engaged it. Perhaps he might have mistaken a blessing on his enterprise for a punishment on his indiscretion. He became sometimes even mirthful at my expense. The only real difficulty was to get home again. But as our river must have some outlet, his anxieties might terminate at the same time. Nothing tended to his revival so greatly as the growth of conscious superiority—he being a miner and man of science—I no more than what the reader has been told.

Mr. Horncastle's learning was professional only. His time had been more profitably employed than in literature. So perfectly content was he with his attainments, as to doubt whether any thing else worth having could be attained. No man within ten miles of Castleton was ever consulted more reverentially, or had secured for his opinions greater weight. As a counsellor generous in the extreme, he refused all equivalents.

"Thou hast travelled in foreign countries, Antony," said he; "but they lie on a lower level than the Peak. Mam Tor, measured not from its base but from the sea, is said by many to be the loftiest mountain in Great Britain, or perhaps any where else. Wast ever so deep as this before? During nine days and nights, according to thy computation, but ten by mine, we have gone with a stream seldom gentle and never slow. Surely we may average twenty hours upon the water out of every twenty-four. Reckoning our rate at no more than five miles in each hour, we make a hundred in the day and

night. Supposing that in every twenty progressive miles we may have sunk one perpendicular mile, we thus make five miles in the hundred, and fifty miles in the thousand. Should one perpendicular mile to twenty progressive seem a high calculation, it falls short of the truth during sixteen or seventeen hours at first, and thrice as many rapids since. Thou mayst find thyself where thou hast been before, in the Mediterranean or the Levant?" "In the Mediterranean," I said ambiguously; "but not where I have been before." "Why not?" was the reply. "How low is Turkey, and how far off?" "There is no land on this globe so low as our present level, and no sea so deep. Even if we should emerge in the Atlantic's bottom, which seems to be our fairest probability, we must find ourselves not less than fifty, or perhaps sixty miles lower than its surface, issue where we may." "As we are partners, I will spare thee my half of this fair probability, Antony Lugwardine," said the angry Barmaster. "It is in the Levant only, not the Atlantic, that rivers run fifty or sixty miles deeper than the sea. Verily, you Turkish merchants bring home with you thrice as many lies as figs. Dost hold me for a fool?"

## CHAPTER VIII.

BARTHOLOMEW'S learning, as I said, was professional, comprehending arithmetic to the highest branches, but algebra only at its root. The schoolmaster had not yet made us all alike. There were some things even on earth with which my conscientious friend was still unacquainted. He could neither believe nor understand that countries should vary in elevation scarcely four or five miles, although they were situated at a distance from one another of four or five thousand. No man saw clearer his own business or his own interest; but his knowledge in other particulars was such as might be expected from a pupil who, all life long, had taught his teachers, and who never heard otherwise than contemptuously what he was unwilling to believe. Worse than all, he had detected me, as he unjustly supposed, in some geographical errors, and he valued me accordingly. His love and respect for me had been soured by misfortune; and our disastrous speculation appeared now to have arisen from my blandishments, and solicitations, and ungodly allurements! The cavern was mine; but for me and my cupidity, he might at this hour have been employed in erecting a new crane over his malthouse door. I was little better than an adventurer who had succeeded in blinding and ensnaring one three times wiser than myself; and should he be credulous again?

But Bartholomew continued not long unkind, even

in his displeasure. I was sunk too deep beneath the earth's surface to partake of its worst passions. I either declined fresh controversies, or, after having been engaged in them, gave way. I asked questions that I might confess my ignorance; and suggested doubts that they might be dissipated by the Bar-master. Conceding his superiority, I partly at least, re-established his good humour. / Nothing so surely mitigates wrath as respect. It is the cheapest kind of restitution, if you have committed injustice:—whether your dealings are with the wise or the foolish, the man whom you detest, or who detests you, ever be deferential!

Mr. Horncastle knew that the earth is round, and therefore he concluded that some parts of it must be higher than the remainder. Clenching his fist, and turning his fingers downward, he asked whether, supposing Mam Tor to be situated as its highest knuckle, there was no fall from it east, west, north, and south? Whether the top of a round thing might not be, and must not be, loftier than the bottom? Whether this water on which we swam could run so fast towards a higher level? And he concluded his demonstration by adding that so much as this amounted to might have been learnt from a pistol-bullet. As I had no preference for an angry or a hopeless companion, I hesitated awhile, then yielded, and finally acquiesced.

On the fourteenth or fifteenth day, our voyage was accelerated by a change in the region through which we passed. We found the stream contracted to a channel not more than six feet wide or high, which it had eaten out for itself through soft, white, soap-

like and yet apparently metallic materials, not much lighter than lead. Whether it were a new metal, or, as I suspect, silver unhardened by compression and exposure, I shall leave to the consideration of metallurgists. But so steeply inclined was our descent during eighty-five minutes, and, while confined in this deep but narrow sluice, so easy and regular were its curves, that our perpendicular progress can hardly be estimated at less than four miles and a half. No doubt the soft substance had been perforated, while still softer, by the river—but how? Let the geologists, who can account for everything, determine this. If silver, it was a vein four miles thick. At the bottom we found ourselves among other rocks and rapids, and, on landing, my companion resumed, still more authoritatively, his rights as a reasoner and man of science. “This vein is silver,” said he, “or something better. If we get out soon it will prove worth looking after.” He began to think that the adventure might, at last, become not less profitable than matrimony itself. He grew cheerful and alert, assumed the elevation which belonged both to his professional skill and his membership in a prosperous fraternity, laughed at an escape through the Atlantic’s bottom, and inquired whether at Smyrna the air kept uppermost, or the water?

#### LUGWARDINE.

By what name shall we call this river, Mr. Horn-castle? The first discoverers have always distinguished their mountains, headlands, capes, bays, islands, rivers, as they thought best.

MR. HORNCastle.

Then distinguish this; for it was not my discovery. But from what wouldst distinguish it? We are not likely to find any other river, nor anybody else to ask its name of us.

LUGWARDINE.

I now concur in your supposition that it may issue in the Mediterranean; and if so I would call it the ARETHUSA.

MR. HORNCastle.

Well then, do. But why the Arethusa?

LUGWARDINE.

Because a river of that name, which it has now lost, did once run under ground, no one can tell how far or which way at first, and, for all I know to the contrary, it may still run. Like this, it was remarkable for its purity and rapidity.

MR. HORNCastle.

Dost say that it got to light again any where in the Mediterranean?

LUGWARDINE.

In two or three places, in Ithaca, in Sicily; and as these are islands far away from each other, it must, as I supposed, have run under the sea, perhaps by the Peak.

## MR. HORNCastle.

There are two or three chances, then, that we shall not be drowned at last. Let us hope that this river may be the same. Howbeit, I would fain see the vent while standing outside on the dry ground. Once there, thou shalt call it what thou wilt, for me.

## LUGWARDINE.

Then I will call it "THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA."

*Quæ tibi causa viæ, — cur sis, Arethusa, sacer fons ?*

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## CHAPTER IX.

GREATLY do they err who suppose that suffering is the cement of affection while it lasts. Our sympathy for the sorrows of our friends is the most tender when we have none of our own. It requires ease and leisure. Pain exasperates, fear is selfish. The remembrance of grief does, indeed, attract and solder all who may have partaken in it, but seldom till memory has grown calm. Mr. Horncastle's triumphant superiority was not destined to last long. If I were grieved at the decline of my friend's regard, there was a still more perceptible diminution in the weight of his hair-trunk, as well as in the number of our candles,—and this grieved him. Not only were my pie and batch cakes, my strong beer and flask of sherry, but his ham, his loaves, his French brandy,



and two-thirds of his double-gloucester cheese irrevocable as departed friendship. It was with a mournful smile, not destitute of kindness, that the Barmaster asked me whether he should throw our last empty bottles overboard, or whether I had any farther use for them.

Men must be more than wise and good, according to the ordinary measure of reason and virtue, before they can estimate morality by truth simply, justice abstractedly, or even religion irrespectively and unconditionally. Mr. Horncastle was wise and good; yet not one objection had been suggested by my pistol practice to the partnership between us; nor did I suppose that he was acquainted with it. His toleration had been far more liberal while above ground. In this dungeon it was that he learnt to challenge my veracity, triumph over my ignorance, and smile disdainfully at my Christian principles!

The approach of darkness alarmed us more than the presence of famine. Whenever there was smooth water and no apparent danger, we carried latterly but one light. In the space of time equal with two of those changes which are called days and nights on the earth's surface, we should be without food or candles. We might drink, though deprived of any stronger beverage than the sparkling element on which we floated; but for the few crusts and fragments that remained there could be no substitutes. Let me here do justice to my conscientious companion, whose scrupulous punctuality in providing an equivalent for our previous outlay has been already recorded. In the division of what remained to us, when there could be any difference, his

allotment was always in my favour, and this, too, he accomplished silently. Where praise or blame, honour or dishonour, could never follow, he would rather starve first than wrong one whom he no longer valued.

There was scanty sustenance for two days only; and why should I recall the terrors and sufferings of three! We were now almost stationary—our river had ceased to run. The last candle, assisted by fragments of my wicker basket, or slips of wood cut from the boat's benches and the hair-trunk, imperfectly discovered stagnant water reflecting huge piers, arches, recesses, and apparently interminable vistas among the rocks. The River had become a Lake, in which we lay becalmed. We glanced only for a moment at each other's faces, and our prayers were silent. For a moment, only for a moment, hope returned to us, when we experienced the new sensation of cold. Were we approaching the light and air? No! this change must have arisen from the evaporation of water now so widely diffused; or else from hunger, emptiness, exhaustion, chilled and almost stagnant blood. We were starved in both ways.

There was no longer the same reason for economising our apparel; and therefore, throwing away the mining-frocks which were wet and cold, we resumed our clothes. Both were provided with little oil-skin bags or pockets in which our watches might be secured against such accidental immersions as had twenty times occurred; a precaution customary among miners.

Though often standing breast-high while we guided our boat through difficult places, this security had been sufficient. Mr. Horncastle now drew solemnly

forth his large silver Tompion and Bangor, untwisted the oilskin covering, and opened the case. He next carefully and reverentially extracted what appeared to be a watch-paper; held it closer below the candle; and, as if scratching his chin, he furtively kissed it; then replacing it, he shut the case, twisted the envelope, and returned it to his fob. How near do the same feelings bring together the extremities of human opinion! The good Barmaster would not have smiled, but have scoffed, at a rosary or a relic. The watch-paper, no doubt, had been Joanna's gift, elaborately cut with her own scissors, and hallowed by some tender verse, written with her own pen. My friend's earthly thoughts were thus ended: he compressed his hands more firmly upon his stomach, and resigned himself to death.

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## CHAPTER X.

THE last crust had been consumed, how long I cannot tell; and we were looking at three inches of the last candle. Our boat-hook could find no bottom to the water, which was clear as ever. Some small motion might be perceived still by measuring, as it were, the huge pillars and buttresses of rock near which we floated. It ceased awhile, then began again, and I thought increased, but not progressively, or in anything like a straight direction. We were faintly carried first against one rock, and then another,

swimming idly in great curves. These were, by degrees, narrowed to a smaller circle. As the circle was contracted the speed was accelerated; it assumed more regularity; it became sufficient to awaken the notice of my companion. We extended the remnant of our light as far as we were able; and thought that we could perceive air bubbles circulating on the surface—some in large orbs with great rapidity, others revolving and collecting till they were lost among froth, with yet greater. Lo, we are ourselves caught and absorbed by the same vortex! “This is a whirlpool!” said Bartholomew. “Farewell, then,” I replied; and not by the water’s contact, but by its own decay, the light was extinguished.

As there remained scarcely five minutes for all my thoughts, every moment seemed as if it could find sufficient space to receive a new or revive an old one. I saw my father in his church—Doctor Ralph in his study. The peaceful competence of my new abode occurred to me, where there had been riches enough for books, pictures, a bay-window, a hog-maned galloway, and, if Charity had been some little more alert, for the humbler wants of other people. What had brought me hither? For what was it that I had exchanged life or daylight? O fool! my uncle Richard’s love of money had been inherited by me, rather than my poor father’s patient diligence, or Doctor Ralph’s learned contentment! O fool! during the last sixteen days, I might have taken undisputed possession of more gold, silver, and precious stones, than are scattered over the whole world’s surface! And now, like every other rich fool preparing to make the same long stride between life and death,

I ask what do they all profit me? Our punt swims round and round with increased velocity and in diminished orbits. It seems to heave, to struggle, to resist—it revolves on its own centre. Pitching forward it throws us out, or sinks under us. There is suffocation, and, at least, the beginning of death!

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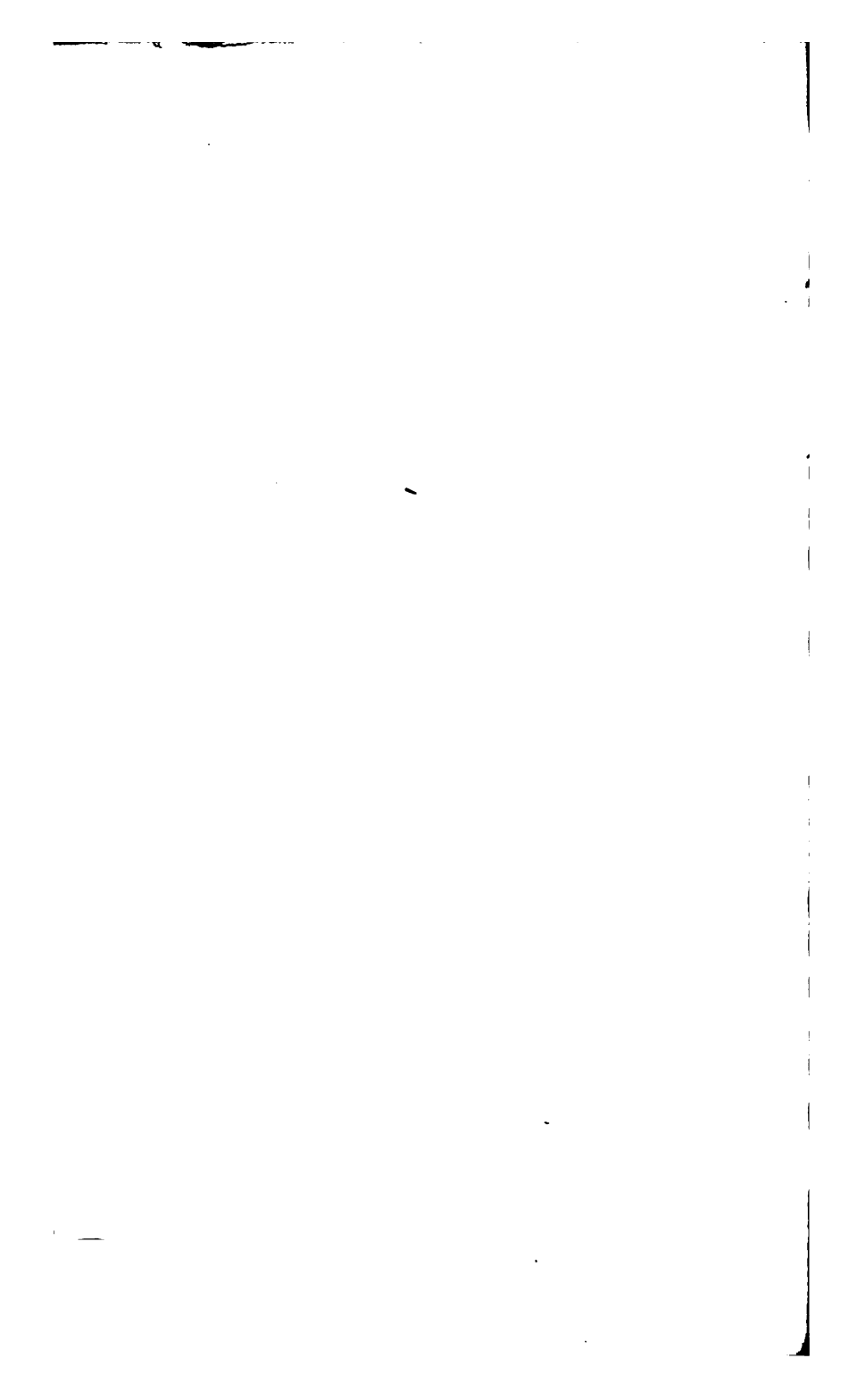
# THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

## BOOK III.

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Idem ego, cùm subiî convexa foramina terræ,  
Supposuique ferox imis mea terga cavernis,  
Solicito MANES.

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## BOOK III.

## CHAPTER I.

FROM among a hundred men indiscriminately collected, how many would feel more happy than at present, if they could possess, not by their own acquisition but as God's gift, all they had chiefly wished? If by some such sudden transfer as every pious man prays for, we could become inheritors of paradisiacal abundance, should we then rest better content? Of myself and companion I will say nothing more here, than that the least wise and by much the least virtuous or pious, was not the least satisfied. Every religious man also prays that he may experience such a change in heart and spirit as will qualify him for the acquisition. But our question supposes no such thing; we must dispense with the preparatory discipline; we must go and take it as we are. Should we long feel glad that our ivory houses were ceiled with vermillion? How long, while eating and drinking at our discretion, should we also be merry and joyful?

Toil, which men would escape or abridge if they were able, which they endure only because it may terminate in repose, was the sentence upon those offenders who had not yet begun to hope, to expect, to apprehend, to provide against want, or to escape from care. Toil is so far a blessing to us as we now are, that it secures us from a much greater curse being as we should be.



We toil that we may gain; and what do we understand by such gain as our toil produces? Is it only the possession of some tangible good? Gain comprehends, as its appurtenances, the virtues it evokes; for it is also a conquest obtained by diligence, prudence, constancy, and enterprise: it is the fulfilment of a wish, a victory over difficulties, a triumph despite of pleasure which would distract, or indolence which would discourage us. We are proud of our acquisition; for either great energy must have secured it, or wise management, or at least commendable and honourable self-denial. There has been a race, and we have run well,—a battle, and we have fought valiantly. Meanwhile the exercise did us good, quickening the pulse, promoting the digestion, exhilarating the spirits, and satisfying the conscience.

But then its excess ruins or disorders them all four. We must not run or fight till our hearts ache, and our heads are broken. It is a duty to labour, which, like every other duty well fulfilled, becomes a happiness. So I may eat, drink, and sleep for my refreshment; but not as a glutton, a drunkard, or a dormouse.

Well, then, Providence having reconciled our duties and our temperaments, no other question remains, than how much should we toil—to what extent should we engage ourselves? If this question is the single one, it proves more perplexing than the Sphinx's riddle. We can all evade it or smother it, but who shall answer it? The *how much* must be left to every man's conscience and discretion, which will differ from every other man's, because

his circumstances will also differ. But instead of attempting a reply, let us suggest a consideration. Just in proportion as we go beyond that wise ordinance which proposes and rewards toil, as we venture on excess, as we run too eagerly, and fight or wrestle too pertinaciously, do we become less qualified, not by desert only, but disposition also, for the paradisaical abundance which every pious man hopes and asks. We estrange our tastes and habits from the things we pray for, we render our characters unsuitable to the future service, and our hearts incapable of the promised reward. With our time and affections thus preoccupied, that sabbatical rest, in the regions and amidst the superfluities we suppose, would be worse than solitary confinement in Mr. Secretary Sir James Graham's new Penitentiary, for at what time might we hope to get out ?

O, but we should have been changed, we should have been renewed and purified in heart and spirit. Meanwhile is it prudent to render the change as great and difficult as we can—to engage all our thoughts, habits, and affections against it as actively as we can—to render our hearts as hard, and our spirits as selfish? Might we not more wisely have made some preparations in advance for a new journey by the right road? Is it quite certain that we shall be faced about against our will, and pushed forward notwithstanding our repugnance? I and my partner have accomplished a pilgrimage so hastily that the scallop shells were forgotten, and the palmer's staves left behind us. We are now in another world! It will be seen hereafter whether our tastes and habits are suitable to this new residence, or, if otherwise,

what may have rendered us so restless in it. Hasty as was our departure, and expeditious the transition, millions after millions have commenced a still longer passage not less unexpectedly, and performed it in half the time.

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## CHAPTER II.

EVEN where there are no whirlpools in the water, the heaviest things must travel the fastest: and my companion, as much the most substantial, took precedence. Notwithstanding the velocity with which we descended through this narrow fontanel of perforated rock, round and round twenty fathoms deep, I had once some feeble consciousness that light was before me. There were also the sensations of a momentary obstruction and explosion. Diving had been among the accomplishments of my youth. I know not how far it may have profited me on this occasion. Life, at the crisis of its extinction, was rekindled by fresh air. Propelled far beyond the vent through which I had issued, my feet could reach the ground, but not rest upon it. Some large aquatic plants sustained my arms, and chest, and head. A few convulsive expectorations relieved the lungs; yet several minutes must have elapsed before I could endure the light and look around me.

Alas, it is Mr. Horncastle's hat only which sticks against those huge bell-shaped, purple-tinted water-

lilies ! Where is he ? A few yards below me down stream, rather on the river's side than in its channel, I beheld some dark brown thing which, at first, appeared to be my friend's hair-trunk floating there, with one end upwards. It was Bartholomew himself in that position. The rapidity of the stream, or rather the velocity of the fountain, had allowed him no time to sink in it, and its shallowness no space. I know not by what other impulses than hope and affection, such strength was supplied to me, but in one moment my arms embraced the senseless Barmaster, and in the next he was upon the bank. While with its face downwards I still retained the motionless body across my knees, it resembled the pendant flaccidity of a golden fleece, always represented by our allegorical invitations to hospitality as if the ram were in it. This posture, however dangerous, facilitated the discharge of more water than could have been contained in any beside a vessel previously empty — and it saved my friend's life ! Infinite was my happiness when he first opened his dove-like eyes, as I deposited him in a reversed position upon the softest herbage, and hastened to secure his hat.

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### CHAPTER III.

THE pool or basin from which my friend's property had been recovered was so exceedingly beautiful, that neither the occasion's haste nor my own exhaustion could render me insensible to it. So clear was the

sparkling element that, where there was no motion, there appeared to be no water. • Its purple-tinted pavement of rock was unstained by slime or sediment. In some places, the little hills which guarded or concealed it were clothed with moss green, yellow, russet, crimson — more soft than Cleopatra's bridal-mantle, strewn with flowers more brilliant than her coronet's jewels, and overhung with blossoms more fragrant than her virgin sighs, or delicate than her infant blushes. The pool's centre was violently agitated. I have never seen elsewhere so much water thrown up from a single jet. Deep as it was in that central part, a column issued with sufficient force, not only to agitate, but to raise the surface. Our entire river must have escaped through this narrow passage: and by such violent propulsion our lives were saved! The Barmaster who preceded me, and who was of greater bulk, had sealed, or plugged up, this energetic fountain during, perhaps, eight or ten seconds: we were then exploded with augmented velocity, like two pellets from a child's elder-gun, by the weight behind us.

No doubt but that its momentum had driven him into the shallow channel, through which our basin discharges its superflux, and me among the water-plants. Some small fragments of our old servants, the boat and the hair-trunk, swam past me towards the same outlet. Less compressible than their proprietors, both were shattered into fifty pieces as the punishment of ineffectual resistance. It was well that, being lighter than ourselves in proportion to their capacity, they had sunk slower — otherwise they would have obstructed the funnel till, burst

and shattered by so great a pressure, all four bodies must have fared alike.

The water was too transparent for strong reflections, but I had never seen colours so bright, nor forms so elegant, nor lights and shadows so tender and pellucid, as those which were suspended over it. Above and below, in the air and the water, they trembled as the stars appear to do; but, excepting such stationary vibration, they remained as motionless. While turning round, I laid hold, rather by accident than design, on the branch of a tree which might assist me in my ascent from that fountain's margin; and received on my bare head ripe fruit, rounder and larger, but fortunately not harder, nor much heavier, than the largest fig. They were as rich, as substantial, and as juicy, yet less luscious. On no other occasion would I have desecrated Bartholomew's beaver; but now, for his own sake, I was constrained to use it as a dish, and to present in it an offering so opportune. He was far enough recovered to receive both gifts with much silent complacency, although they were immediately separated by him and laid apart. The exhalations from my poor friend's broad cloth enveloped him in thick haze like that of a new made melon-bed. His face was seen through it as the moon's before rainy weather surrounded by its halo. Great as was the evaporation, we felt no fear of agues or catarrhs in so warm an atmosphere.

Fruit is not the first thing wished for by an excited appetite carnivorously nursed — yet was this fruit so fleshy, juicy, nutritious, and apparently wholesome, that it provoked desire, while it appeased

hunger. We had eaten nothing in the last six and thirty hours. I was pleased to see that my companion, either through caution or lassitude, ate deliberately now, notwithstanding his long fast. He seemed too drowsy from exhaustion for much despatch. Our silent repast was not yet half finished, when some broad, yellow, fan-shaped, succulent-looking leaves that had fallen from the huge tree under which we lay, attracted my attention. They resembled in their leathery texture those of water plants with extremely tenacious stalks. In shape, they were more like some kinds of fern, being as elegantly defined and almost as deeply serrated. The weight surprised me; but, on examining their under side, I found that every fibre or ramification was studded with round balls regularly strung together, and decreasing in size from the common stem to their respective extremities. In proportion with the artery to which they were attached, were they larger or smaller—varying from a cherry to a pea. On this single leaf there must have been many hundreds standing as closely to each other, and as orderly, as pearls in a lady's necklace. The colour and flavour also varied with their size: toward the stalk they were of a transparent brown—then straw colour—and, when smallest, milk white faintly tinged with pink. In taste and consistency they had some resemblance to a filbert; but were more oily, juicy, aromatic, and, beyond all comparison, more delicious. This one leaf would have been sufficient for myself and my companion, even if we had begun our repast with nothing else. On the ground, there were many hundreds of such—over head, countless thousands.

I have seen orange and lemon trees in the Mediterranean burdened and broken by their fertility; but the ten largest of either kind would have grown under the branches beneath which we sat. Barked like a chestnut, it spread horizontally like a cedar: evidently perennial, it retained its leaves till, through the ripeness of their fruit, they had become too heavy for the stalk. Surely there never was so grateful a combination of flavours! We had bread, meat, fruit, the sweetest oils, and the most aromatic spices in a single substance. Its effects were, at first, exhilarating — afterwards, I think, narcotic. There needed, indeed, no farther persuasion to sleep than our fatigues; but we were overshadowed suddenly, and almost at the same moment—our lips yet occupied by the flavour, and scarcely desisting from the praises, of this new delicacy.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

EVERY member of my friend's society is so far a gentleman that he abhors a dirty shirt. It was Bartholomew's first thought on waking; at least it was his first argument for early rising, on making me awake. Early rising at noon! Whether we had slept eight and forty hours, or four and twenty, this only is certain, that the sun stood precisely in the same place, which was immediately overhead. Our watches had been again neglected. Notwithstanding some stiff-



ness from the buffets and bruises of yesterday, we wanted nothing for enjoyment besides cleaner linen. The air was light, and warm, and deliciously fragrant; the sun's rays could not reach us through such a covering; and our hospitable tree had well sheltered us from some heavy rain also, which, every where beyond its branches, still dripped audibly upon the moss. This was the only sound.

One might have supposed that men who had lived under ground so long with no better light than from two candles, would have hailed the sun on their first reappearance before it almost idolatrously. Our tedious banishment from its rays may have been the best reason why we did not. Neither of us had once looked up, because our eyes, still weak, were instinctively afraid to encounter its mid-day brightness; and perhaps, as is usual, because we thought much less of our benefactor's honour than of our own ease. It was Mr. Horncastle who reminded me of this ingratitude. I was collecting fruit, at some distance, for the use of both, while he, for the credit of both, was washing our under-apparel. He exclaimed, "What ails the sun there, Antony? It looks ten times larger than with us in Derbyshire: not, as there, like a red-hot shilling, but of many more colours than the brightest rainbow."

Whether these vivid tints were in the luminary itself, or in the atmosphere through which its rays descended to us, they appeared, indeed, fairer than his description, and accounted for the beauty and variety every where around us. The flowers had many hues, beside their own, which I had not seen even in precious stones: the leaves were more de-

licately shaped and variously coloured than flowers are elsewhere: the mossy herbage assumed 'tints as rich and as capricious as those on a peacock's neck: the water was suffused with lights, crimson, purple, green, violet, blending and changing like mother-of-pearl. My scrupulous friend might have estimated the sun's disk truly by still greater dimensions. It shone rayless, and did, indeed, appear as if tempered and magnified by the interposition of a rainbow. That painful glare which renders the most glorious of all visible objects unendurable, and, excepting at morn and eve, invisible—"dark through excess of light,"—was either veiled or absent. Our eyes, weakened as they had been, might gaze undazzled.

Mine did, till they were recalled to earth by Mr. Horncastle's industry in a new occupation. Even that assumed some dignity from the stateliness of the operator, as well as much grace and delicacy from an atmosphere so luminous. Our linen, spread to dry in this tinted sunshine, partook of the lustre; and looked like garments which Minerva herself had dyed, as well as woven, for the marriage of Telemachus. I found my friend, otherwise dressed than his shirt and hosen, fresh as Ganymede, active as Mercury, bearded like Mars, but still complaining that every limb was sore. I had collected fruit enough for a fortnight's consumption or a second voyage, and had added to those of yesterday many other kinds. Among the rest, there were long, plum-shaped, bladder-like vessels, large as the largest orange, with transparent skins of surprising toughness, each hanging separately from its own spray, and containing nothing else than the purest juice.

From the same tree you might gather twenty kinds of wine, as both the colour and the flavour varied with the fruit's ripeness—unfermented wine, but either richer or lighter as you pleased. And we soon discovered that there were more than twenty kinds of trees, all otherwise differing, which matured and distilled their produce into these vegetable bottles hanging thicker than apples in our autumnal orchards. Unlike apples, they never fall—there is no pulp or other substance, however fine—the same sun, which slowly ripens, still more slowly exhales, or evaporates, the viscous juices, and at last shrivels up the crimson skins. Our only trouble was to break off the stalk, and while pressing the fragrant vessel, apply it to our lips. Whether my companion found in this delicious liquor some quality which produced the happier and more innocent effects of wine alone, I cannot say: never had I seen him, at once, so jocular and so dignified. It was an admirable compromise between two repugnant powers, which no longer neutralised each other; but met and sustained his authority like confronting buttresses with a tower between them.

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## CHAPTER V.

“WHAT, art pondering, Antony; and what grieves thee?” asked the complacent Barmaster as I sat down beside him. “If we had issued from under-

ground at the Atlantic's bottom fifty or sixty miles deep, thou wouldst have found greater trouble in carrying me ashore. There would have been more fish, but less fruit. Instead of eating thus, peradventure we might have been eaten. It is good to be contented where we are.

LUGWARDINE.

And where is that?

MR. HORNCastle.

In a fertile and a pleasant place. It may be either the East Indies or the West,—where we shall obtain friends, credit, and, I hope, shipping for our return.

LUGWARDINE.

Thine is a comprehensive guess, Mr. Horncastle : between its extremities there is almost half the world. But why dost think so—preferring them to the Levant?

MR. HORNCastle.

Because they both abound in sweet fruits, in great trees, in pleasant weather. Because the sun there is found to be more directly overhead than with us at home, in as much as they lie a great deal nearer to it. Look up! Dost not yet know, Antony, that when we stand six or seven times closer to a thing, it must needs seem six or seven times larger?

LUGWARDINE.

If we are so much nearer to the sun, we must be so much higher ?

MR. HORNCastle.

To be sure we must.

LUGWARDINE.

Then how happens it that, since we left Derbyshire sixteen or seventeen days ago, the river's water has ever run upwards at such a rate ? Thou art reported to be pre-eminently skilled in hydrostatics, Mr. Horn-castle, and I would now remind thee of thine own theory ten times explained as we came along."

Most theories have their difficulties, and my friend's was embarrassed, not my friend. I may have witnessed in him some doubt, some consciousness perhaps of error,—but I never heard its retraction or confession. When he had no better answer to give, he asked a question.

MR. HORNCastle.

If the water ran down as much as five miles perpendicularly, in one day and night, or progressively a hundred miles, reckoning by thy Turkish arithmetic, how many miles has it run in sixteen days and nights ?

LUGWARDINE.

Our speed varied too greatly for any better calculation than a guess : but we are seventy or eighty

miles nearer to the earth's centre now than we were on this day fortnight. Harken to me, Mr. Horn-castle! That sun never saw the Peak! Those fruits never grew upon the Earth's surface! Bartholomew, we are in Hell!

This intimation, solemnly communicated, had a mischievous effect, not only on my friend's appetite and dogmatism, but on his temper. He was enraged. He looked stern, and almost terrible. The word sounded profanely in his ears, and insultingly to his understanding. Yet was there such sorrow visible in my countenance as first mitigated, and then pleased, him. It re-established his superiority. "Well, Antony," said he, "supposing this the foulest part of that ill place just mentioned by thee, it is no very great matter whether we are there or not. Peradventure this may be a saving of the same journey at some future time. Thou didst seem likely enough to have gone farther and fared worse. For my part, I still prefer it to the bottom of the Atlantic." And then, mingling with his scorn and his composure some becoming severity, he added, "Thou art beside thyself, Antony Lugwardine! I know not whether it be through too much learning, or too little honesty, but thou art mad!"

Perhaps there was still some misgiving, some recoil of courage. Perhaps he was sorry that he had said, "it is good to be contented where we are." Slowly placing the fruit of which he had eaten upon the ground, then turning both face and body directly opposite to my own, he gazed steadfastly without a word. If he did not repent, I did. Why disturb

any good man's tranquillity or displace his self-satisfaction with a premature truth?

LUGWARDINE.

Mr. Horncastle speaks but one language, and that language has often but one word for two or three meanings. It is not English, or I should have said Hades instead of Hell. These bounties testify that we are descended into no place of torment, at least to him and me. Nor are we in a place of darkness without hope.

MR. HORNCastle.

I hope that we have got out of one, and shall keep out.

LUGWARDINE.

Nevertheless it is my supposition that we are where no other human creature, till death conducted and detained him there, has ever been — where no living animal, rational or irrational, was ever known till now. Bartholomew, hast seen even a reptile or an insect since our sojourn here? Hast seen a fish swimming in the water, a bird flying in the firmament, a beast, savage or domestic, walking upon the herbage? Hast seen any thing that has life? Hast heard a sheep bleat, an ox low, a dog bark? Has the lark cheered thee, or the gnat stung thee? Find me a butterfly sporting among these flowers, a worm hidden beneath this moss, a bee or a beetle brushing or expanding his wings preparatory to flight, and I will promise

thee a hundred pounds. Here is vegetable life more prolific and beautiful than our own, yet altogether different from it. Find me a daisy, a primrose, or even one blade of grass. Neither are these here; nor is the spirit breathed through the nostrils of any other sentient creature beside ourselves. In more than fifteen hours, the shadows and the sunshine around us have not varied so much as a hand's breadth."

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## CHAPTER VI.

THE earliest part of my discourse had made a very perceptible impression on Mr. Horncastle. His countenance grew less stern at every syllable. But reasoners continually miss their object by shooting rather beyond it than beside it, and arguing too much. They overload their artillery till it bursts.

### MR. HORNCASTLE.

And this which thou hast said of sun and shade is not found to be the case in either of the Indies, is it? Why so?

### LUGWARDINE.

Because, like us in England, they have day and night, morning and evening, as, by the earth's revolutions, they are turned towards the sun's light or else from it.



## MR. HORNCASTLE.

So much we have learnt in Derbyshire, without going to the Levant. But is it the outside of the earth only which turns round, and not the in? Try to accomplish this sort of motion with an apple or an orange. Try with the next empty bottle before thy pistol-bullet hath broken it. Antony, it is just the contrary with thy pate, for truly the inside is turned and not the out."

Mr. Horncastle would have gone almost as far as to the ill place which I had so abruptly mentioned, for such an opportunity against me. He smiled, shook his head, returned to his repast, and for some time would hear no more. Bartholomew found little difficulty in accounting to himself for most of the novelties which he beheld. In a new climate, he might well look for fruits, flowers, mosses, and other vegetables which were also new. Of these, he had both read and heard. If he rather too literally construed such poetical expressions, as "nearer to the sun, and farther from the sun," still, allowing the premises, he reasoned on just optical principles about the very superior magnitude of that central luminary. His error was not in the argument, but the fact; and this he disbelieved. That silence around us which nothing else disturbed beside the occasional cracking of a seed-pod or the falling of some over-ripe fruit — as well as the absence of all animal life even to the smallest insect, rather pleased than surprised him. He loved tranquillity, and had no taste for butterflies.

Two other difficulties were less explicable by the novelty of a strange country; first, his ascent in run-

ning water, and next, the no longer disputed immutability of sun and shade. But then the use of science is to overcome difficulties. My friend, if not an astronomer, had much skill in mechanics. "Hast ever considered the action of a coach wheel, Antony?" said he, after much meditation. "Its swiftness will carry the gutter's water upwards and all round. Suppose a coach wheel to represent, not the earth but a section of the earth: as the wheel rises, so will the water rise."

#### LUGWARDINE.

If we got, we could continue, very little nearer to the sun by travelling in that manner. But, prithee, lend me this coach wheel of thine for a few moments and another purpose. Keeping the proportionable size between our bodies and the earth; we must suppose ourselves smaller than a mite's eye—smaller than an atom's fragment, and to have crept inside this wheel. Our feet walk upon the concave of its circle. Looking up, we see another circle, or a smaller globe. This is the wheel's heart, and it represents that gorgeous sun. Whether the wheel turn round or stand still, the same central object must continue direct above our heads. Its position, with respect to us, can never vary. Or now, dismissing the coach wheel, take another similitude. A large light is hanging in the middle of a lantern proportionably large. The light is that sun—the lantern is this earth containing it. Either or both may turn round, but there can be no darkness inside—no contraction or extension of shadows; there can be neither morning nor evening.

MR. HORNCastle.

Who told thee that the earth is hollow?

LUGWARDINE.

I shall tell other people that it is. I shall cool the professor's incandescent mass. I shall show that the cortex of our habitable world may be justly likened to an otherwise empty egg-shell with one glowworm in its centre; and that it is, on an average, about eighty or ninety miles thick.

MR. HORNCastle.

Rather compare it to thine own pate, Antony, which is thick enough, and has a maggot in the middle of it. They who hear thee will ask in what manner is that smaller orb, which we call the sun, kept apart at its proper distance from this larger circle, which we call the earth. They will say that thou hast forgotten the spokes.

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## CHAPTER VII.

MR. HORNCastle triumphed at the recovery of his coach-wheel: but as soon as the cachinnation had abated, I reminded him of Sir Isaac Newton and of gravitation. Unfortunately, I related that pretty

tale—its supposed suggestion by a falling pear. Mr. Horncastle, who treated the philosopher with much patronising familiarity as an old acquaintance, calling him Isaac, sometimes without his patronymic, and always without his title—*admired*, as he said, at my new similitude between a pear falling, because there was nothing either to suspend it or support it, and a sun or a world not falling for precisely the same reason.

Still I hoped that he might secretly reverence ancient science recommended by my learning. Old names go half the distance toward conviction, when our ignorance welcomes them and conducts them the other half. I thus resumed—"Dost ask who told me that the earth is hollow? Homer told me so. Virgil said the same thing, as he almost always did. Dante is doubtful as an authority. Milton is adverse. But where else did the Grecian and the Roman sages place their Elysian Fields—their Hades—their Hell—their receptacle for departed spirits? Where has the vulgar opinion of mankind always placed them? Read what Ambrose says on the word *infernium*. It is true that St. Cyprian, St. Basil, and St. Athanasius thought differently. So, indeed, did St. Jerome, St. Augustine, and St. Gregory; but all these wrote of *Christian* spirits. If thou art curious and wouldst learn more, let me refer thee to Pseudo Victorin, and especially to Colomesius, where he cites Theodoret. Neither Anaximander, who supposed the earth to be cylindrical, nor Leucippus, who represented it, more probably, by the figure of a kettle or a kettle-drum, was much opposed to my present theory, since these figures are both hollow.

But the tambourine of Aristodemus, with its parchment side downwards, as the deep surface on which men live, and its broad circular rim upwards supporting the firmament, as well as confining and retaining the ocean, is now disproved.

“ Various astronomical calculations, most unquestionably correct, all show that the earth is spherical, or as nearly so as is an orange. We also prove that the circumference of this globe is 24,800 English miles, and consequently its diameter is, in even numbers, 8,250. Allowing no more than about ninety miles as the average thickness of its crust, the inner diameter will measure 8,130. Thus we may now stand 3,700 miles from the beautiful luminary above our heads, supposing it to hang by equal attraction in the centre, and its dimensions to reach 800 miles, calculated, I say, diametrically. A lamp which measures 2,400 miles in circumference, though a mere spark as compared with the other sun outside, is a noble lamp after all.

“ There have been many opinions on this internal part where we now are. We hear of heat, sixteen million times greater than that in a glass-house furnace—of incandescent heat, just sixteen million times greater than molten glass; for men of science love to be precise. Some have supposed the earth to be a solid magnetic mass—others, a sphere of fire coated with rock—a collection of water—a dark void—a hollow and healthy habitation filled with rational creatures. This last, in part, is also my opinion. But I find no animal life which we did not bring with us, and therefore incline to a yet older conjecture,—that it may be the receptacle of departed

spirits. As for this sun, it will remain for ever in its present central position, if the attractive influence around it be, as it must be, on all sides equal."

Learning, though it be more excellent than house or land, was less esteemed by Mr. Horncastle. By this display, I had so utterly ruined my credit with him, that never again was it re-established on any safe foundation! He would not condescend either to laugh or be angry. But, imitating my own solemnity of utterance, he replied. "Thou art twice as powerful a philosopher as Anaximander, and a match for the other two. Against a drum, a cylinder, and a tambourine, thou hast an egg-shell still, and thou hast had a pistol-bullet with an empty bottle. If we find time to spare, thou shalt hatch thine egg down here. Better leave the pistol and the bottle till we get home again. But now, as it is dry, prithee put on thy shirt."

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## CHAPTER VIII.

OUR little valley was not so narrow, or so closely overshadowed by trees, that we could see no more of it than the stream which watered, and the banks which shut it in. There were, on all sides, glades and recesses, mossy knolls and rocky eminences. Proposing to look about us, we walked up hill through no difficult obstructions, for the tufts and thickets, however numerous, were seldom large; and

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everywhere else, the trees were either clustered together in masses without underwood, or dispersed in open groves. Still it was impossible to see far, for there were loftier elevations yet before us, larger or closer trees in every direction. These last were, indeed, often of surprising dimensions, and still more surprising fertility, but not one kind known before, or one branch without fruit. Greatly as the foliage differed in shape, luxuriance, and variety from any which we had seen elsewhere, its colours the most engaged, and the longest delighted, us. The richest of our autumnal hues bear not only no comparison, but no resemblance to such translucent purples, crimsons, yellows, greens. Turning whichever way the ascent seemed most easy, our journey proved a continual feast, almost too ample and luxurious for ease and temperance. But how could we reject varieties which solicited our curiosity as well as our lips and nostrils. Every other unoccupied spot was covered with what we must call moss, short, thick, soft, and fragrant; or with flowers more numerous than our primroses, where they grow most abundantly in unpastured crofts, or harebells in untrodden coppices. So various and beautiful was this vegetable tapestry, that hardly use or necessity could reconcile us to its desecration by our feet. As the shade and sunshine always occupy their respective limits, every species flourishes in the situation to which nature had best adapted it.

Still there was the same silence. O for a parrot's scream, or a monkey's gibber! I should have been pleased if I could have seen a wasp, a toad, a snake, or even a musquito. Distrusting the paradise in

which we were, I sometimes looked around me with the shuddering expectation that I might see dreadful forms, preternatural shadows, neither death nor his victims, but another, and a yet more unintelligible, vision of resuscitated life!

After an ascent of two or three hours indolently prosecuted, we rose above this profuse and gigantic fertility, walking unencumbered by fallen leaves, though still upon flowers. The soil was shallower, not more naked; the trees were smaller, not less fruitful. Behold, at last, rising immediately above us, a chain of hills divided into rocky points. Here, indeed, the ascent was laborious, but we observed intervals between these spires and pinnacles, far short of their extreme altitude, and a boundless prospect must be our reward. We pushed on, therefore, invigorated by lighter and cooler air, which now, for the first time, seemed slightly agitated. Passing between two rocks so slender and uniform that they might have served for obelisks, we looked down the other side. Some brief exclamations of astonishment were soon silenced by our more thoughtful admiration. A whole region lay before us of temples, palaces, and — as they appeared — monumental structures, equal to the pyramids in magnitude, and far superior in stateliness!

“Now I can tell thee, Antony, in what country we are,” said Mr. Horncastle, “provided that thou canst begin by declaring what nation hath the noblest city on the fairest site. I have seen Sheffield, Newcastle, and Wolverhampton — thou hast been at London, and, according to thine own report, at Constantinople. But this town surely must be larger



than Nineveh, richer than Babylon, more stately and more populous than all seven put together. I no longer repent me of my journey." He spake less than the truth! The entire descent on this side of the mountains was one gorgeous and as far as the eyes could reach, interminable city, without a single edifice unsuited to its grandeur. Never till now did I suppose that any other structure would be seen by me more graceful, and impressive, and majestic, than the Parthenon. All these greatly surpassed in elegance, as well as size, the fairest and the grandest elsewhere. They stood detached from each other, with groves between them. Although their chief fronts must have looked the other way, every side seemed perfect both in symmetry and decoration. We could see endless vistas of stately columns, and, on the nearer cornices and pediments, sculpture which seemed to move. The high terraces, interposing between one range and another, were planted as gardens, and were filled with fountains, vases, statues, and noble flights of steps.

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## CHAPTER IX.

"WHAT dost think now of this naughty place, whether Hades, or something else?" said my companion. "Do folk there build great houses and plant pleasant gardens? Do they walk about by millions, as thou mayest see these people do, among groves

and pillars, up steps and down, thick in some places as pismires, and, compared with the buildings above them, not much bigger? Thy shell has got some chickens in it, Antony."—Under porticos, among theatres and amphitheatres, in gardens destitute of limits to mark property or fences for its protection, there were indeed such swarms. The only means of communication were like those in royal palaces connecting their courts. All was free: we could discover nothing designed to appropriate or exclude.

I most admired the skill which found opportunities for beauty and splendour in things hidden or despised by us. Roofs, that in our domestic architecture are almost always so unsightly, were here not only ornamental but superb. Even the least conspicuous edifices were either covered by domes sparkling in the sunshine, and the domes covered by vitrified substances reflecting that many-coloured light, or else, where other forms had been preferred, bright metallic plates were disposed as scales, and feathers, and the foliage of such plants as might, from their magnitude, be represented best. A still greater number of buildings were quite flat, excepting that delicate balustrades surmounted their parapets, and were themselves crowned by vases, statues, or allegorical representations suitable to the place. So rich in colour were the inlaid slabs of these level terraces, so gaily and brightly tessellated, that we might have mistaken the marbles for Oriental tapestry, if their smoothness and polish had been less lustrous than it was.

At the city's feet there was a rapid and compara-

tively narrow river, not much wider perhaps than the Thames at Greenwich, and so curved that neither end, if unobstructed, could have been seen by us. Gilded barges, beaked galleys, vessels with two and even three banks of oars, swarmed along both shores, as well as in the mid-stream. That opposite shore rose sometimes gradually, at other times abruptly, from the water's edge; as if to display every variety of form, and colour, and position in which a Nature far more liberal than our own could best assemble her rocks and waters, her barrenness and her fertility—barren rocks, because too steep for vegetation; uninhabited waters, because the breath of life had never blown upon them; fertility without stint or toil, or possible exhaustion, or imaginary ownership. Not one trace did we perceive of cultivation except to ornament. We looked in vain for cattle which might have pastured among the more open spaces; no beast issued into sunshine from the woods, no birds spotted the purple-tinted skies above our heads.

Smaller cities crowned the distant mountains: a few temples or theatres ornamented with their glittering cupolas and lofty colonnades the more elevated sites between; but all these were far away. We might discern streams winding among the hills and falling from the precipices; mountains rising behind mountains as far as the eye could extend to them in an atmosphere so clear. Yet was it the light illuminating this glorious prospect which chiefly constituted its sublimity.

“Thou hast often bragged to me of Constantinople—is it anything like this?” said Mr. Horncastle.

“As proportionably like it,” I replied, “as was the

last candle lighted in our cavern and the sun now shining above our heads."

My companion, in his mining studies, had read of Mexico, where, as he reminded me, there is a great river or lake, as well as a thousand palaces. This theory became, at once, his favourite, not only because I had preferred another, but also because it accorded with an older one, maintaining that all the largest and richest mines in the world have some underground communication with the Peak. As is well known, every ruined castle, abbey, and cloister has its secret passages, now no longer used or discoverable, running to every other ruined castle, abbey, or cloister, however hostile were the inhabitants.

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## CHAPTER X.

BARTHOLOMEW'S argument was cut short. We could perceive a very great number of persons ascending the hill, and some crossing the water. Others walked hastily along the terraces, the porticos, and the gardens beneath them, all converging toward the same point. This was a large level area situated above the city, at no great distance from the spot then occupied by us. Apparently, it had been gained out of the mountain's bosom by builders and architects selecting a quarry whence the marble materials for so many edifices might be conducted downward to their destination. They had cut perpendi-

cularly into the rock, and deeply as well as widely; but that nothing naked and unsightly might be permitted among such harmony of colours and magnificence of forms, they had ornamented the space thus obtained by them, on its three sides, with colonnades and porticos. From our still loftier position, we could see no more than one side, or rather one end, of this great forum. Multitudes scaled the steep ascent, and mounted the broad steps which alone occupied the fourth side, as if in this region and climate the human body could suffer no fatigue. Our own progress uphill had been more light and vigorous than seemed reconcilable with so much previous exhaustion or recent indulgence, but these people must have wings on their feet.

"Surely," said Mr. Horncastle, "it is a town inhabited by none else beside women; and if thy learning, Antony, be as great as thy pretences are that way, we may find its name without asking; for such a nation is recorded by Joseph Addison in his *Spectator*." No man felt less reverence for the learning of other people than did Mr. Horncastle, or attached a higher value to his own. As I had so long seen the flowing garments of Oriental cities, my conclusion was not thus hasty; and yet the slender figures, easy but stately movements, and scanty clothing, did partly countenance my friend's supposition. "Between those two brazen pillars there is the similitude of a great pulpit in your prayer-houses," said he again. "Hark now! How silent they all are! It is a pulpit, indeed, for lo, there is a woman preaching from it!" "If so, we must be fallen among friends rather of thy persuasion than of mine,"

— said I. “Let us try whether, without quitting our vantage ground, we may not draw nearer to the congregation.”

Leaving our station, and keeping on the same side of the mountain by which we had ascended, we walked hastily some few hundred yards toward a wider gap between two other tower-like rocks almost directly above the crowd. For, on the city side, all these detached crags were indeed hewn into architectural forms, obelisks, columns, square and circular towers, as their bulk suggested. Hence we could see only that portion of the audience which was farthest from us ; as the colonnade, with its portico immediately beneath, concealed the rest ; but the orator, who stood directly opposite, was still speaking. Bartholomew’s conjecture was disproved by innumerable chins with beards. We could distinguish the leaves twisted round venerable foreheads, flowers on others which were more youthful, garments without sleeves, naked hands, arms, legs, and necks. But every countenance was raised toward the orator—a tall, slender, elderly, priest-like, well-featured man, dressed in long white robes bordered with purple. His voice had such surprising clearness, and his articulation was so distinct, that not a syllable fell short of us.

My attention was much distracted by Mr. Horn-castle’s hurried and reiterated inquiries as to the subject of his discourse, and the language in which he spoke. He spoke Latin, but some minutes had elapsed, notwithstanding the emphatic sobriety of his utterance, before I could gather what he said. Having used that language almost daily from the cradle with my father ; afterwards at Leipsic with Dr.

Ralph ; and again, on various occasions, with Italian ecclesiastics in the Mediterranean, I had supposed that its pronounciation, however various, must be intelligible to me. This was a mistake, notwithstanding the bell-like clearness of every word. Yet so charming were the elegance, the stateliness, and the dignity — so composed the action, and so graceful the utterance, that even my companion listened with delight. By degrees, the sense reached me, though still imperfectly. I could hear appeals to custom which had grown not less sacred than any other law, because approved by wisdom. Something also was said of reverential hospitality due to the wisest and the greatest among mankind who approached, not as guests only, but as ambassadors. Even after the orator's manner had become more warm and emphatic as he advanced, there was no abatement in the tranquil majesty of his gestures, or the deliberate solemnity of his utterance. The trees through which we had so lately passed, were not more silent than they who heard him.

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## CHAPTER XI.

“WE are in Rome, Bartholomew !” I whispered.—  
“In Rome? Is it the Pope, then? What would he say? What would the man say?” Mr. Horncastle immediately assumed a look and attitude of defiance, exalted his stature to the utmost height, established his legs more firmly under him, pushed his hat backward from his face, and fixed the knuckles

of each hand upon its corresponding hip. Whether some small fragments which these energetic demonstrations had detached from the rock, and which, by rattling upon the portico beneath us, disturbed the orator, must remain uncertain — or whether, as I still rather suppose, he might have happened to raise his eyes in some sublime attestation which called upon heaven for its acquiescence, — but, being thus raised, they became fixed and fascinated by Mr. Horncastle, whose figure and demeanour were precisely defined against the sky behind them. A long pause ensued; then some eager attempts at continuation; but the mouth remained ineffectually open, and no effort could withdraw the eyes. They were speedily followed by a great many thousand more. Every listener so situated that he could command the elevation on which we were, gazed during one moment in almost incredulous silence, and then joined the universal exclamations of surprise.

It is plain that we must have appeared much stranger men to them, than they to us. Mr. Horncastle had other advantages over me beside those of grace and wisdom. His garments were almost new, and till the termination of our voyage, they had suffered very little damage. A good hat, like a good character, will endure more rubs and outrages, without absolute perdition, than a bad one. The Barmaster's beaver was of the finest quality, and hardly yet three weeks old. During the last sixteen or seventeen days, it had witnessed some painful vicissitudes of fortune, if not uninjured, still unspoiled. Arethusa was in possession of mine.

All that part of the concourse which had been



hitherto stationed under the portico nearest us, now rushed to the opposite side. There were at least eighty thousand faces elevated toward my friend and me. We were soon required to descend by almost as many voices : but Mr. Horncastle seemed resolute that the great harlot, if she were such, should not stare him out of countenance ; and certainly his presentation to her was extremely unceremonious. Some fresh motion among the multitude suggested that other measures might be adopted to bring us down ; and I soon saw the less precipitous points of our position scaled by hundreds whose agility appeared, as indeed it was, quite preternatural. There remained no more time than for our mutual confession that flight would be impossible, and resistance absurd. We were surrounded by men not larger, nor apparently stronger, than ourselves, with countenances destitute of all other colour than such as we see on polished iron become dim, and eyes like torches faintly reflected from dark water. One of them laid his hand hastily on mine, and then started back as if he had grasped a viper. Nor had I less reason to do the same — for though there was little of either weight or pressure, it occasioned a shock like that from the torpedo, and left the scorched impression of every finger durable upon the skin. Amid the clamour and importunity which assailed us from below, there was no leisure for explanations on either side : we were hurried on by a more practicable descent ; supported, or rather suspended by our coats down it ; pushed roughly through the crowd towards our eloquent discoverer ; and then driven up the steps even into his rostrum, as the loftiest exposure for public wonder.

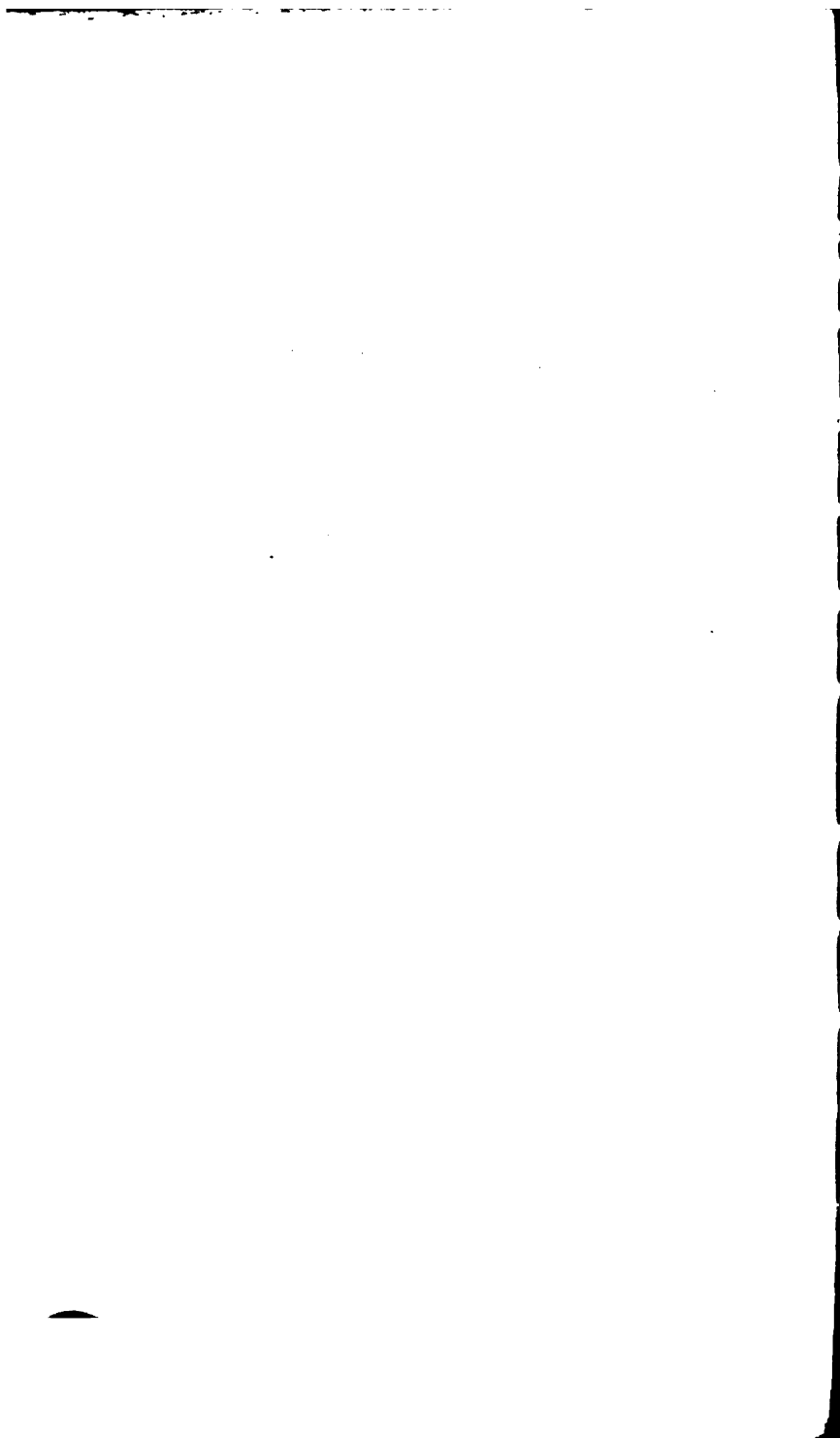
# THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

## BOOK IV.

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Idem ego, cum subit convexa foramina terræ,  
Supposuique ferox imis mea terga cavernis,  
Solicito MANES.

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## BOOK IV.

## CHAPTER I.

It is true that although my progress through life has been much diversified, I cannot hope to entertain the reader with sentimental perplexities between love and duty. He has proceeded so far in the honest companionship of Bartholomew Horncastle, whose passion, listening heedfully to sober counsels, disdained excess. It is my second disadvantage, that we English are, at present, so much accustomed to aristocratic society in our studies, if no where else. We feel at ease and at home only among the great. The first recommendation of even fictitious history, is its resemblance to truth. Thus Sir Harry wins five thousand guineas from his father's friend the Colonel, while the Colonel is drunk. The Count runs away with Julia de Pentonville one day before her nuptials, or with the duchess of Islington one week after them. Lord Frederick smiles playfully, but disdainfully, while he shoots his schoolfellow Seymour through the heart for questioning the rectitude of his moral principles.

All these may be not only very probable, but as the novelist loves thus to adumbrate current events and his own experience, they may be very true. Happily for him and us, he lives in a Christian community.

While I remain underground among the Gentile

nations, I cannot find any such probabilities. In their time, ethics had received very little patronage or authority from religion. Not being Christians, they cannot be represented as cheating the drunk, debauching the innocent, eloping with the wanton, or shooting the honest.

Let me fortify my credibility against the captious. I must describe things under the earth's surface by their resemblance to the things above it, as often as there is any. An insidious objector will gain nothing by his smiles at any supposed oversight, except the consciousness of ill-nature. I will not descend to humiliating altercation with him ;—let him disprove a single page written in this history, if he can. I shall continue to speak about gold and silver, marble and porphyry, freedmen and slaves, yesterday and to-day. If he think that my metals should be essayed, let him carry them to the Mint : for the comprehensive efficacy of my single law, if it should appear insufficient in some cases, and inapplicable in others, I refer him to the ex-lord chancellors Brougham, Campbell, and Lyndhurst.

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## CHAPTER II.

THE late interruption in my narrative left me standing on one side of the astonished orator, and Bartholomew Horncastle on the other, before eighty or ninety thousand people at least. For some moments,

he appeared to be almost as ill at his ease as we ourselves were. He gazed alternately upon our countenances and those of the multitudes beneath him. "Whence come ye?" said he at last. "From England." "It is the name of your country, that I demand — not of the city, but of the nation or the province." "England is a nation," said I proudly; "she is the most powerful of nations. Her colonies surround the earth; her fleets awe, her commerce civilizes, her laws enlighten and control it." There was a bewildered effort at recollection, and a moment's pause. I added,—"We also call this mightiest of sovereignties, Britain and Great Britain." "What! an insular province added to Belgica by Caius Julius Cæsar some few years after my consulship — an appendage to Gaul?" — The crowd, hitherto so attentive, was becoming impatient and tumultuous; while my former embarrassments with our interpreter were not diminished by the intimation that he had been the greatest in power and dignity — the greatest, perhaps, in wisdom and eloquence of mankind, eighteen or nineteen hundred years ago. In that vast concourse of human shapes beneath me there was not one living creature — or creature living as I lived! A spectre is, at the best of times, and on your own ground, rather to be treated with honour than familiarity. You cannot make him your associate without some reservations. Even Montesinos, whom all good persons natural or preternatural must respect, confesses a sort of porcupinish motion over the whole scalp when making his first bow to Sir Thomas More. Here were eighty thousand spirits, though somewhat more substantial

than the martyred chancellor, and my sleeve touched the elbow of him who had lived and died before the Christian *Æra*!

Mr. Horncastle cared but little for these things; partly, like Gallio, because he did not understand them. He remained steadfast in the maintenance of his Christian liberty—confronting with undaunted countenance, not that tyranny which had subdued the world, but, as he supposed, the sorcery which had beguiled it. Among eighty thousand heads, his alone wore a hat! Explanation was impossible in such a whirlwind; and every moment did my ears and tongue become of less use to me. At last, the orator besought attention with uplifted hands. “These men,” said he, “have never died!” He then represented his present difficulties; proposing, as the readiest road to knowledge, that we should communicate our history, with his assistance, when language, by farther use, had become on both sides more intelligible. “Here are travellers who have reached us by some other passage than through the gates of death! They come directly from that distant world in which was spent the infancy of our existence; but their tongues are barbarous, and before their communications can be understood, we must afford them greater patience. Leave us and disperse.”

The porticos, as I have shown, occupied only three sides of this great forum: on the fourth side, that being next the city, there was a continuous flight of steps, ranging its entire length, and extending, by easy gradations, to the marble terraces which lay beneath it. Where one of the side porticos opened at its extremity upon these steps, I could perceive

many hundred men, and youths, and children, who carried small musical instruments in their hands, and upon their foreheads green chaplets all alike. A slight prelude arrested the crowd as it began to descend the steps, and instantly secured the same universal silence. Some grave and venerable persons moved separately downward — separately as respects each other, but accompanied by a host of friends. Twelve lictors with their laurelled fasces preceded every one. As soon as they had disengaged themselves from the multitude, such melody burst forth as made me reel and shudder, communicating, for a moment, sensations so awful, that I can hardly determine yet whether they were nearest to pleasure agonised by excess, or to pain dissolving into ecstasy. Bartholomew gasped for breath, and laid hold for support upon the brazen rail against which we stood. Nor do I yet know if there were any peculiarity in the medium which could account for such sounds — whether our senses were quickened by the finer atmosphere which conveyed them, or whether the only difference consisted in the voices and instruments; but the effect was, at first, even distressingly sublime. Our new protector showed that he perceived this emotion in us by saying, “It is Claudius Marcellus who descends the steps with Scipio Nasica on one side, and, I think, Paulus Æmilius, at some small distance, on the other. In this manner are the benefactors of their country recompensed; and thus does immortality confer happiness.”



## CHAPTER III.

"WHEN you spoke of C. J. Cæsar," said I, "you reminded me, not of our conqueror—for excepting through our own divisions and contentions never could we be conquered;—but of our discoverer: is he also in this assembly?" The orator seemed pleased that I was not ignorant of such names, and that I could understand so much, at least, respecting those to whom they had belonged. He replied, "C. J. Cæsar seldom willingly appears where honour is qualified by reservations, forbearing and respectful as they may be; or where any other head is on the same level with his." "There can hardly be so good a reason now for the absence of those that followed him. His successor Octavius Augustus, and his lieutenant Marcus Antonius,—are they here?" "Did you look for either among our benefactors?" said my instructor, and I thought, contemptuously.

The rostrum was still surrounded by the immediate friends and attendants of our unknown protector; the multitude, no longer turbulent, parting reverentially as he descended and walked between us. Whether it were by accident or design, he passed as near as possible to that end of the portico whence such songs arose so piercingly. There had been some short intermission of them: twice he stopped as he approached; either on our account, and for a longer indulgence to our curiosity, or, as it rather appeared, till he might be himself the better recognised among so great a crowd. Though no longer

unprepared, I suffered and trembled still more than when stationed at a greater distance. The same voices were now raised in melody, sweeter, tenderer, more reverential and affectionate: yet were they too powerful for men whose hearts beat and blood circulated. Such titles as these still pursued him longer than the rest: "*The father of his country, the uncorrupt among its pollutions, the wise, the just, the eloquent! War retains no other conquests here! Victory can demand no nobler triumphs! Wisdom is never fruitless! Genius receives still brighter crowns as he treads the circles of immortality! Lo, now virtue and glory are the same!*" Words like these were interwoven by music and poetry with such other praises as might well have recompensed a life less fortunate, or a death more cruel.

"It is Marcus Tullius Cicero, then!" I exclaimed. "By what means have you made your discovery?" said he. "He was called the father of his country. His Treatise on Glory might have anticipated my questions, if it had not been lost. But is the love of fame so durable? Do human passions survive the body in which they were generated, and the world they disturbed? Is there a desire of praise, an appetite for its flatteries, beyond the grave? Can immortals care about the fantastic distinctions of some sixty or seventy years, the mere morning crepuscule of their existence?" Turning suddenly about with something like gaiety, he replied, "What! a new rhetorician among us, a declaimer, in good latin too, from the schools? Atticus, we must labour for the perfect education of so promising a sophist, and tell C. Julius that, if his barbarians are

now more frightfully clothed than when he first discovered them in their paint and their wolfskins, they have acquired his language. Britain,—did he not leave it once, as worth too little for the cost of a garrison? You have lost my Treatise on Glory; is there any thing else which you have retained?" "If you could have so much patience," said I, "you should hear, from a barbarous tongue and an irregular memory, the arguments, at least, of your philosophical dialogues; and Pomponius Atticus will find that I am almost as familiar with the secrets of your correspondence as he himself once was." I saw, or fancied, a slight tremor on the orator's cheek, as he and Atticus exchanged glances, but both smiled. "We may retain too much of such immortality," said Cicero: "I could rather have wished that some of those secrets had remained such. But there is consolation in remembering that a sacrifice was made by us to Vulcan, whose best victims are the greatest mysteries. As for the remainder, if they survive, they will do us, perhaps, no greater harm than the cock bequeathed by Socrates, which Æsculapius never got, has done to the philosopher. Excepting the Treatise on Glory, did you say all my philosophical works, and my epistles?" "M. T. Cicero and his orations are known in regions beyond the flight of Cæsar's Eagles, at least as familiarly as was Demosthenes with his Philippics in Rome, when Catilina fled trembling from the Senate-house, or Clodius was slain by Milo." "And saying this, do you ask me whether glory is worth seeking in one world, or retaining in the other? It is the garland of immortality; and in this way only can you, who

still live, distribute justice. If the fruit is small, it hangs long and from many branches. Those sixty or seventy years were given us to accumulate knowledge and meditation for more than as many thousands. That world was the school in which we passed our infancy ; this, the dwelling place of our eternal manhood. As our youth studied and profited then, is it rewarded now. Even in your world, justice uses the same scales, though her weights are lighter." "He must yet be ignorant of the law by which retribution is regulated here," said Atticus. "What law?" I demanded eagerly. "*Memory ever occupied about the transactions of that life not yet ended by yourself, which can dismiss nothing from our knowledge, and disguise nothing from our consciences.*"

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#### CHAPTER IV.

WE now stand before the portals of a palace separated from other imperial edifices, and towering high above the trees, some of which are covered with blossoms, others laden with fruit, but all unappropriated and unenclosed. It is here that, for the first time, I see infants sporting like bees or butterflies among the flowers. The least of them are quite naked, their voices sounding like the small silver bells which stood on ebony tables or Chinese cabinets, at our great-grandmother's elbows ; and their laughter reminding us of the chimes in chimney clocks. "These

must recompense us for the want of birds, Mr Horn-castle," said I. "Here are creatures prettier than lambs or kittens, and quite as innocent." Mr. Horn-castle thought otherwise. He answered severely that their mothers deserved puishment in the Bridewell for suffering them to run about wild and naked. Nay, it was probable that he looked upon our conductors themselves as most effeminately and insufficiently clothed. I told him that Cicero had been an augur, — that augurs might still, on ordinary occasions, wear such garments as characteristic of their profession; and that, for all I knew to the contrary, he was an augur still. "He seems to be a vain old man, Antony, though a powerful preacher, could we understand his doctrine: but what is an augur?" "An augur is a soothsayer, a diviner, — something between a priest and a prophet, who foretells future events by the flight, the singing, and the feeding of birds, as an aruspex does by the entrails of victims. *Augur Jovis interpretes.*" "I can tell thee a future event, which is quite as sure as if I had learnt it in his way, Antony Lugwardine — thou and I must soon part company. Didst not say even now that they have no birds and no beasts here?" This was spoken as we entered with more anger than I had ever witnessed, but once, in the rather too hasty spirit of my conscientious friend; and I felt grieved that the magnificence with which we were met, was almost unheeded among so much exasperation. The vast portal opened into a proportionable atrium, the atrium into a *cavum-ædium*, and beyond both, larger than both, lay the *peristylum* with its fountain surrounded by superb porticos and colonnades.

Turning to the left, we passed through halls so long, and wide, and lofty, that they rather distressed me by a comparison with our own littleness. The floors were tessellated, or rather inlaid with marbles of all shades, and gems of all colours. The roofs were divided into gilt compartments, and every compartment contained a mosaic picture. In place of walls, we could see nothing but columns, statues, vases, and bas-reliefs, representing triumphal or sacrificial processions. Laurelled rods and axes were introduced every where, as arms and crests are in our own architecture. The pilasters which stood against the walls to support their cornices, and the pillars also before them on which rested the brazen ceiling-beams, though all necessarily of the same shape and bulk, differed in colour, substance, and character; some being as transparent as alabaster, others lustrous as adamant. Under the windows, which were at least twenty feet high above our heads, there stood many statues chiselled neither from metal nor marble but from precious stones. Yet however admirable their materials, or perfect their workmanship, their size displeased me; for it corresponded well with the edifice, but not at all with the inhabitants. Unless intended to be seen from some distant place, there is as much ill-judgment in misrepresenting the ordinary dimensions of a human body, as its form; in making the figure twice its natural height, as the arms and legs twice their proportionable length. A palace sufficient for the Titans was occupied by men no larger than ourselves. I was, indeed, something taller than any other person in the assembly. Mr. Horncastle was very much bulkier, but we looked

like little children in comparison with these statues and bas-reliefs.

I have used such words in this description, as seemed most appropriate to the substances described ; but, at last, I am not sure that, scientifically speaking, there was either gold, brass, marble, or any other stone or metal known beneath the moon. The workmanship was human and familiar, though in size and perfection beyond belief. At the extremity of a second apartment into which we were conducted, a small fountain, surrounded by what looked like ivory seats, hissed and showered its spray as high as to the cornice. Liquid diamonds could hardly have sparkled so brilliantly, or rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, with colours so various, as the drops which rose and fell among sunbeams always stationary.

It was with much difficulty Mr. Horncastle could be prevailed on to sit down, that he might partake of the fruits which were placed before us, — fruits still more delicious than those we had eaten during our journey, but never unaccompanied by that large fern-shaped leaf studded along its fibres with round dry knots. My friend was too much irritated for many questions ; and in his present temper, any remark of mine appeared like a falsehood. He would not believe that Cicero was what he called “master of the house,” or what I called a nobleman. Caught as a spy on the Babylonian impurities which he imputed to Papal Rome, he supposed himself to be in some high court of justice waiting, before his accusers, for the judge. “Ask that man what he has to say against us. A pretty nobleman who has no stockings on his legs ! Surely the Pope might afford to his augurs

and soothsayers some apparel more decent than these gowns without petticoats. O fie !”

By degrees, the courteous manner in which our host proposed his hospitalities moderated this contempt. There was wine in golden vessels compounded by the most scientific intermixture of the fruits which I have described. “I thank thee, friend, for thy good will, but I shall not eat of meat which has been offered to these dumb idols,” said the conscientious Barmaster. I reminded him that idols were nothing in the world, and, if otherwise, that these were not idols, — that fruit was not meat, — that it was not offered at all to them, but to us, — and that he had no just cause for objections and scruples by which he might have offended the conscience of a weaker brother. This made bad worse, fortifying his suspicion that he could calculate on little sympathy, amid the sufferings of martyrdom, from so lukewarm a confederate; for now Mr. Horncastle would be a martyr.

Our hosts smiled on hearing that their fruit was rejected because my friend had discovered them to be worshippers of the Muses and under the patronage of Minerva. “As he himself sacrifices to the Graces, and is thus greatly favoured by them, why show so much enmity against their sisters?” said Cicero. Bartholomew was unable to remember one word forbidding or discouraging the temperate use of wine. And as water itself could scarcely be more innocent than this wine, he drank freely again and again. When there are two reasons for what we do, few persons produce the best first, if at all. My friend was thirsty — not three hours before, he had eaten



till he could eat no longer ; and on the subject of wine, no arguments from me had justified or recommended its use.

I was liable to some depreciation in the estimate of our hosts, who compared my curtailed shooting jacket with Bartholomew's skirts, and who observed, in the discussions between us, his very authoritative air and magisterial delivery. They asked, first, whether I was his slave, then his freedman, then his interpreter ? They encouraged, and would have prolonged, the conversation between us. I had hoped that, as my companion's superiority was again so apparent, he might once more relax.

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## CHAPTER V.

THE impatience of curiosity again directed me to Cicero. I asked whether his ignorance of the British nations proceeded from indifference or from forgetfulness ? Many eminent Romans had visited them, some had described them, others had been born in them. Had he learnt nothing of us from Agricola, so near to his own time, or from Tacitus who, in his life of Agricola, had so respectfully represented us ? Atticus replied that it was impossible for them to forget what they had once known ; that thoughts and words, which had lain half life long asleep, were now sounding in their ears and moving in their memories. As for Agricola and Tacitus, though their names

were not new to them, they had heard nothing of one as a colonist, or the other as a historian.

LUGWARDINE.

This great author begins with the death of Octavius Cæsar; once more let me ask is Octavius Cæsar here?

ATTICUS.

He is almost the latest traveller, of any eminence among his countrymen, by whom we have been visited. He left Rome in peace, the undisputed mistress of every civilised nation. Since then we have learnt little else, excepting that his successor in the usurpation was called Tiberius Cæsar, who has not followed him.

LUGWARDINE.

What, nothing known — nothing communicated to you — in eighteen hundred years!

ATTICUS.

Years are not counted in this world. Years are constituted from months, and days from hours — both from the periodical changes of nature, from the alternation and succession of light and darkness. But here time has no measure, or rather I should have said eternity has no distinctions. Those eighteen hundred years have been, to us, but as one day, and that day a continual noon. Our sun never rises, never declines: the world which it warms and

lightens, if your calculations are correct, was judged to be sufficiently peopled eighteen hundred years ago ; or else one great period of its destiny must have been complete."

There was so much melancholy in the tone of these last words, that I could hardly refrain from tears. A day of eighteen centuries was almost incomprehensible. Again the thought occurred, how large a portion of our happiness in this world arises from its vicissitudes ! The truth is become a maxim continually proposed and immediately assented to, but who considers it ? They are the changes of daily life which stimulate hope, regulate business, propose rest, and reward labour. Like our daily bread, they must be looked for and prepared for. Time and beauty are of little value unless marked. Our actions must be numbered like our milestones, and stand as they do at their appropriate sites, if we would rejoice in our progress. Progress from what, and toward what, where the journey has no end at last, and no resting-places by the way ? These thoughts perplexed me ; but they were followed by another so mysterious that I trembled to examine it. Eighteen hundred years ago, and not long after the death of Octavius Cæsar, occurred that event which I forbear to particularise, but compared with which all other incidents belonging to humanity are light as air ! Yes, one great period of what Atticus might well call the world's destiny was fulfilled ! Those gates which had stood so wide for the reception of unbelieving nations during more than four thousand years, must have been shut then ! Perhaps there were to be henceforth new recompences, whether for

the virtuous or the wicked, in other regions than these, as the just result of a new law. In the universe of many thousand worlds, was space enough for appropriate habitations. Perhaps the tradition was true that all spiritual existences then underwent some mighty change determining and regulating their futurity. I remembered that sacred declaration which represented the Gentiles as responsible to the law of nature, since they lived under no better, their consciences bearing witness, and their thoughts accusing them for its transgression, or else excusing them for the imperfect measure of its observance. Plain interpreters of these words, were the communications now made to me, the perpetuity of men's thoughts, and feelings, and actions, through memory which can lose nothing and dismiss nothing! Memory operating upon conscience is the distributor of happiness or misery where we are, repealing all other laws, dispensing with all other recompences, sufficient in her strength, solitary in her despotism, impartial and relentless in her decrees! A great light seemed to kindle before me: but it was so holy that I gazed trembling. I had spoken to these Romans of Rome in its degeneracy, but not yet in its decline: they had undesignedly communicated to me a truth, of which they were themselves ignorant, co-existing with the most sacred article of my belief.

## LUGWARDINE.

You mentioned Octavius Cæsar and his death, almost eighteen hundred years ago?

CICERO.

We mentioned the man — the cowardly and treacherous consentor to the death of other people: but the period when his own occurred was calculated by yourself; we have no such measures. Unless there be some corresponding standards in nature, as well as some purposes for their use, those artificial contrivances by which time's duration may be marked and divided, are soon thrown aside. You have duties to discharge, engagements to remember, stipulations to accomplish, — our existence runs along no such narrow channel till the expanse of eternity shall have absorbed it. There are no islands in its current, no flexures in its passage, and no objects on its shores. Who counts minutes where there are no hours, or hours and days where there are neither weeks, nor months, nor years, nor ages? We have Octavius Cæsar here, as well as all other men, civilised or barbarous, who preceded him. Tiberius Cæsar is not here, nor is any person here who lived after him or as long as he.

LUGWARDINE.

All men? all people whatever? all tribes, families, and languages?

CICERO.

We are ignorant of any other exception among mankind, beside the inhabitants from one small country which was situated between Egypt and Asia Minor, the Mare Internum, and Arabia. Though far greater once, when conquered by Pompeius

Magnus it occupied scarcely half even of this narrow region. Remarkable only for its alienation from humanity and dislike to every other people, we know but little about it. Its history is mysterious. Even when subdued, it gave a contemptuous obedience from which authority could extort no awe, and kindness no sympathy. Curious inquirers among us have ascertained that there are no Jews or Hebrews here. We conclude that between the death of Octavius and that of Tiberius, there must have occurred some great change, either in the laws of nature or the government of Providence, about which we may conjecture, nothing more. Can you instruct us ?

## LUGWARDINE.

I can—and with the greater likelihood of belief, because the truth has been already prepared for by your own conjectures. Surely Atticus is not here a disputer against Providence ! Some such mighty change as you suppose did occur : a change by which all human creatures are affected, though not one yet knows to what extent. Give me leisure for the arrangement of such words as may the least imperfectly explain it. Have patience with me till to-morrow.

## ATTICUS.

To-morrow has a meaning which could hardly have been forgotten in your eighteen centuries, even if we might forget. Though unheard so long, that sound vibrates in my bosom like the last strain heard over the cooling ashes of a sister or a parent ! It is painful to think that your to-morrow can never come.

## CHAPTER VI.

CICERO.

YOU must not forget that it was our curiosity which made the first demand, and should be the first satisfied—that eighty or ninety thousand partakers in this novelty expect from me the fulfilment of a promise. By observation, and at your leisure, you will gain the knowledge you require. During almost two thousand years, we have received intelligence of the world to which our thoughts so continually revert, from no earlier authority.

LUGWARDINE.

But this eternal noon! This never-ending day! This memory which never falters, this conscience which never can repose! Commiserate my amazement and impatience! They have not been tamed by the discipline of eighteen hundred years. My heart beats still. I hope and doubt, I fear and wonder. A little longer delay may prove useful both to me and to you. In hearing your language, I shall render my own intelligible. If there are no days or hours, by what methods are your appointments regulated? How do friends agree to meet—for it is apparent from what I see, that friendship also has its immortality.

CICERO.

Atticus spoke of time which may be divided, and the divisions of which may be multiplied, thus calcu-

lating them either by their aggregate, or by a reference to some orderly sequence in the seasons, as summer and winter, light and darkness. We are not destitute of all natural changes sufficiently distinct for such engagements and arrangements as your question implies. Our's are imperfect and capricious, but they save us from worse perplexity. At the end of what might, perhaps, amount to eighteen, nineteen, or twenty hours of your computation, the sun's disk gradually appears larger, more variously coloured, and consequently more obscure. The air is cooler, and rain falls. Our single luminary, having drawn the earth's moisture in imperceptible vapours nearer to itself, scatters copiously what has been exhaled. Hence the profuse fertility which you have seen, and the perpetual verdure. By this short but abundant sprinkling, is the atmosphere freshened and purified. No one here ever saw a cloud, or heard the wind, or felt excess either of heat or cold. This single change is all we either have, or have had, since our world began ; and though it never fails us long, it occurs irregularly.

## LUGWARDINE.

Is this decrease of light so perceptible, that the birds retire to their perches, and the beasts to their beds ?

## CICERO.

There are none. Birds, beasts, fishes, reptiles live but once. In the countenances of your fellow men you behold the sum total of animal existence. Nor do they sleep. Our bodies are not so gross as to require repose—or so infirm as to suffer lassitude.



We eat and drink for their enjoyment and refreshment, but less than a twentieth part of the food necessary to your own. Feeble as we are, unsubstantial as we are, their functions can neither be destroyed, nor impaired, nor disordered, nor contracted. We have threefold your activity—and what we can do at all we can perpetually do—but our *power* is of a kind different from your *strength*.

I turned round to look at Mr. Horncastle, forgetful that he had no other interpreter.

LUGWARDINE.

Though abstinent as our grasshoppers, a world which can contain and nourish the successive generations of four thousand years, must needs be fertile. And yet in our progress hither, we have observed nothing like cultivation from human labour. How do you find food and room for such countless millions?

CICERO.

Neither did you observe the smallest spot which human labour could have rendered more productive than it is. You saw no sandy deserts like those in Africa; no fens, and swamps, and sterile heaths, and tempest-blasted mountains. Forests you may have seen, but never will you find in them a single tree which is unproductive. Their blossoms are more fair and fragrant than your roses; every bough is laden either with flowers infinite in their variety, or with fruits, the far larger half of which must fall and perish unconsumed. It is under such shelter, among mossy knolls and sparkling rivulets, not in cities like this, that you will discover our population. Of a thousand

men, scarcely one man has any other abode than the trees which feed him. Our houses are less populous than the country which, to your eyes, may have appeared so solitary. It is on the other side of the river, where there are so few buildings, that you must look for the people. Remember that we require no chambers for the retirement of sleep, or the preparation of food, or the confidential intercourse of domestic life. Your world is encompassed by oceans, your nations are divided by seas, and even your continents themselves, small as they may be, are still farther contracted by the sands and marshes along their shores. We have no larger expanse of water than here and there a lake. Our own river is the broadest within five hundred miles. Water there is in abundance every where—trees every where—hills, valleys, some few rocks for variety—but no seas, no wildernesses, no meadows, and no pastures. Consider how large a portion of the earth which has been subdued and cultivated by yourselves, is appropriated to the beasts which must live and feed upon its herbage, before you can feed and live on them. From the mountain on which you were standing when first discovered by us, a region may be seen, at one glance, far more populous than was the whole world's surface when I left it.

#### LUGWARDINE.

On our way hither we found only solitude. There were no such swarms under the cover of those trees which did, indeed, surprise us by their fertility.

ATTICUS.

The small valley through which you approached us was so tranquil, because it is devoted, as our houses are, to the enjoyment and seclusion of those whom the people most revere. We suppose—what your appearance renders still more probable—that its fountain has some mysterious connection with the world above. It is therefore consecrated to the wise, the illustrious, the beneficent. Perhaps you might have found Cicero there, rather than in the forum, if a greater and earlier novelty than even your advent had left him, or his philosophical associates, the customary leisure.

LUGWARDINE.

By what name do you call those waters devoted, as they are, to the refreshment of wisdom and virtue?

ATTICUS.

Ever studious to confer fresh honours on our chief ornament—especially such as by their delicacy or their simplicity are the most appropriate—we constitute M. Tullius the arbiter of our vocabulary. Patron and avenger of Sicily, he remembers that sacred stream there, which the poets have so much loved for its purity, its sanctity, its flight into darkness from contamination—and he calls this fountain by the same name—THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

LUGWARDINE.

The coincidence will appear incredible to people

who have never considered that the same delicacy of taste, the same love of learning, and perhaps some little correspondence in the same genius and eloquence, might suggest the same choice. It is the name which I had myself selected !

ATTICUS.

We shall become more reverentially grateful to it for the fresh accession of wisdom and virtue which our river has brought us.

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## CHAPTER VII.

LUGWARDINE.

BESIDE theatres, temples, baths, and other public edifices, we see around us innumerable palaces of more than regal magnificence ; but no habitations for the poor. It is under the trees that they live ; and are they content with such a distinction for ever as, among us above, would not be tolerated during one month or week ?

ATTICUS.

Our poor — in what sense ?

LUGWARDINE.

You have slaves, freedmen, lictors, musicians — for such palaces as these you must have had builders. Beside the architects, there were the painters, sculp-

tors, and goldsmiths,—tradesmen to supply materials, workmen to arrange, labourers to collect, artificers to superintend.

CICERO.

All these we have had, and may still have; but not one of all is poorer than ourselves, or, as you understand the word, less free.

How strange appears this forgetfulness to us who cannot forget! Let me remind you of the single law which governs us and regulates our rewards. It is impossible that we should cease to think of the existence not yet forfeited by yourself, or detach our imaginations from its pursuits. On the everlasting tables of conscience and memory, is engraven whatever we have done, or wished, or attempted, or neglected to do. Our eyes must turn to the brazen columns against which they hang; our feet cannot be withdrawn farther from this forum and its tribunal than your breath from its bosom. There is no other chain for the slave. If he have ever loved us, he will follow us, because he must think of us and be grateful to us. Unless some earlier master have been loved more, he cannot detach himself without violence to nature, rebellion against memory, abortive attempts at an existence different from this. For the same reason, he will fly from the cruel, as in your world he would have fled. He remembers the scourges of his tyrant, and abhors him as he then abhorred.

ATTICUS.

With us, no man may be made better or happier

by the intervention of another : no man can change at all, or advance much, but through the purification of his own will, by the suggestion of his own conscience. The only learners are the wise already.

LUGWARDINE.

But surely there must be foolish as well as wise — poor as well as rich ?

ATTICUS.

Once more — 'poor in what sense? why do you suppose so ?

LUGWARDINE.

These halls of such surpassing splendour would have taught me thus much ; the columns, ceilings, fountains, the seats we rest upon — the attendants who surround us — nay, even the robes hanging from your shoulders ; for scanty as they are, I perceive that their materials are costly, and their texture beautiful.

ATTICUS.

Every conclusion, and the reason you have given for it, is false. We have no servants in your sense of the word — our houses and our garments cost us nothing.

LUGWARDINE.

Do people toil without remuneration for the benefit of others : do they build as an amusement, and weave through benevolence ? If so, as far as brotherly love is concerned, you Gentiles are better Christians than ourselves.

## ATTICUS.

You forget again what you have so lately learnt. Once more revert to that single law which chains us back from the illusions of hope, the solicitations of desire, the disclosures and surprises of novelty. We expect nothing — we fear nothing. Our future is only a reflected image of the past. For what may we wait in a world where there is nothing that can change? If happy, our happiness issues from no new fountain which we discovered after death, but from the rapid and turbulent streamlet which during sixty or seventy years foamed along the rocky obstructions of your earth's channel. We still gaze upon its depths and shallows, its pools and eddies. The industrious love to prosecute those labours, as you call them, which engaged us formerly. Aristotle thinks and reasons with the practised sagacity of more than two thousand years. Even in poetry, the prototype of every thought is from the world above. Not one verse is originally suggested by our own. We have no casualties, no results; and excepting in continuation, neither love, joy, fear, hope, hate, nor any other passion than remorse. Cicero superadds the graces of eloquence to wisdom and argument. But he is still the same Cicero as persuaded the senate and controlled the people.

## LUGWARDINE.

But on what subject is it that he speaks?

## ATTICUS.

On Rome in her majesty — the laws so imperfectly administered, the conquests so oppressively abused.

His servants whom you see here have transferred their residence from Tusculum without changing their habits or affections. His robes were woven by Papiria Geta, or by some other noble matron, whose chief pleasure still, as formerly, consists in beholding such fabrics on such shoulders. How else could zealous freedmen, and industrious ladies occupy the leisure of some thousand years? What mitigation would there be in a tedious eternity, if architects, painters, statuaries, and similar artists or artificers were prohibited from the exercise of their former skill? J. Libo erected this palace in playful rivalry with twenty other architects engaged about twenty other edifices. He and his assistants laboured in its decoration for their own honour. But when finished, it belonged to the republic, and the Roman people presented it to Cicero. You will see millions without robes, or houses, or friends, or freedmen—for they deserved none, and now desire none. Only those benefactors of their country, who would feel discomfort from the intrusive love and gratitude always watching to salute them unless thus secluded, require a house. The vulgar collect no crowd, though they make or increase one.

#### LUGWARDINE.

But the inferior workmen, the labourer by the day, how is he recompensed? Edifices like these require many thousands of such; and unless they alone have forgotten the world above, they will refuse to sweat for nothing.



## ATTICUS.

How many strange words employed to prove a bad memory! Here are no days, and therefore no labourers by the day. We never sweat, and in your sense of the word, never labour. Do you suppose that Archimedes and Diophantus have done nothing, since their arrival here, to supply the want of human strength? It is probable that, short as your own lives are, some among you may have applied mechanical power to assist its deficiency. You may have made alliance with the elements. Or fire, air, water, may have become your slaves. And as to these subordinate workmen, we have a great many millions unemployed, whose torment is idleness. You hunt wild beasts, contend with the disk, the spear, the harpastum—you box, leap, fight, wrestle, run races, drive chariots, and voluntarily undergo many similar kinds of fatigue, rather than do nothing. There is at least as much enjoyment in our not less profitable pursuits, recommended by memory, and sometimes enforced by the conditions of our existence. Hope, indeed, is absent—reward is impossible—but here every reasonable creature flies from the sad vacuity of indolence which must never cease.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## LUGWARDINE.

WHAT can be that other and stranger novelty which anticipated our arrival, detaining the attention of Cicero from his customary walks and philosophical associates? The little valley through which we travelled to-day was unvisited by yourselves because of some extraordinary occurrence engaging his presence in the forum, and assembling there such multitudes? Men like my friend and myself have not been seen by you during eighteen hundred years.

## ATTICUS.

Nor were they ever either seen or imagined by us. We should have wondered less, at any time, if we had beheld a centaur with the sagittarius on his back. I said an earlier, not a stranger novelty — greater in importance, not in rarity. You two will always remain unrivalled. But the same imperious memory, still driving or dragging us backward to the existence terminated by death, collects us, reunites us, and restricts us still. We retain more tenaciously than ever our national languages and predilections. A Roman, if at a distance from Rome, is always restless till he can return. An Athenian is an impatient and discontented stranger while remote from Athens. We have no territorial limits either assigned or usurped; but every nation retains its name, and draws toward its own metro-

politan centre, constrained by memory. We unwillingly concede intellectual priority to Greece. She still reigns the sovereign arbitress in literature and the arts. You will see nobler works created by her genius than any here, and undisputed excellence, not in magnitude, but in beauty. After long intervals, regulated rather by conjecture than computation, she now assembles, from the more enlightened regions of mankind, such proficient in wisdom, science, literature, eloquence,—the arts which have embellished life and the virtues which have sanctified humanity, as may meet without confusion. It is a congress of poets, orators, historians, architects, painters, statuary, as well as philosophers. If you can gain admission there, you will hear the songs of Homer, and the discourses of Socrates, from their own lips. So sparingly is this highest honour conferred, that all the world's genius is represented by no more than a hundred people. Egypt sends three; the whole continent of Asia, sixteen. Rome, thirty-two. I go through permission as a spectator only, but without Cicero the convention would be incomplete. We are invited by embassies corresponding in dignity with the people to whom they are sent. Rome, the mistress of mankind, receives her summons from the loftiest in rank and the largest in intellect,—from Alexander the Macedonian, and Aristotle the Stagirate. They will arrive in what you would call a few hours. The concourse of the forum which you saw, was assembled by Cicero that we might prepare to receive them with appropriate honour.

## CICERO.

It may be difficult to determine which of the two novelties is the most important, but each enhances sevenfold the value of the other. We will secure, not only a reception for you, but an invitation. Speak of the world which we have so long left. Our curiosity is as fresh and as eager as it ever was. Memory cannot be conquered by time. You shall interpret for your master. Judging from the stern and authoritative solemnity of his aspect, he has much wisdom to dispense. He will converse, through you, with Plato, Anacharsis, and Solon — but what is he doing now? Alas, is this death!

It was death's image, a sound sleep. Bartholomew had not spoken one word during more than an hour, nor understood one. Laying his hat apart, folding his hands upon his stomach, and then reclining his drowsy head against the knees of an alabaster Juno who sat upon her throne behind him without his knowledge, he slept guileless as an infant, though his nurse was an idol. Not less seemed the delight than the astonishment at this exhibition of sleep so long unseen but accurately remembered. It occurred to our hosts that although they could require no such rest, we might. "We never sleep," said Cicero, "but should have considered that you do." Though beds and bed-chambers were unknown, there was an abundant choice of quiet apartments and soft cushions. We agreed that both parties should suspend their curiosity till Cicero and Atticus had received the embassy from Greece.



# THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

## BOOK V.

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Idem ego, cùm subii convexa foramina terræ,  
Supposuique ferox imis mea terga cavernis,  
Solicito MANES.

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## BOOK V.

## CHAPTER I.

WHILE breathing the freshness of this outside air, we may commonly divert the thoughts which we are unable to drive away. Memory is treated by us rather as a servant than a mistress—summoning her when she is wanted; dismissing her when there is nothing else which we desire to learn; conferring with her, perhaps, now and then, in place of other or better companions; and permitting her gossip because we are idly or childishly disposed. It is true that, presuming upon such familiarity, she will too often present herself uncalled—distracting us with ill-timed intelligence while more pleasantly engaged. Nay, there are instances in which this intrusive domestic, taking advantage of some folly or excess discreditable to her master, has disturbed his sleep, interrupted his merriment, and even expostulated with him before his friends. Clamorously importunate when no one else is present, and audaciously vexatious at other times, she has abused a knowledge of his secrets to render life unhappy.

But, for the most part, men contrive either to manage her easily enough, or to stop their ears. We enforce a sort of pouting subjection—impertinent and impatient but not noisy—scornful and contumacious but not quarrelsome. That disdainful or melancholy countenance, as it is seen by most of us,



radiates with its good-humoured smiles when presented to some few. Not for me, but for two or three of my fortunate acquaintances, she recalls pleasant thoughts, charitable actions, and on the whole a prosperous life.

Yet the human mind is not necessarily thus constituted. Memory might have exercised an ever-present tyranny which neither stubbornness could resist, nor time mitigate. As the tormenting transactions of yesterday appear to-day, they might have been made to appear for ever—accompanied by the same feelings, glowing with the same distinctness, visible and audible in the same proximity. And, perhaps, they will do so—for we cannot suppose degrees of forgetfulness which are the effects of time, when eternity has ended time. We cannot expect that, while every thing else remains perpetually unchanged, memory may decay.

How then if our present slave shall, hereafter, become a mistress absolute and indefatigable in the assertion of her supremacy—continually irritating the terrified conscience by visions which we must behold—recording and proclaiming accusations to which we must attend? Conscience, in this case, would not be the witness, as we describe her—but, bearing an iron scourge inexorably just, she would both judge and punish. With such an accuser as memory, the Eumenides might be dismissed—for there can be no other torment equal to her reclamations if incessantly renewed. The everlasting trial comprehends an everlasting sentence—superadding shame and confusion to despair. Neither can there be any recommitment to the cell—any

escape into darkness—for the inquisition never ends, the tribunal never is unoccupied, the accuser and the culprit never are dismissed.

Their single law from whose world I came—with memory for the witness, conscience for the judge, and eternity for the award, contains no clauses, requires no commentaries, is subject to no misconstruction; but though more precise and comprehensive than the Pandects, it is comprised in five words.

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## CHAPTER II.

I KNOW not of what material was that half transparent, pearl-coloured basin, scalloped like a sea-shell—large enough for the carriage of Poseidon accompanied by his bashful Amphitrite—sculptured deeply with maritime monsters, Hippocampi, Dolphins, Tritons, and in addition to these, Nereides or as we now call them Mermaids, revealing their virgin beauty all human above the zone, and all fish scales below it. So capacious was this shell, that I could swim round and round at my ease; while its waters were so lucid that, supposing them no more than knee deep, I stepped carelessly from their margin overhead.

But I have not remained equally uncertain about the texture of those cloaks or lacernæ which lay at hand when I awoke, as if inviting my selection.

Neither linen, nor woollen, nor cotton, nor silk, they are fabricated from vegetable fibres finer than a maiden's tresses, longer, softer, more close, more even, but also more tough. They were drawn by millions from the round stems of a spear-shaped water-plant containing neither pulp nor sap, and waving with inexhaustible abundance above every shallow stream, like our flags and bulrushes. By peeling away their skins, these almost imperishable fibres are extracted of such length and tenacity that they may be woven singly at once, or after having been twisted into a more substantial thread. It is computed that three or four blades of such a rush contain clothing sufficient for a full-grown person. No other materials are ever looked for: the only difference is added afterwards in their colour and texture.

Exchanging my jacket for a sober-tinted tunic, I awoke Mr. Horncastle. When his eyes opened upon such an apparition standing so near to him, he instinctively prepared for battle, till appeased by my voice. His dreams had accumulated the fagots of martyrdom round half-charred stakes. Monks and friars were basting his naked shoulders from ladles filled with dripping preparatory to the holocaust. Monks and friars were dancing in hideous jubilee round the intrepid Barmaster, flourishing their lighted torches above his head. For Mr. Horncastle's favourite study at home had been the oldest edition of Fox's *Martyrs*, illustrated by the best authenticated *cuts*. There were, at least, two hundred trumpets blown by monks and friars with each a rosary hanging from his girdle; and every blast proclaimed that Bartholomew Horncastle should die!

Lo, by the very slightest change in their apparel,—nay, by the very exactest conformity rather—imagination had converted Cicero, Atticus, and their attendants, into such intolerant ecclesiastics. Under similar robes, otherwise loose than that at the waist they were compressed by a girdle, he saw the same naked arms, legs, and necks as he had seen yesterday. There were foreheads so scantily supplied with hair, that they might have been recently shaven: and not one foot had any better covering than a sandal. These cruel visions represented Cicero as the most mischievously facetious of my poor friend's tormentors—explaining how it came to pass that such noble mansions might be infested by such beggarly half-clad guests.

Rejecting the garments which had been so hospitably placed at his disposal, he said, "Thou art the more excusable in renouncing thy manhood, Antony, as there was so little of it left or worth caring for. But before I dress like a harlot, I would fain rid me of my beard. Thou hast gotten a rough chin over that child's frock, and naked legs for want of petticoats. There has been smaller change in thy religion than in thine apparel—it is only to Aholah from Aholibah. As if the pope had neither monks nor friars enough, though they swarm here as the frogs did in Pharaoh's bedchambers, thou must needs lend thy help to scoff and persecute. Tell thy brethren that I loathe all such vermin." "As which," said I, "the monks or the friars? and what is the difference between them?" "The same as between a bullock and an ox. Thou art little better than a

bull-calf yet, but they will soon turn thee into the one beast or the other."

I had long learnt that every attempt to controvert my friend's opinions on such subjects, only exasperated his temper and fortified his disbelief. Here, as a controvertist, he was in his strong hold. My present dress seemed to justify the suspicion that, as I had already become a deserter from virility, I should soon prove an apostate in faith. To what other end was all that long discussion in the Latin language with Cicero and Atticus—not last night, but before our sleep? Desisting, therefore, from any new controversy, and allowing him to suppose that he was in pontifical Rome, in the halls of the Vatican, in the very jaws of the Inquisition, and between the teeth of its ministers,—I obsequiously smoothed away some small wrinkles from his coat skirts.

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### CHAPTER III.

THE good Barmaster, when dressed, having no other interpreter than myself, was content to follow me through these gorgeous halls and courts, first, upon the terraces outside, and, descending thence, into the unappropriated gardens beyond. I was told in passing that Cicero, after having conducted his Grecian guests to the forum, would speedily return with them. The most courteous of shades, a freedman named Sosthenes, offered himself as our protector. We saw

women, seated under the trees, many of middle age, many of ages still farther advanced; young girls laughing, jesting, reciting, reposing; some forming processions as worshippers or supplicants; others hand in hand contracting or expanding large choral circles to the cadence of their own graceful steps, and the melody of their own concordant voices. Whatever they did, seemed more scientifically perfect than in the best regulated theatre among us, for it was the result of practice unintermitted during two thousand years. Sosthenes told me that, on similar occasions, no female ever entered the forum; but even yet I can hardly account for such estrangement from each other between the sexes as was at all times apparent. Without any formal separation, neither in their idleness nor their amusements had they much intercourse.

Wherever the eye could penetrate these shady recesses, it found only an endless festival; as if a whole nation of females kept holiday. Children, in yet greater numbers, were chasing and pelting one another with flowers like large rosebuds half expanded. It seemed that, by the matrons and virgins, we were not unexpected. But these laughing little persecutors suspended their civil war, and turned all their artillery against my friend. I passed less noticed in a dress with which they were familiar. Paler than lilies themselves, they clapped their hands in delighted admiration of Bartholomew's complexion. He was soon half suffocated with fragrance. They triumphed in lodging their blossoms upon his hat, and filling with them the satchel-like capacity of his coat pockets. All good men, and many men who are not good, love children. Bartholomew, beside

his habitual benevolence, was constitutionally gay and affectionate. Sosthenes, at last, contrived to dismiss these little descendants from Iulus, proposing for their search some new object. Kids chasing one another along cowslip banks were less capricious.

If we excited some astonishment and curiosity among their mothers and elder sisters also, even my friend must have admired the modest or the dignified reserve with which such emotions were suppressed. In their demeanour they could hardly have been surpassed by the blameless sisterhood of his own society. Not with less bashfulness did the younger part repel our gaze, or with less loftiness and stateliness the older. But here were often seen dejected looks impatient of all observation however reverential. We could hear, in passing, such words as these—“Behold the men who have never died!” Then after a moment spent in hesitating curiosity, the whisperers walked away from us like forest hinds, shy but not terrified. Robes there were, indeed, much more classically succinct than could have been approved by Mr. Horncastle’s female friends at the Peak. But in Derbyshire the wind is colder, the sun hotter, the air damper—and never yet has one day shone upon Castleton so indulgently tempered to the sensations, so balmy, so fragrant, and so soothing. Even our grosser cuticles imbibed this delicious atmosphere like the nutriment of peace. Clothes intercepted the breath from flowers redolent with immortality.

The skirts belonging to Joanna’s amber-coloured gown of silk would have furnished garments here for a large family. But however short, or thin, or scanty, never was the maiden stola immodestly

arranged. Sosthenes must have divined my thoughts, for he spoke thus unquestioned: "The sexes here retain their distinctions in form, in habit, in sentiment, and in instinctive attachment to their pre-existent pursuits, because memory ever exhibits the past before their eyes fresh and near as your yesterday. But all those passions are extinct which begin not, and reside not, in the mind. We desire, and dislike, and contemn,—we love the innocent, hate the cruel, despise the impure, because such emotions are not sexual, but reasonable, reflective, conscientious. Sexual love perished, like the grosser body whence it originated, and has not revived with its shadowy and spiritualised successor. Sons and mothers, brothers and sisters, retain the same affectionate intercourse as in the world above; but memory, always inexorable, interposes with her disgust, disconcerts with her bashfulness, repels with her shame, proportionably as the more animal passions have been intense. For our clothing, there is little other occasion than its conformity with the customs and proprieties which we cannot forget.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

##### LUGWARDINE.

BUT all these children prove to me that, however sublimated may be the same relationship at present, there are sexual intimacies and affections still.



SOSTHENES.

You forget the impossibility of such unions here as constitute your own chief happiness. They are designed to begin that state which death ends. The youngest of these children will soon reach its nineteenth century. The much larger half of them are older than myself; and yet I saw Caius Marius triumph in his second consulship. Do you suppose that life can be generated by its antithesis, and originate this second time in death? We must have encountered a much greater number of all ages here, but for the approaching rain. They are collected under the porticos and the thicker trees.

"If it rains," said I, forgetfully, "these naked little creatures will catch their deaths!"

SOSTHENES.

The worst that they can suffer is some sensation not quite usual from a cooler element. They caught their deaths, for the most part, two thousand years ago.

LUGWARDINE.

But have they grown neither larger nor wiser since?

SOSTHENES.

Here is no growth, no decay, no change. Even in intellect, there can never be any other increase than by the accumulation of knowledge and the proficiency of experience. We are wiser than we were, only because we have had more time to learn. The vessel remains the same though it is better filled.

Time may ripen the crude austerity of its contents, but time has no power by which clay can be transmuted into copper, or copper into gold. When we awoke from our last sleep, it was with amazement at the dream of death just ended, — at our lightness, feebleness, nakedness, — at the place in which we were, and the regardless multitudes by whom we were surrounded, — at organs so active yet apparently so inefficient, and members as impotent for the infliction of injury, as impassive to its endurance, — but above all, at memory ever occupied about the things which had been, till then, negligently lost, or imperiously dismissed by us. The young, the old, the millions between both, resume that personal and distinctive presence in which they died — excepting its decrepitude, its imbecility, or its accidental distortion and curtailment. You will see here no marks of casualty and deformity. We are what nature first meant us to be till some misadventure interposed.

## LUGWARDINE.

These children seem to be the most happy?

## SOSTHENES.

Memory does not irritate their consciences with her everlasting chains, and hold before eyes which cannot close the crimes they *might* have committed, or the duties they *would*, perhaps, have imperfectly and negligently discharged. They still love — they may remember, perhaps, that they have been loved. Here is no regret, no remorse. If they feel no pleasure from expectation, they endure no anguish

from repentance. Among those who yet live, hope is happier than fruition, only because you men have not yet ascertained its limits, counted its gifts, or found time to question and discredit its promises. Children are equally ignorant whether there may not be something else and greater beyond the happiness which is now enjoyed by them — and thus have they little feet for the substantiality of the present, and half-fledged pinions for the unexplored and unimagined contingencies of the future.

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#### CHAPTER V.

A FEW large drops of rain admonished us that we must return. There was almost as near an approach to our twilight, as with us when the sun is eclipsed, while that far more beautiful luminary above our heads glowed dimly through purple haze surrounded by its halo. "It is our only change," said Sosthenes, "and as such we rejoice in it. Too irregular for the more exact admeasurement of time, its duration may be calculated at a long hour, and its recurrence is seldom so distant as your day and night. As we have no tempests here, without such periodical refreshment and purification, the air must have become unwholesome."

Mr. Horncastle paused for breath. The temples and palaces around us would have suspended mine, even if the exercise had not. Pointing at the

warriors, horses, trophies, military and religious processions sculptured on the entablature of that before us, I observed to our guide that, although its proportions were so vast, every ornament was finished and polished like our small models carved in ivory. "Climate does no injury to the architect's materials here," said Sosthenes; "almost equally with ourselves are they imperishable. This palace was dedicated by the people to Justice and Repentance. Its inhabitant is now recognised as great, far beyond the proportions of his abode." Before any additional explanation could be received from him, Sosthenes was interrupted by ten or twelve veiled females, who ascended the steps and entered the portico so hastily that we stood either unseen, as they passed, or unregarded. Such speed was an escape from the rain. Unlike all of the same sex yet noticed by us, their ample robes descended to their feet. We saw now the matronly stola with its abundant folds. They stopped between those two central columns which showed the brazen doors directly opposite, that they might present, as I mistakenly supposed, some idolatrous oblation to the image of a beast. For we saw an altar there bearing the similitude of three heads rising from one neck. On the altar, whiter than last night's frozen snows, whether silver, or marble, or some other substance more lustrous than either, for it was luminously white, stood a Fawn. Part of these supposed worshippers twisted, as a coronet round the graceful head, some fresh flowers to replace the faded, the rest deposited wreaths and garlands before its feet. "These are among the noblest of their country," said Sosthenes as they passed from sight

beyond the portals—"and they are revered by us as the most virtuous. The eldest is Rhœa, mother of Sertorius, whose habitation stands before you. So marvellous were his victories in defence of liberty over two proconsular armies, that they could be accounted for only by supposing divine protection and preternatural guidance. All Spain believed that a Fawn was the messenger to him from Destiny, till, by her own sovereign decrees, both perished at the same time. Part of his immortality passes away among those Spanish Princes whom he so long defended; and he is now with Orcilis at a city which they call Osca, as we call this city Rome. It was almost instinctively that I conducted you hither: my feet will stray towards these portals and this Fawn! Others honour Sertorius, I love him!

LUGWARDINE.

Tell me why, Sosthenes?

SOSTHENES.

Because his affections were stronger than his ambition, and he loved his mother better than glory. The loss of empire to which he aspired, afflicted him less than her death.

LUGWARDINE.

Yet, though there is no constraint, you prefer Cicero? You give ages after ages to a master without authority?

SOSTHENES.

This may explain my reverence for Sertorius. Reflect upon our single law. The service to Cicero is

imposed by necessity, because it is necessary that I should for ever remember his benefits, and retain my gratitude. I, too, loved my mother. Her miseries seemed the greater since they were inflicted by a mistress nourished at her own breast. The daily stripes which she endured were discovered by Cicero through my tears. He purchased her liberty, and bestowed mine, though I had asked for neither.

## LUGWARDINE.

Such happiness as his deserves to be daily indulged and for ever progressive. This law is sublime in its justice; but how terrible must be its severity!

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## CHAPTER VI.

As we approached what I must henceforth call our home, we saw multitudes leaving its gates in all directions, and dispersing hastily to other shelter. The rain now fell in such large drops that they shook the slender branches, splashed upon the marble pavement, and made me wish for my discarded shooting-jacket, or Bartholomew's broader skirts. Cicero and his guests had been conducted so far by statesmen, conquerors, sages, and orators, whose names are still echoing in every civilised region on this side of the earth. Passing each other so speedily and unexpectedly, no more than a moment was granted to those mighty shadows and ourselves for mutual

wonder. Many were preceded by the ensigns of their magistracy, and accompanied by a crowd of friends. Sosthenes whispered to me the names of Q. Calpurnius Piso, L. Aurelius Orestes, P. Rupilius, Cornelius Scipio Africanus, Q. Cæcilius Metellus, A. Posthumius Albinus, L. Manlius Torquatus, C. Junius Norbanus, Cn. Octavius, and Cn. Pompeius Magnus. On our arrival out of breath, Sosthenes was informed that we had been inquired for. He therefore conducted us at once, through the same halls, to the same seats as we had rested upon yesterday, for so must I henceforth distinguish the time which had immediately preceded sleep.

By misadventure, everything conspired to precipitate Mr. Horncastle still deeper in the profundity of his delusions. The eager crowd, the hasty summons, the anxiety and irresolution visible in my countenance, were preparatory to the sentence of death! It happened, too, that Sosthenes walked on one side of him and I on the other, as we approached the august assemblage which, in his belief, must constitute his judges or his accusers. Beside several noble spectators in addition to Cicero and Atticus, there was a little, slender, elderly, vivacious, inquisitive looking man, whose garments, in shape, did resemble those which are still worn by some mendicant friars, with this great difference, that they were of the finest texture, and scrupulously clean. A fourth person sat negligently upon the fountain's basin, in the prime of manhood, active and vigorous rather than robust, with clearer complexion, more elegantly proportioned limbs, and a countenance nearer to beauty than we had yet seen. On this

account, perhaps, he was more scantily clothed than his companions. A short violet-coloured cloak covered his purple tunic still shorter, leaving the neck, the arms, the legs, and often much more than the knees, quite bare. There were light sandals fastened above his ankles; and round his brow, but almost hidden by the hair, a slender coronet of golden leaves.

"You see," said Cicero, as he rose to meet us, "the two greatest men of an age and country more fertile than any other in glory both martial and intellectual. Your world even yet must resound with such mighty names as Alexander King of Macedonia, and Aristoteles son of Nichomachus." The orator was followed by Aristoteles with an eagerness surprising in so wise a man. Any spectator, ignorant of their names, would have pronounced that, if one only were a philosopher, Mr. Horncastle must be he. My friend advanced with gravity so resolute in its stateliness and composure, that the other sage wondered at him. "We may partake in your good fortune, Cicero," said the Stagyrte, "before the novelty is worn away. Can they speak Greek? How came they hither? Is it true that they have escaped death? The colour of this man's face, is it natural? For what purpose does he overshadow his head with a canopy like this, if not to cover a fraud? He is painted red: he is apparelled like a comedian: there is some Roman Aristophanes among you who would affright Alexander, and surprise me." With as little ceremony as could have been shown on the first appearance of a giraffe or a chimpanzee, one hand removed Mr. Horncastle's beaver, the other rubbed his cheek. No sober man within seven miles of Castle-



ton would have ventured on such an inquisition; and I felt almost equally alarmed for the philosopher's ears, and for my friend's philosophy. Well for both, they were repelled from each other by the same antipathetical electricity — perhaps a physical repugnance between life and death — as that through which I had myself so lately suffered. Bartholomew snatched back his hat with extreme displeasure, replacing it more resolutely than before. Strange to say that, from so slight an incident, the antipathetical repugnance between them never ceased! This outrage confirmed my friend's belief that he was not in a court of justice, but in the Pope's palace: it was persecution. A livid mark discoloured the cheek; while Aristotle, carrying his too curious fingers toward a stronger light, shook them and breathed upon them, as if he had inadvertently grasped a hot chestnut. Alexander laughed, reminding his old preceptor that "if pain resides not in the body alone, nor in the mind alone, it could hardly exist in the mere shadowy residue of both belonging properly to neither."

These events, so rapidly succeeding one another, partly overcame the awe excited in me by such a presence. Here were assembled three as great men as I had ever seen together, excepting once when Lords Brougham, Lyndhurst, and Campbell sat side by side upon the woolsack. It was expedient that I should appease Mr. Horncastle if possible, least some fresh misunderstanding might inflame the first. But he would make no milder reply to my remonstrances than that I "might dwell at ease even

where Satan's seat is, holding the doctrine of Balaam who taught Balak to cast a stumbling-block before the Children of Israel."

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## CHAPTER VII.

"UNLESS we may succeed in rekindling the same straw which blazed so brightly, but which was so soon extinguished," said Cicero, "Alexander should have come earlier to profit by a declamation against fame. This stranger speaks some Latin, and has read our best books." "He has also read some of the best in a better language," said I, speaking Greek as he did. "Beside such as have been left us by Aristotle and Plato, your oldest poets and wisest historians, he can compare the orations of Cicero against Antוניus with those of Demosthenes against Philip." Here was one of those blundering prostrations whence vanity picks up a rod for its own chastisement. I discovered it on the brow of Alexander in time to continue thus: "And he has learnt that even such eloquence is unable to obscure the glory of great actions. Philip is yet classed among the wisest of kings; Alexander stands, not among but above the mightiest of conquerors."

CICERO.

And what of Aristotle?

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## LUGWARDINE.

Between two and three thousand years, Aristotle has been the brightest intellectual luminary of mankind: if his radiance is at length eclipsed by an Englishman, it is not extinguished. Every day are his words and opinions on a thousand lips. Only from things rare and precious do men stoop to gather small relics. We have not forgotten the beauty of his hair, the elegance of his apparel, or the amorous ardour and devotion of his love. I shall confirm his fame, in these smaller particulars also, among my countrymen, if ever I return to them.

## ARISTOTLE.

I am not so covetous of fame as to seek it among the satyrs. Judging by the whiteness of your own skin, which is not painted, and the profuse solidity of your master's apparel, these countrymen must dwell in a cold climate?

## LUGWARDINE.

We are Englishmen, from Derbyshire.

## ARISTOTLE.

The Derbices have their habitations north-east of the Amazons, and south-west of Hyrcania. Herodotus erroneously writes *Algilæ* for *Augilæ*, which you call English?

## ATTICUS.

These men are the citizens of a country as far west from Greece as the *Augilæ* and *Derbices* are

far east. Their island was discovered amidst waves and tempests which never rest, almost beyond the confines of humanity, by C. J. Cæsar, whose conquest he once relinquished as not worth keeping.

## LUGWARDINE.

It is now mistress of oceans to which your Ægean, Euxine, Caspian, and Hadriatic, are no larger in comparison than fish-ponds are to them. Its colonies surround the world and occupy no small part of it. Its language extends farther than any other ever yet spoken by the human tongue. Much more of India than was approached, or known, or even supposed to exist, by Alexander, is, not its tributary, but its servant. A tenth part of its army may be sufficient at any time, to occupy or subvert Rome; while another tenth could over-run the whole of Greece from Macedonia to the Malean promontory. During the last twenty years, England has rescued Spain, Egypt, and Syria from their invaders. Sicily she has garrisoned and protected. Greece she has transferred from barbarous masters to the government of her own inhabitants.

This was said calmly, with the confidence of truth, in very passable Greek. Cicero looked angry, Atticus disdainful, Alexander started so suddenly from his seat, that I felt as ill at ease as he did.

## ARISTOTLE.

Your studies must have been deeper in the *Philipics* of Demosthenes than in my *Ethics*, for you have learnt to lie both impudently and fluently.

## LUGWARDINE.

Are eighteen hundred years insufficient for the ruin of those sovereignties which grew so fast, and, by your own account, must decay so early? Does Apollo forget his own oracles? Atticus can tell you how much of this subversion had been accomplished between your time and his. Cicero, whose government was over Grecian cities and provinces in Asia, may still farther tell you — by whom. Surely Alexander is the last man but one, in either world, who should wonder at the changes of empire. The last is Darius."

As our discussion, at this time, had become more serious than I could have wished, it happened fortunately, perhaps, that Mr. Horncastle disengaged his watch from its oil-skin covering. He might have felt some curiosity about breakfast or dinner, or the probable length of time permitted him to live. No such novelty could escape the inquisitive glance of Aristotle, who stretched out his hand demanding what it was. Even wise and good men are not always sufficiently guarded against hasty impressions; and my companion, judging from the philosopher's dress and carriage that he was a monk, a friar, by which words he signified a beggar, a persecutor; or remembering the experiment on his cheek, something worse if possible than either, now concluded that his poverty was well matched by his impudence. Slowly replacing his watch, he desired me to say that all hours were of equal consequence while one like him could escape the tread-mill and the beadle.

## CHAPTER VIII.

I LESSEMED the philosopher's mortification by producing my own watch and explaining its mechanism. I pointed out the extreme precision with which time was thus measured. At least seventeen or eighteen hours must have elapsed since the two watches had been compared, and their variation was not so much as half a minute. "Here is a proof of ingenuity," said I, "unsurpassed by your sand-glasses and water-clocks." It was so appreciated, but without the slightest surprise. A little mortified by this indifference, I said, "As knowledge must always accumulate, wisdom must always be progressive. I cannot help wondering, therefore, that among the wisest of human beings, though far from stationary after death, their advancement should appear so slow. We have watches and clocks, steamboats and air-balloons; we can extract light from the atmosphere, and illuminate our houses with the wind; we know how to render thunderbolts innoxious, to weigh and measure the stars, to pierce through the regions of infinity. Amid storms and darkness we traverse the ocean, calculating our progress, ascertaining our direction, certain of our port. Yet, mortal as we are, science, however industrious, must be limited to sixty or seventy years; one-half of which is spent either in learning the elements, or forgetting the results—in childhood and old age. Even while life is ablest, much is lost by the imperfection of memory. Before we can become wise, we are dismissed. What we leave to our

children, is like liquor half-spilt by its transfusion into smaller vessels, and much weakened. You are limited to no time, entangled by no anxieties, and memory must store for future reproduction whatever it has received."

ARISTOTLE.

But what other reason have you for supposing that our movements are so slow, except the rapidity of your own in a contrary direction? Why should we contrive watches for the measurement of time which is without changes? Of what use would be these steamboats and air-balloons to us? As there is no darkness here and no thunder, our houses require no burnt wind for their illumination and tempest-controllers for their safety. The stars and regions of infinity are on your side the globe, and you may, perhaps, have invented optical instruments to assist the sight in exploring them. But we possess no more than one lamp, the position of which never varies; without seas, we can require little skill in ascertaining our progress, or calculating our direction on them. Consider that distant ports, and midnight tempests are unknown here. But still your conclusions are nearer to the truth than your reasons for them: our progress is slower than your own. They who want nothing will seldom gain or do much. Unprofitable learning loses its curiosity. When there is no change, there will be but feeble and careless observation.

CICERO.

Yet art rejoices in her own labours, because the energetic mind requires exercise; and such works

are the reflections of its thoughts, its capabilities, and its virtues. Poets, painters, statuaries, architects, musicians, are constrained by a stronger necessity in this world than in yours, for they are under the habits and impulses of some thousand years. Such also is the thirst of knowledge in some few men—in Aristotle himself. There are examples where truth and wisdom require a stimulant from no baser passion. All knowledge is not from curiosity, nor is the best ever. Except for the sake of comparison and speculation, we care nothing about the things by which we were once so much excited, as kingdoms and their limits, governments and their systems. Even you living men think but seldom on your cradles and your nurseries after they have been forsaken. On this wide plain which we call Eternity, speculation becomes fastidious, if not inactive. Such machines as these watches excite no more than a passing question on your account: to us cork-boats with feather masts, set afloat by little children, are as valuable and almost as wonderful.

## LUGWARDINE.

How strange must have appeared, at first, this superflux of leisure to him who once seized upon every moment so avariciously; who grudged even the smallest expenditure which nature requires for sleep; who impatiently threw life itself away, because his curiosity could not be otherwise appeased! I refer to Aristotle.

## ARISTOTLE.

What! have these silly tales, of which Atticus brought me the last report, have they descended to



you? The ball and the basin! as if a living man's thoughts were the clearer through his want of sleep? The tide and the suicide! a philosophical solution of the problem which must have ended me first? If we could sublimate from history such stagnant absurdities as these, how small a deposit would be the residue of truth! Perhaps you may also have been told that my piety expended itself in sacrifices to my wife? It was much more passionate and devout before she had become such.

LUGWARDINE.

Each state had, no doubt, its happiest phases. She now rewards you, and will eternally reward you, for so much eagerness in the pursuit, and tenderness in the possession.

ARISTOTLE.

I am not immodest enough to demand any such recompence. An everlasting wife would be as much beyond my desires as my deserts. We have been divorced by death.

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CHAPTER IX.

I CONSIDERED this a favourable opportunity for the removal of Mr. Horncastle's prejudices against the Philosopher; and, therefore, I told him that he who spoke last had justified himself from some false accusations as a worshipper of his own wife. "His

wife!" said Bartholomew; "why, who in the world ever thought of worshipping his wife? A stock or a stone were better than one's wife!" So much excitement awakened curiosity. I told my hearers that my companion was in love, but far short of idolatry; that he was preparing for the palms of martyrdom rather than bend his knee even to his own God; that he apprehended such a test to be near at hand; and that, however great his reverence for Alexander himself, he would take Jupiter Ammon by the horns. I was commissioned to assure him that they allowed the most perfect freedom of conscience; that they themselves were the worshippers of neither graven nor molten images; and that, as living men were the only rarities, they would study to keep him alive. Mr. Horncastle anticipated me. His eyes had been almost necessarily directed from the position which he occupied to the much more than naked legs of Alexander, who evidently cared for no man's thoughts, but accustomed to the bath and the palæstra, wore his violet-coloured robes rather as emblems of his dignity than coverings of his nakedness. Bartholomew, on the contrary, did not believe that any civilised creature would have his legs and feet uncovered but through the want of shoes and stockings. Still greater was his offence at some other deficiencies. He was, however, less displeased by the Macedonian countenance than with any present there beside, mistaking its openness and composure for sobriety. Above all, he felt a secret wish to mortify, once more, that insolent and inquisitive mendicant, through whose audacity his cheek still tingled. He considered neither of them much better

than a sturdy beggar, but only the Stagyrite had asked for his watch. Having hemmed twice or thrice to draw the greater attention, he rose deliberately and majestically in the midst, then extracting from his large leathern purse half a crown, and holding it out somewhat too ostentatiously, he addressed the son of Olympias as follows, requiring my interpretation:—"Young man, thou hast but little modesty, as is seen by thy disrespect; yet hast thou asked nothing. Thy companion might find better employment than the countenance of idleness through his own example. Lay my trifle by thee till thou canst earn thrice as much, and then purchase thee a pair like these. Go, get thee gone." Mr. Horncastle concluded, like another great orator, by loudly slapping his own thigh.

I did not begin to breathe again till the half crown had been accepted. "It is his tribute," said Cicero. "His instinct or discernment has found out the lion," said Atticus. "He has done wisely in selecting a specimen of some art with which we are familiar," said Aristotle. "A time-measurer is not adapted to competition or comparison here; but by this gift we shall see what progress has been made in coining money." It also taught me the just value of their conclusions, when travellers bring home from distant and barbarous nations so much knowledge about religious belief and moral proficiency, without a single syllable having been understood on either side.

I favoured and combined all these three conjectures in my interpretation. It was tribute bearing the image and superscription of his own sovereign presented to a still greater king. Queen Victoria

will forgive me this injury to her grandfather George the Third. Cicero and Atticus were pleased at the acknowledgment of our old subjection to Rome in retaining its language on our coin. Thus all parties were satisfied, and all by mistake.

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## CHAPTER X.

“THESE letters are stamped upon the silver,” said I: “have you learnt here to print upon paper? I see that you have not. We can multiply what we have written by more copies in twelve hours than twelve times twelve transcribers can complete for you in twelve months. Our libraries are as well furnished as that of Alexandria, at a less cost than the parchment and the vellum there. In the western province, discovered and rejected by C. J. Cæsar, many thousand persons under the condition of a Roman knight possess more books than did Cicero during his consulship, or Cæsar while he was dictator. For less than a sestertium I might purchase all that both had written, if none were lost.

## CICERO.

This accounts for our continuance among you. We are cheap, it seems. Neither the Alexandrian library, nor any other, has ever contained so many as a thousand books worth reading. Have you, in all these ages, been able to discover which are and

which are not? There is some art by which impressions may be multiplied and the fatigue of copyists abridged. A valuable art to those whose time is so short; for it circulates knowledge and equalizes civilisation. Your superiority will be confessed if you have also added to it that other art; and can teach us how we may distinguish my thousand before it has been read from your million. But of what use would be this stamping or printing to us? Why should we economise small fragments of existence where no expenditure can consume the whole? Why multiply books, or the copies of books, where we have nothing new to learn, and nothing old which we can forget? On what subjects are all these volumes? history, policy, the progress of science, the secrets of nature? What! in a universe like this, where nothing can change, where, excepting such gradual procession of wisdom as arises from thought, nothing can either increase or diminish?

ATTICUS.

The orators speak, the poets sing, and the people remember.

CICERO.

Perhaps you may have discovered methods by which motion is accelerated. The traveller hurries over a hundred leagues, as if on wings, in less time, and with less fatigue, than he could formerly accomplish ten. He is, by the same haste, frugalising his sixty or seventy years; he is making the most of his existence; he must soon end his journeys in death.

But such is not the case with us, who have travelled so far, and are dead already."

Bartholomew was again become restless. It seemed high time that I should provide against some fresh and more dangerous misunderstanding. Turning, therefore, to my friend, I begged that he would resume his seat; and while every eye watched our conference, I thus addressed him:—"Mr. Horncastle, let me appeal to our former intercourse, whether there has existed so much levity on my part, as that I should be suspected now of indulging childish and mischievous deceptions. Are we here in a suitable condition for disbelief on one side, and trickery or treachery on the other? Should we begin among strangers to baffle and perplex, to deceive and distrust? Have I hitherto forgotten the respect due to good sense and unblemished integrity? If not, believe what I tell you so far, at least, as may consist with the testimony of your own eyes and ears. You perceive that the language of these men is understood by me. I know their history, I am familiar with their actions and characters; it is impossible that I should be deceived. The wealth of Europe could not build a hall like this. If sufficient purchasers might be found, the single column against which you lean would discharge our national debt. We are neither in papal Rome, nor American Mexico. We are not upon the earth's surface. What resemblance is there between our sun and the lamp which lights us, or our heavens and the purple canopy above your head? The youngest of these men is between eighteen and nineteen hundred years old. Two thousand two hundred years ago the oldest of them was con-

sidered the wisest teacher by the wisest people among mankind. To Alexander thou hast given half a crown!"

MR. HORNCastle.

To Alexander the coppersmith? If so, I am sorry for it!

LUGWARDINE.

Cicero, the most virtuous and eloquent of the Romans, thou hast called a vain old man. Aristotle, the arbiter of Grecian literature, and the oracle during fifteen centuries of even Christian argument, thou hast reproached with idleness and threatened with the tread-mill. He with short skirts and naked legs conquered one half of mankind, and received submission from the other half. It is Alexander the Great!"

Both in the "History of Josephus," and Miss Joanna's "Elegant Extracts," had Mr. Horncastle read many particulars of Alexander the Great. He could, at last, plainly see the grey iron-like colouring of death even in a face so noble. All the eyes which gazed upon him were like stars reflected from dark water. The dream was gone! Neither the East Indies nor the West, neither Rome nor Mexico, could be supposed to possess twenty such columns, each sixty or seventy feet high, without a blemish, of clearer lustre than the diamond, and more delicately tinted than the opal. My friend awoke! He sat confronting four mighty spectres visible in the body, who could more reasonably complain of his intrusion than he of their disrespect. The world of shadows had become real if not substantial, and

he had treated with contemptuous severity the greatest in their generations among mankind.

His present situation required a stout heart and pure conscience. But Bartholomew Horncastle was not disposed to deprecate by cowardice or mitigate by subserviency. He still confronted them, and bravely too. True it was that he ever held even the thought of a ghost in abhorrence, trembling while he disbelieved. Nevertheless, his hat remained upon his head, his body erect upon his seat, and the fingers of his clasped hands were interwoven upon his stomach. As he eyed those with whom he had to do, there was a stern doubt expressed whether they or he should move first.

Nor did they gaze with much less animation, perceiving that something strange had been communicated by my speech. At last, with a violent effort, but without averting his eyes, Mr. Horncastle broke through this long silence. "Alexander the Great was not a Christian, Antony — what are the other three?" "In this world," said I, "there must be at least five hundred thousand millions of human creatures, and, beside ourselves, not one Christian. These are the generations of mankind that lived and died before the Christian era."





# THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

## BOOK VI.

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Idem ego, cùm subiit convexa foramina terræ,  
Supposuique ferox imis mea terga cavernis,  
Solicito MANES.

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## BOOK VI.

## CHAPTER I.

I MAY be told that Alexander and Cicero are here represented by me differently from the accounts which we have received of them. Received of them through whom? Arrian, Plutarch, Sallust, Quintus Curtius, Conyers Middleton? To be sure they are. Arrian and Quintus Curtius gained their knowledge of Alexander much in the same way as some disputatious critics gained theirs of good manners, by hearsay only and tradition. Sallust, writing of Cicero, was an unfriendly, Middleton, an unfaithful authority. Treating this last with some of his own scepticism, learned writers have doubted whether he were the author of his own book. If the book were not his, to what will amount his authority? If the book were his, will its authority be any the better or weightier on that account? Let Doctor Bentley answer this question through Doctor Monk.

But allowing our current notions to have been correct, must we suppose that no changes would have occurred during so many centuries; that time has neither mitigated the ferocious, controlled the inquisitive, nor humbled the vain? that men who were once quicker than others in learning what was right and wise, must have remained steady and stationary ever since? Why, Sir, between their time

and ours, new nations have become old, and old rotten. Parthia, the rival of Rome, has disappeared. Rome has descended from the seven hills. Scythia has grown refined, and Greece barbarous. Remember the lapse of time, and the light of example. If represented by me now as they were represented to you formerly, well might such doubts arise. I was sufficiently satisfied on finding that their characters had not been altered to an extent which would have destroyed their identity. It was through the resin and saltpetre of memory, the antiputrescent pickle of their single law, that they have retained it. Cicero uses fewer words than formerly, and those few ill-remembered greatly suffer from my translation of them. Alexander carries his head as high as in Susa, but still not quite upright.

Another objection is so much graver, that it should be replied to without levity. I may be asked — “If the largest capacities are the best adapted to the reception of great truths, and the acutest intellects are the quickest in their discernment, why not open before them at once that knowledge in which all reasonable and responsible creatures are interested the most? Why hesitate to withdraw the veil, and to make the disclosure which chiefly concerns them? Are you afraid lest the examination should be commenced with too little reserve, or prosecuted with too much subtilty, or conducted to a result foreign from your wishes? Do you dread the questions it would suggest, and the objections it might awaken? Are you so distrustful of your own faith, that, lingering about its morals, you dare not announce its pretensions, or propound its evidences?

Is it then reserved for the ignorant, the credulous, or the predisposed?"

I apprehend nothing else except my want of ability for an enterprise so arduous. Far better qualified expounders than myself might well recoil from its difficulties. It is not to be attempted by the most capable without preparation, or thought of wantonly and unadvisedly by any man. We show no distrust of the truth itself, if we consider that all are not alike qualified to proclaim it. Because it is true; because such truth is sacred; because no indecency can be so offensive as its profanation, do I forbear at present. The largest capacities are, indeed, the best able to receive it; but they are not always the best disposed. Pride, jealousy, the love of argument, the disdain of guidance, rivet on a panoply against truth more eagerly assumed by the strong than by the feeble. Moral truth is open to us all; but His mission from whom it came was first disclosed to the meek and docile. It must still be hidden from the wise, the learned, and the argumentative, unless better recommended than by such lips as mine.

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## CHAPTER II.

I COULD no longer evade or delay the history which had been promised by me; as three, at least, of those requiring it were unaccustomed to disobedience. But there were perplexities, for the disentanglement

of which I felt still very ill prepared. My good father's priestly office at Princes' Risborough, and my tender mother's second marriage with Mr. Millar of Amersham were, when rendered into Greek, classical enough. I might expatiate on his love of learning, and hers of progeny. Doctor Ralph, too, wanted neither philosophical language for admission into the portico, nor a suitable cloak. His attainments were not greatly different from those of my hearers; while they could seldom have seen there garments more ragged, or as threadbare. Uncle Richard and Uncle Richard's sons had prototypes near and numerous enough, both Greek and Latin. But with what words should I describe my residence in the Peak? How speak of its pleasures and improvements? — the genuine Cuyp purchased, by mere good fortune, with fifteen pounds, or the hog-maned Galloway with eighteen guineas and a half; of the rock-blasting, the book society, and the new bay window? By what paraphrase could I have rendered intelligible my position in society there; the modesty with which I had declined a seat upon the bench; or the silly, yet seasonable report, through which Major Coppercap had learned that even my shortest duelling-pistols carried their balls so accurately. It is as difficult to explain customs of which he who listens has gained no previous experience, as to argue logically and convincingly on premises neither admitted nor understood.

I commenced, therefore, in the cavern. It had been found, I said, while hollowing the rock for building materials. Like most other narrow and obscure things, it stimulated curiosity. I wished to

explore recesses not yet trodden by a human foot, or, indeed, by any other. My companion, who had dwelt much longer in the same country, and possessed far more accurate knowledge of its mysteries, gave to me his guidance.

Even here, I was met and baffled by similar embarrassments. In what language should I have explained the stipulations of our partnership; the enterprises of modern commerce, its stamps, its endorsements, its acceptances, its guarantees? Greek is about as good and abundant among us at present, as Italian was fifty years ago. But let those who are the most expert in its dialects teach me an equivalent for the *Miller's only Daughter*, the Quaker's quarterly meeting, or the Barmaster's new corduroys. I ask, first, the Reverend, and if he fail, the Right Reverend Doctor Bloomfield, what is the best Attic substitute for fluor-spar, blue-john, or double-gloucester cheese?

Permitted to wait till I could more sufficiently explain such changes as had remodelled government and religion, science and literature, during twenty centuries, I found perplexity enough in extricating myself from the cavern. I therefore suppressed the technicalities of our partnership, and represented Bartholomew as a philosophical associate. Without particularising the different articles on which we had so long subsisted, I accounted shortly for our precautionary abundance both of food and light. They were provided, I said, for future researches, for additional attendants, for the illumination of our mine, for the triumphant celebration of our success.



## CHAPTER III.

ALL beyond these social and artificial embarrassments was intelligible enough. I used a language hardly less fertile than our own in the broader characteristics of nature, and the simpler usages of life. Atticus often substituted some more appropriate word; not interrupting or impeding the narrative, but proving how thoroughly it was understood. As soon as I had described that indiscretion which, by removing our props and lintels from the cavern's roof, prepared them for the catastrophe, all who heard me sympathised in it. Certainly we have not advanced much in some essential qualities of good-breeding since the Christian era. Here was no jostling and anticipating, in defiance of the Apostolic exhortation that we should be "swift to hear, and slow to speak." I was not hurried by that impatience ill-concealed which has so often distressed me since my return to Hayfield. Even Aristotle, though he listened with unappeasable curiosity, interposed no oftener than was necessary to solve doubts, explain difficulties, and rectify mistakes. Cicero and Atticus studied what they considered as the first tendency toward civilisation in Caius Julius Cæsar's barbarians. Alexander watched me more regardfully than the rest, though he said nothing. The conversational differences between Mr. Horncastle's science and my own learning were the least intelligible; but then these judicious hearers considered that the mellowness of age was wanting to the Greek employed by me.

When I would have apologised for some tardiness or circumlocution, they reminded me that the novelties which they heard were the first in eighteen or nineteen hundred years. "So long," said they, "according to your own computation, has our patience been exempt from such fatigues, and, perhaps, never again may it be disturbed by them. Your intelligence from the state to which all our thoughts are still directed, is the earliest we have received. Give us thrice as much, if it be true. There is leisure enough in eternity. We have no engagements for to-morrow. Expatiate as largely as you think proper in that dark passage: if it extends from your world to ours, its stream and fountain will be re-visited by us henceforth with still more reverential curiosity."

Fresh questions protracted the narrative, recalling and recapitulating every particular. I thought myself rising in the estimation of such hearers. As my value increased and was better appreciated, I gave some additional elevation to my pretensions, assuming an attitude less dependent, and a tone less deferential. Flattering was it to observe the assembly before me, while, like little children, its oldest members nibbled at the corners of those sugared cakes which I bestowed upon their curiosity, unable to forbear, and unwilling to consume them.

When I had spoken of the Fountain through which we issued, it was agreed that, perhaps, many other such streamlets may perforate the earth's crust. Unperplexed by geology and its professors, ignorant of theories which generate incandescent heat just sixteen million times hotter than a glass-house furnace, they kept their opinions temperate enough. Aristotle

accounted for some such slender threads of water, penetrating the earth's pores, and bursting inwardly through jets and fountains, by their own weight tending to a centre. "There is also," said he, "the incumbency of that external ocean pressed upon by the moon. Such springs seem necessary to indemnify us for the continual waste, imperceptible as it may be, which must result from an alternate evaporation in air, and condensation in rain."

#### LUGWARDINE.

Many of Aristotle's most confident conjectures in physics are unconfirmed even still. Though the Nile has been carefully explored by us, we have not yet found his Nation of Pigmies. There is some little inconsistency between the moon's pressure and our present notions of an attractive tendency to the sun. But I see that the universal principle, by which all nature's mechanism is bound together, escapes not his sagacity. If so, he will consider that water, and those who float upon it, never can return by the way they came.

One of my countrymen has given new laws to speculative thought, which all civilised nations recognise as the surest. Another has verified the existence of that mysterious agency by which the material universe is sustained. I shall be able to speak about men, who once breathed in the same climate, and were removed only by some few generations from the same time with myself, great as the greatest here. But then we do not forget that they started from the vantage ground which Aristotle had prepared for them. It was he, chiefly, who laid the foundations, who collected the materials, and who drew the plan.

## ARISTOTLE.

As we have ascended the two or three first steps approaching to this new temple of truth and wisdom, let us wait here in the vestibule till other worshippers are assembled. Meanwhile, practise your tongue in Greek; and reserve the loftier revelations of which you tell us for that concourse from many nations whither we shall soon precede you. Alexander and I must prepare to return from our embassy here. Other emissaries are employed elsewhere in trying to assemble, from every nation, the most illustrious of its citizens. You will accompany your protectors; you will relate the changes, and describe the revolutions of eighteen hundred years; in a hall no larger than this, you will behold the greatest of mankind.

## LUGWARDINE.

I have, in its perfection, though on a smaller scale, that fortune already. The concourse to which you invite me can comprehend nothing higher. Encouraged by the benevolence so condescendingly extended to me, I will approach this glorious assemblage of earth's nobility. I will tell Homer and Æschylus that England, an insular province conquered by Caius Julius Cæsar rather through curiosity than ambition, has surpassed the first in sublimity, and the last in everything else beside sublimity. We have had, at least, one poet superior to either, two equal to either; a mathematician and astronomer who, if desert may be estimated by its fruits and science by its discoveries, stands high above rivalry; and, as I said, in

the philosophical government and application of thought, Aristotle's single successor. Setting these aside for a moment from our remembrance, we should still rank, without them, as loftily as any other nation during fifteen hundred years, excepting Italy alone.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

CICERO.

WHAT novelties do you bring us, not in religious belief, for that argument is postponed, but in the duties exacted by it? Reserve for Athens your speculations on the Deity; at present we would learn something of yourselves. Under what laws do you live — not under whose? We will accept your morals as your history. Fresh knowledge may have been stricken out from the collision of wisdom and wantonness — perhaps, also, of accident and self-conceit.

LUGWARDINE.

Can any flame burn permanently which is kindled by such sparks?

ARISTOTLE.

Moral truth can be cleansed, freshened, straightened, simplified, and disencumbered of its incrustations. You may have rendered it more systematic since our time, have thrown upon it stronger lights, have given

to its movements greater energy, and to its authority wider influence. Truth itself is immutable. It can be subject to no caprices. But you do not alter your features when you wash your face, though you may improve your complexion. What was once just or unjust, good or evil, must always continue such; for if it change, it becomes something else. In our time, the roots, and, generally, the trunks, were distinct enough, but the branches were intermingled. It is not for different laws that we inquire. Let us know whether the old are better regulated, better defined, written in plainer characters, and hung high for the public reference on more legible tables.

## LUGWARDINE.

Yet, in separating these intermingled branches, your own Ethics are elaborately minute. There is no want of definition and technicality, if by classifying such ramifications you could have secured us against mistakes. But though all human actions are carefully and skilfully fenced within the enclosure of the same high pales, he who ventures to hunt for game there must beware, or he will entangle more than his skirts. Our holiest teachers were occupied, not in refining with the learned, but in simplifying for the ignorant. It was their chief care to make truth visible and accessible. For this purpose, they have marked out broad roads through the intricacies of a wilderness not less fertile in briars than in palm trees. They have levelled the rough places, straightened the crooked, widened the narrow, and illuminated the obscure. Letting in the light and air of heaven, they have traversed those once

shady, and rocky, and miry regions, turning neither to the right hand, nor to the left. In following them, it is impossible that we should mistake the path, unless so besotted by self-conceit as to look about us for a better. We have, indeed, many among us who prefer the twilight and the starlight, not so much because their own eyes are weak, as because the eyes of other people might pursue their wanderings too vigilantly. With us, those alone ever doubt much about the truth, who would evade its restrictions, disarm its severities, or escape its contempt.

## CICERO.

Then it must have been disclosed to you by some authority higher than reason, and by means more imperative than argument. For whatever may be the certainty of truth when found; or, however diligently and sagaciously may those two inquisitors engage themselves in its investigation, both are fallible.

## LUGWARDINE.

The same Divinity which first gave us the power of discerning truth if pointed out, has directed us in our progress toward it. Our religion has disclosures to propose which will require the whole capacity of such minds even as yours for their apprehension. As much through reverence as inability, do I recede from them at present. I gladly accept the time which you offer me for preparation. Perhaps, even after it has passed away, I shall fail in making my meaning understood: for the majesty of the subject reminds

me that I approached it at my peril. You will consider that, to me, it is no philosophical disquisition which, as far as my own wishes and interests are concerned, may signify little whether true or false; it is the single security of all I hope.

CICERO.

Did you say that it was taught by some revelation from God?

LUGWARDINE.

Yes; and so plainly are we taught, that even our children, while little and simple, are in no danger of mistakes. The things revealed relating to Him may exercise capacities like yours—the duties demanded from ourselves are broad and obvious. Nay, it is by becoming, in heart and spirit, like little children, that we understand them the best. Such of Aristotle's Ethics as are not virtually comprehended in our two first commandments, must be discredited or superseded by them.

ARISTOTLE.

What are those commandments?

LUGWARDINE.

To love and reverence our Creator through gratitude:

To love and benefit our fellow-creatures through charity.

CICERO.

Are we to understand that they came—not from the illumination which Divine wisdom may shed on



many different intellects by a process as natural as any other ; but immediately and imperiously like human laws from a human legislator ? Were they given from Him, or in His name, without the interposition of any other medium, than may have been necessary to render their tone distinct and their language intelligible ?

LUGWARDINE.

It would be difficult to imagine a different kind of communication equally express. Nature was silenced and suspended. A mightier utterance subdued her voice, reversed her operations, overruled her power. But already am I standing on the threshold of those mysteries from which it was agreed that we should forbear. If you require me to explain the method, I must speak of the authority that appointed it. Let me rest here. We believe ourselves to live under the government of Wisdom ever vigilant for our welfare while we trust it and obey it. Many truths have we in common with yourselves. The newer lessons that have been taught us were not intended to confute or set aside the old if good ; but to simplify their intricacies, to harmonise their incongruities, and by a greater than any human recommendation, to elevate them above dispute. You too may have seen before you a just and gracious Creator with sufficient distinctness to apprehend the kind of obedience which will please him best—and have thought how irreconcilable is this holiness on his part with this obduracy on ours. Cicero, citing Socrates and Plato, has left me little to say of God's goodness, of man's responsibility, of equitable recompences earned by us in

one world and distributed in the other. But I appeal to four witnesses who once stood highest above the earth, on a pinnacle whence might be contemplated all its grandeur, its wisdom, and its refinement. With an interval of three long centuries, you have known many among the greatest and the wisest next yourselves. What were the moral qualities of the millions around you and beneath you? Even in that august assembly to which I am invited, shall I behold ten men who had been such as a holy Deity could have approved? Were those ten humble before him, grateful, pious, temperate, inoffensive in practice, benevolent in thought? Were they what they believed He wished them and designed them to be? If the best were only virtuous in comparison with the remainder, could any have been called good? Such purity has no where existed as might satisfy the divine holiness. Yet the human spirit is eternal—you suggested the probability, at least, that it might be responsible.

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## CHAPTER V.

### ARISTOTLE.

WE can anticipate your next question. Did wisdom, unrestricted in its goodness and providence, produce or permit tempers which are evil, passions which are mischievous, habits which are impure?

LUGWARDINE.

Then answer it.

ARISTOTLE.

Having come so far to entertain us with novelties like these, you must be reminded that we are the learners at present. You seem much better acquainted with our opinions than we can be with yours—therefore equalise this difference.

CICERO.

Your philosophy rides along that old and narrow bridge of many arches, with human frailty at one end, and God's ordinances at the other. By turns, each is your antagonist and your ally—for as they cannot meet, they cannot be reconciled.

LUGWARDINE.

We speak of human nature, not as it was designed to be, but as it now is. We say that, without imperfection, there can be no trial—without trial, no merit—without merit, no reward. As I travel unsafely in this direction, I will turn back. Let us leave speculations, and refer to facts. I say that the Creator *has* communicated with his creatures—has taught what will please or displease him—has given them a conditional remission of past offence—has offered to them reconciliation if they will obey, and greater happiness through repentance than if they never had transgressed.

CICERO.

Are you sure of this? What is your guarantee?

LUGWARDINE.

His word so attested. They who believe less than this are not Christians.

CICERO.

What is a Christian?

LUGWARDINE.

He is a philosopher without the pride of knowledge or the insolence of magnanimity. He is neither abject nor arrogant—obsequious through complaisance, nor unsocial through independence. For his first studies are his own deficiencies; and he is the best pleased when he can discover greater merit in other men.

ARISTOTLE.

No man was ever better pleased with the perception of his own inferiority, or as you express it—the discovery, in another person, of greater merit.

LUGWARDINE.

Yet thousands among us have looked only, in their companions, for the best qualities, and in themselves, for the worst. If the discovery were painful or distasteful, there was proportionably so much more virtue in the search. A Christian's business is to overcome this repugnance arising from selfishness. I speak rather of what he should be—of what he strives and wishes to be—than of what he is.

ARISTOTLE.

Well, what else should this Christian desire to be?

## LUGWARDINE.

Forbearing toward the guilty, forgiving toward the injurious, compassionate and affectionate toward the unhappy. He lives in the expectation of death, not that he may fortify himself against lesser mischances with the Stoic ; or that he may escape trouble and anguish with the Epicurean ; or that, with the Peripatetics and Academicians old and new, he may end his uncertainties in oblivion, leaving their solution where it was : — but that, through death, he may live more happily and virtuously again. It is to please God that he becomes chaste, temperate, inoffensive, and useful. He neither defies nor despises the ill opinion of other people, but he endures their provocations without resentment, and pardons their injustice without complaint. He thinks himself a Christian only while he can forgive. Patience is the defensive armour of his warfare against the World ; good wishes and kind offices are his darts and arrows. His religion requires of him that he should be gracious as well as just, courteous as well as tolerant. There are proposed to him the rewards of peace — but it is for his Master's honour that he becomes patient and gentle, contented and resigned.

## ATTICUS.

Did the founder of this school give to it his own name ?

## LUGWARDINE

He gave it his name and, with such perfection as is unattainable by his disciples, his example.

ARISTOTLE.

Adding rewards which, you say, will endure for ever. Are you of this school?

LUGWARDINE.

Speculatively I am, as a neophyte, entertaining no doubts respecting the excellence of its doctrines, the truth of its authority, or the accomplishment of its promises; but rather hoping and aspiring than possessing or expecting.

ATTICUS.

Are these laws and revelations so clear that none who hear them can misunderstand them? The obedience which they require will vary in punctuality with your tempers and capacities. But are you all comprehended in the same school? Have you no systems and societies in opposition to one another?

LUGWARDINE.

We all bear the same name as a patronymic, prefixing such titles to it as may be necessary for distinction. We concur as to the rules of life, varying our moral theory, not so much in the obligation as in the degree. There is greater and less strictness, yet the duty remains the same. Let me confess that between the extremities of indulgence and severity, our margin is so ample as sometimes to impair the obligation by interfering with its simplicity. This implies, in the laws themselves, neither imperfection nor insufficiency. For while appealing only to conscience, they could hardly have been ren-

dered more precise. If their definitions had left us nothing short of absolute obedience in every particular, they could have proposed but one reward. Authority so imperious must have rendered every man either a subject or a rebel. There could have been no degrees of merit even among the meritorious. The legislator's spirit and intention are too plain for mistake; but beyond our compliance with these, we walk as conscience directs us, and therefore in paths widely divided. Much liberty is given in the manner of its performance, because this great master accepts from none a reluctant service. In proportion as men love him, obey him, and imitate him, do they please him.

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## CHAPTER VI.

CICERO.

LET me detain you and turn you back for a moment, to appease the curiosity excited by one remark. You tell us that the ancient method of investigating truth has been superseded by some other,—that philosophy has assumed a different position and a more domestic character. In what do your novelties consist?

LUGWARDINE.

The much larger half of those interminable questions once so eagerly discussed; the chief, almost the only questions from an age earlier than Socrates

to another later than Cicero; questions still incessantly and abortively renewed by you, can have no place among us. Two thirds of your philosophy are settled and silenced now. Before it is possible to revive such discussions, we must cease to be Christians. Knowledge, which you so eagerly strove to discover and to lay hold of, has been largely showered down upon us for our daily use. The torch so skillfully prepared, so perseveringly rekindled, and so repeatedly blown out, is superseded by the daylight. We require no dialectics to convince us that the sun is risen. The divine nature, and providence, and will, the connexion between God and man, the soul's immortality progressive in knowledge, holiness, and happiness, the distinction between virtue and vice, and the future recompences to be expected by them,—all these truths are no longer hunted out by syllogistic argument, but are communicated by a revelation from the Deity himself. They constitute what we call our faith. This faith may be rejected, but not by Christians, and it is of Christians only that we speak.

Thus, too, the contingencies of life. We never dispute on such questions as the chief good, the best wisdom, the safest choice, because they have been made known to us. If we have not yet learnt by what method sorrow may be disarmed, or pain despised, or death defied, it is because they should not be so treated. Every Christian is taught the same lesson from the same lips. If those lips had spoken as plainly to you, your philosophy would have had very little to discuss. What would have availed the swiftness of Penelope's shuttle, or the sharpness of



her needle, if there had been neither thread nor web? The same question will apply to Aristotle's Logic and Cicero's Rhetoric.

ARISTOTLE.

How much has been accomplished by your own?

LUGWARDINE.

It seems strange that intellects the purest, the subtlest, and the best disciplined should have wasted their energy in the prosecution of subjects that, without some divine guidance, never could be determined, — subjects unapproachable by the multitude; inapprehensible by all; and inscrutable, even in their elements, excepting by the learned. Yet, to Plato, this chase of phantoms was chiefly recommended by its futility. Disdaining the use of philosophy for vulgar purposes, he withheld it from every other. A philosopher's business was to teach philosophers; and them only in such things as could be of no farther service. How were your people to be made wiser? If fifty Athenian citizens could have learnt to despise pain, to smile at grief, to make themselves contemptuously jocular with death, what would have become of all the rest?

ARISTOTLE.

Plato never would have succeeded in teaching even one so much as this, though he himself were reckoned among the fifty. Go on.

LUGWARDINE.

But he furnished his philosophy with wings feathered from the rainbow. Sending her high above

the skies, he forbade that she should return to earth, otherwise than for our admiration. He averted all application of philosophical thought from the business, the enjoyment, or even the decoration of life. How wonderful that geometry, astronomy, and the science of numbers, should have been prohibited by him, unless so sublimated and attenuated as to accomplish nothing! Under his imperious authority Archytas, in his own time, and Archimedes, at a later, were half ashamed of mechanical prodigies which astonished the world. None of you denounced this tyranny. Even Aristotle rather evaded than defied it. Philosophy, abstract, speculative, celestial, inapprehensible, was the cloud-shaped Juno of your unfruitful embraces.

*Our* philosophy, leaving the spirit of man to religion, leaving futurity to faith, leaving virtue and vice, good and evil, to a tribunal far higher and holier than her own, is occupied chiefly about the business of life; things visible, tangible, and appreciable. Yet is she not so servilely and sordidly engaged by them as to refuse the loftiest speculations in physics however abstruse. Paths apparently barren have repeatedly conducted her to a region wealthy beyond her dreams. Every mariner has a patron in that instructor, who measured the planets and taught him their regularity; who averted the thunderbolt from his masts; who supplied him with an index oracular in the darkness and the tempest; who so accurately calculated for him time, and distance, and progress. Every man may be the happier through some invention, lessening the remoteness of his friends; or else applicable to his health, his food, his clothing, his habitation, and his

fuel. When age overtakes him, he can purchase, at the smallest cost, brighter eyes, quicker ears, and sounder teeth. Cicero justly distinguished between you who have done with time, and us who can do nothing without it, and have hardly a minute to spare. We maintain, that in rendering men easier and happier, they become less selfish, less perverse, less unsocial, less unjust.

## ARISTOTLE.

You said that the great philosopher to whose sagacity you are indebted for all these things, first discovered some easier and surer method by which truth might be ascertained. What method is this?

## LUGWARDINE.

We consider that he is chiefly entitled to our gratitude for having subverted your own method. Freeing us from Aristotle's tyranny, he taught us to discard those syllogistical subtilties which determine nothing except that nothing can be determined. There is no real novelty in the system that has superseded it. You have referred to it yourself. Nay, you have explained its principles and recommended its uses. It was you who first showed us that, in physics, no new truth could be ascertained without it. Almost all knowledge, except such as no human intelligence could communicate, came to us either from you or through you. But since the world had inhabitants, every man has employed this method more or less. We call it *inductive*, which signifies little else than the patient observation of results repeatedly occurring, till we can trace them

to their causes. The peasant who, fifty days in succession, has observed that a fire always fills his cabin with smoke if the door be shut, and that he is always freed from smoke if the door be open, becomes, so far, an inductive philosopher as to have ascertained the existence of a draft or current between them. In popular language, if one thing should invariably follow from another thing, and never from a third thing, there must be some relationship demonstrating cause and effect. But why does Aristotle laugh?

ARISTOTLE.

At this specimen of a definition in popular language. You have not learnt much, either of good or ill, from my Syllogisms: Plato will have the opportunity to defend himself.

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## CHAPTER VII.

ARISTOTLE.

LEAVING the Dialectics old and new, return to this Christian Faith. Of what school is your companion there?

LUGWARDINE.

He belongs to a sect much more scrupulous than my own. We agree in our reverence for the same divine teacher, and, with some exceptions, in our obedience to the things he taught. As long as there

is no excess, I allow myself greater latitude, where it may be justified by the changes of time. He sometimes stops short even when permitted by the injunctions, or invited by the example of his teacher. He will not do so much as his Master did, and as he is recommended to do.

CICERO.

Not what his Master recommended him to do, and did himself?

LUGWARDINE.

No; his Master taught him what words should be used in prayer, and what attitudes. His Master knelt, he sang a hymn, he appointed the observance, with especial solemnity, of two great duties which my companion respectfully declines.

ARISTOTLE.

How so? Has he a school of his own?

LUGWARDINE.

No; he only supposes himself to be a better interpreter of his Master's instructions than were they who heard them. There is nothing so dear to him as his Christian liberty, which cannot be maintained unless he shall resist the customs and opinions of his countrymen, the sacred oracles from which alone his religion is collected, and the concurrent testimony of eighteen hundred years. Meanwhile he equals the best of us in the purity of his morals, and he surpasses us all in the love of peace. He will not fight, and he will not suffer any one else to fight.

ALEXANDER.

How if his country should be invaded by an enemy?

LUGWARDINE.

He will tell his countrymen that they should not have provoked this enemy; that they are always in the wrong, passively if not aggressively; that however rich, or prosperous, or honourable, no man would have envied them, no man would have harmed them; that he will not fight on their side; that he will do his utmost to discourage every one else; and that if a single drachma be required as his contribution for the public defence, they shall go without it, or take it by force.

CICERO.

Is he content that his wife, his children, his friends, his property, should all be swept away in the universal ruin, by some aggressor who calculates on his pusillanimity?

LUGWARDINE.

Far otherwise; he most affectionately loves them all. He knows that there are less scrupulous people of other sects who will fight though he do not; that in fighting for themselves, they *must* also fight for him; that while he saves his principles, they will save his wife, his children, his friends, his property, giving him, at the same time, fresh proofs of that impiety and depravity by which he has been defended so well. His warfare is carried on by attorney; but neither, while it lasts, will he pay the expenses, nor acknowledge any one as his proxy, when it is over.

ARISTOTLE.

What sort of patriotism is this?

LUGWARDINE.

The pacific sort.

CICERO.

Is it through pusillanimity or selfishness that the first duties of a citizen are thus disclaimed by him?

LUGWARDINE.

Such composure of deportment has been acquired by him through early discipline, that ignorant observers might ascribe his peacefulness to timidity. Yet in passive courage he is not inferior to Alexander himself.

ARISTOTLE.

I have never known any man who was.

LUGWARDINE.

Mr. Horncastle also is constitutionally irascible; and he might, perhaps, under less vigilant self-restraint, have become resentful as well as hasty.

ALEXANDER.

His self-restraint hardly interposed in time to save Aristotle's teeth. I have never thought myself so likely to witness a battle since my departure from Babylon. It is from the enemies of his country alone that he will run away?

LUGWARDINE.

It is true that he usually takes sides against its friends; but amid the greatest dangers I have always

known him above the dejection or trepidation of fear. There are no offences which can perpetuate a malignant feeling in him, and it must be more than an ordinary provocation which could enflame one. Revile him because you have wronged him, persecute him because he has so sparingly retorted your contempt; and without waiting for reparation through repentance, he will forgive. You may lose his esteem, but you cannot so far drive away his patience as to make him your enemy. By ill-usage you may forfeit his companionship, but you cannot teach him to harm you or hate you. As soon as his indignation has cooled, he will repay your scorn with a civility, or should the opportunity occur, your injustice by a benefit. Cato was less inflexible to the solicitations of pleasure, many a stoic, many a warrior, to the apprehensions of violence. Not for the maintenance of honour through the pride of consistency, would my companion encounter death, a pompous tragedian where the whole world was the theatre;—but, if conscience required from him the sacrifice, where there was neither commendation nor pity.

## CICERO.

Then is he the noblest of stoics, secure from accident in his own completeness, self-sustained above the weaknesses of humanity, yet without the stoic's contempt for them. How much have I mistaken him!

## LUGWARDINE.

You mistake him still. He is no stoic at all; he has neither arrogance nor selfishness. Let me refer



you to the principles of our religion ; and that future misconceptions may be obviated, let me once more distinguish between ourselves as we really are, and our Christian obligations as we acknowledge them to be. Even my friend comes somewhat short of their perfection. The second of those great principles requires brotherly-love, kindness, gentleness, patience under provocations, a candid and courteous demeanour. Almost every philosophical argument as an incentive to virtue would be thought by him and me dangerous, or criminal, or both. Haughty aspirations are not permitted us, because we are Christians. But instead of them, we have learnt to love generously, each regarding the other as better than himself.

ARISTOTLE.

You have also learnt to dispense with the incumbrance of modesty when speaking about either. Cicero may have been too lavish in his commendations. When you placed this toothless cynic under the superintendency of so powerful and vigilant a master you took away the dignity of his freewill. It seems that, even from him too, he does hang back as far as he dares. Surely, your religion cannot forbid you to defend your country if endangered — it cannot have taught you anything so absurd as that the malignant passions of other countries, their pride, their ambition, their jealousy, will always leave it exempt from danger. This sect establishes its title to honour by controverting the very first of human obligations both social and natural ; thwarting and, where other interference is impossible, reprehending more patriotic citizens. But still it is pre-eminently moral and religious, so moral

as to reprobate those brave men through whose valour it is defended, thriving and fattening under their guardianship, multiplying its wives, its children, its friends, and above all its money, but refusing a single drachma to the public safety ! As for the religious half, by your account, the Christian has no other choice than submission or rebellion. Standing between rewards and punishments both infinite, he is not the less selfish and slavish because the scourge will be suspended till another day. All life long are his eyes upon the recompence of good or ill, which will be determined when life is gone. If it is enough for wisdom that he would prefer pleasure to pain, and joy to sorrow, then were the dogs of Lacedæmon and the asses of Bœotia as wise as Plato.

## LUGWARDINE.

Wiser than the greatest part of us men who, with the same option, determine differently. But Cicero better understands the meaning of what I said. To neither of you have I sufficiently made known how awful is that authority. You cannot magnify it enough. Yet do thousands defy it, and millions disregard it. Yes, we have, indeed, both of the motives supposed by you ; and many other scarcely less imperious. Hope and fear are addressed to human prudence first ; and the most direct appeal is heard by that selfishness of which no Christian feels ashamed. But we deny that the hope continues to be base, or the fear to be slavish. Standing as porters before the gates of life, they beckon some passers-by, and caution others. After having been conducted by them within, we are made ready for our Master's

presence with the robes of love — gratitude commits its censer to our hands — our sweetest incense and holiest oblation are the joy and alacrity which delight in pleasing him. Surely I need not say that there may be filial hope and fear. Through what motives did children in your lifetime become dutiful? Because they may have expected the inheritance, were their affections base, and their ministrations selfish? So far otherwise, even the slave is ennobled by his master's royalty. However humbly we may enter this temple dedicated to peace and love, we at once obtain our manumission there; for, till they shall have dispersed again, the worshippers are all equal, all welcome, and from every other servitude all free.

## ARISTOTLE.

It seems that either your thought or your language is insufficient for this sentimental piety which employs so many illustrations to so little purpose. Its two chief laws, or commandments as you call them, require from you nearly the same feeling though the objects differ?

## LUGWARDINE.

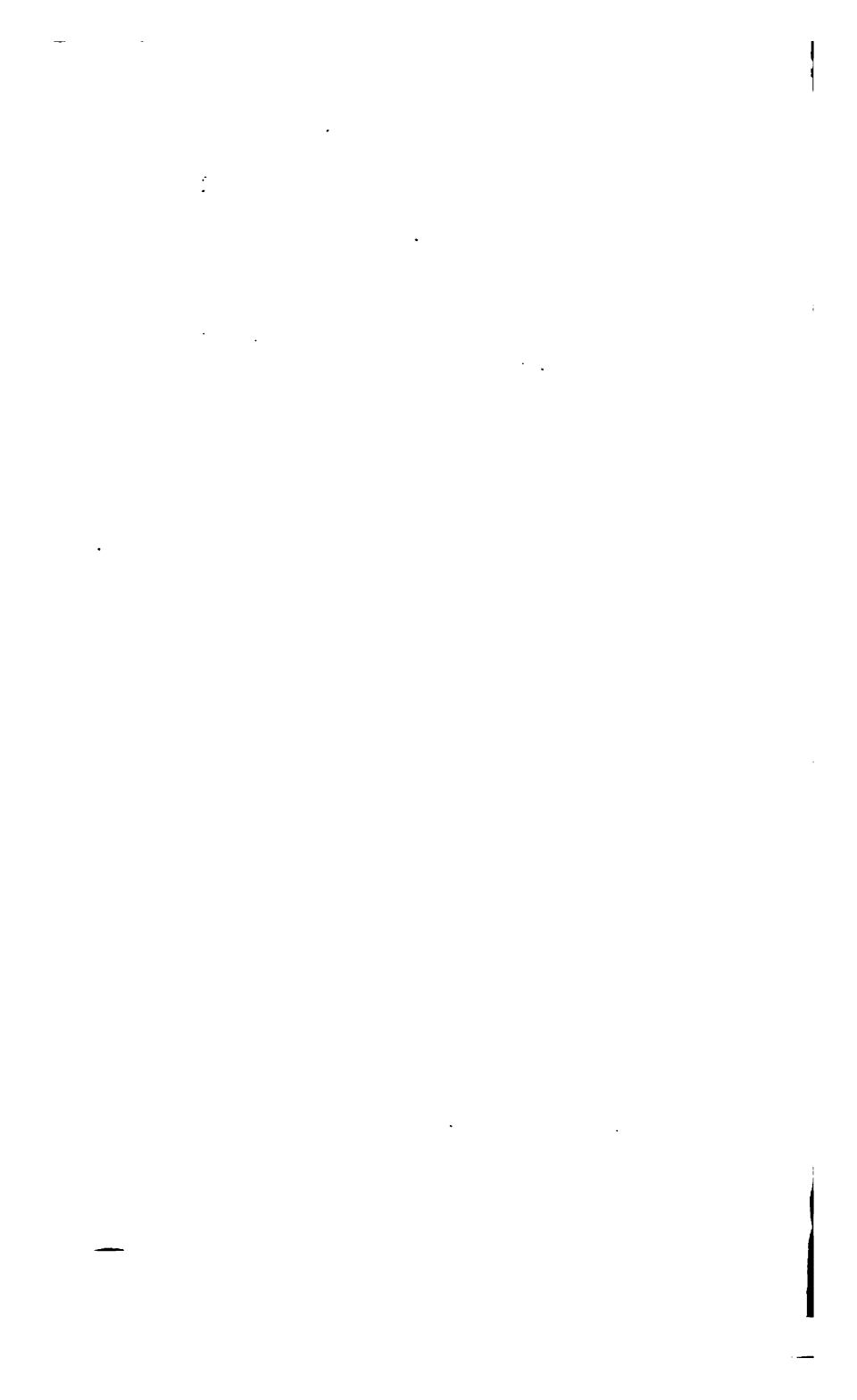
Only the Christian may understand what this feeling signifies, because he only has been taught through what obligations it became due. We cannot think habitually on its highest object, without some emotions of the same kind for the things which he himself loves. There is need of resolute and contumacious obduracy, if we would remain ungrateful toward him, and unaffectionate toward his children. This is impiety.

## ARISTOTLE.

Consistently with this love, the same rules inculcate forbearance, forgiveness, benevolence — what else? Did you not also speak of temperance, contentment, and purity?

## LUGWARDINE.

By purity we mean exemption from lust, gluttony, drunkenness, with their spiritual parallels, wrath, avarice, and pride. Before even the name of Christian can be conferred upon us, the pomps and vanities which would disgrace it are renounced. At our initiation, we proclaim a grateful obedience to one only Master. Content with what he provides, we must not covet, nor envy, nor distrust, nor repine. In attestation of that providential care which is so much more vigilant than our own, he himself refers us to the birds unfed, and the flowers untended, except by him. To feel anxiety for the morrow; to lay up treasures for another generation which may perish before our own; to live on the mastication of that bitter root which poisons our tempers, fevers our brains, and breeds scorpions in our bosoms, is impiety run mad. The Christian is required to share his bread with the hungry. However ungrateful, every man, if he be distressed, is entitled to our compassion. We have another word which comprehends the whole spirit of our morality. Like an angel's garment, charity is more radiant than every thing else, excepting the celestial body which it clothes and ornaments, and that body is our religion.



# THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

## BOOK VII.

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Idem ego, cùm subit convexa foramina terræ,  
Supposuique ferox imis mea terga cavernis,  
Solicito MANES.

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## BOOK VII.

## CHAPTER I.

MR. HORNCastle was useful to me at Hayfield, precious to me in the cavern, and, notwithstanding some petulance and waywardness through disappointment, instructive to me everywhere. I am still profited by his exemplification of a principle not sufficiently understood. He accompanies me, like an astronomer's orrery, to illustrate what I teach, unseduced by fashion, unperturbed by learning, and free from guile, yet irreconcilably inconsistent with his own belief. I can hold him up in opposition to all the jangling of science true or false; and, unless it be illuminated by a light brighter and holier than its own, to all the subtilties of philosophy old or new. He is at hand, should I be challenged for an instance of uncompromising self-reliance, equal to that enjoyed by Horace's round man. There is, I think, neither in Roman nor in Grecian literature, any thing else quite of the same kind. Yet let me confess that some embarrassments are often occasioned by so sturdy a temper. My friend proves not altogether exempt from prejudice, nor his prejudice from offence.

On earth, we see no more than the shadow cast from that august tribunal where justice never varies the equilibrium of her balances through favour, nor lowers her sword's point to compassion. No living



creature perfectly appreciates any other living creature. It is a mistake to suppose that fools enjoy this privilege because their sounding-line is not entangled by its length, and they have sympathy for a plummet. Yet, had it been difficult to find two wiser men than Aristotle and Mr. Horncastle, or two who were so widely estranged, with so little reason for their antipathies. The Stagyrte removed his seat twice, and then altered his position both times; first, that he might watch my friend from a greater distance, and afterwards, that he might not see him at all. The conjectures of an observer who has, perhaps, never been surpassed by any other man in acuteness, were baffled by Mr. Horncastle's disdainful placidity.

In representing my friend to these philosophers as the example of Christian excellence, there was some indiscretion. I should have spared to proclaim, so loudly and ostentatiously, my good fortune in the possession of him. Though socially, morally, religiously conscientious, much difficulty sometimes arose in attempting to reconcile his habits and his principles, the incessant activity of his pursuits with the tranquil sobriety of his professions. In this lower world there is nothing to disturb his meditations: he enjoys the sabbatical repose which should have been esteemed by him as his happiest attainment. Here is peace, such as all wise men profess to hope for, and as his own religious peculiarities more especially require; yet is he ill at ease, yet is his heart fluttering among his coal-pits. Habit eats so deeply into man's humanity, that instead of constituting no more than his second nature, it expels the first, usurping the sovereignty. Our minds may turn their

eyes so long in the same direction, that never again can we look quite straight. Thoughts, passions, affections, are domesticated by custom till, like barn-door fowl, they will always eat their meat from the same platter, and sleep upon the same roost.

Thus there stand as its principal ornaments upon this earth's surface, two great houses which are supposed, by the inhabitants of them, so greatly to surpass all other places in felicity, that heaven itself is either forgotten or disregarded. They are called the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Hardly any sacrifice, any humiliation, any cost, is considered too much for the purchase of a right to sit down in either. If so, how should even a saint thus canonised ever find himself quite as well pleased any where else? What will he do where there are no *divisions*, no *debates*, no disregarded *petitions*; where, though there be *ministers* enough, there can be no *opposition*? Let me hope that the moral appended to this argument was legible at a distance. We certainly get farther from nature, and probably from happiness, by our riches, our refinements, our industry — do we get nearer to heaven?

## CHAPTER II.

DETERMINED that no man should discover his thoughts, Mr. Horncastle's thoughts were far from complimentary. He felt discontent at having become a subject for our speculations. He sat apart with much scornful dislike to his critics, whose great names operated feebly upon an imagination preoccupied as was his, and whose familiarity with death provoked abhorrence as well as terror. Yet so tolerant was he of Sosthenes as almost to forget that he had been buried. Fruits and wine deserved the patronising nod with which they were accepted from so deferential a minister. It seemed to me that Bartholomew eat and drank thus freely, for the purpose of showing his independence, and that he wanted not my aid. Once, at least, he affected to whisper remarks or inquiries into the inapprehensive ear of that pious freedman. He would make me jealous — he would accept attentions and obligations, in preference, from any other quarter.

And, indeed, I did feel like one who finding himself among more aristocratic associates, neglects his school-fellow in a frieze coat. There was that sort of self-reproach which is not much less uneasy because it is undeserved. To have made my friend a partaker in these discussions, was impossible: to have declined them because of his inability, would have been absurd. And yet his patient silence rebuked me. The

sagacious and sententious Barmaster, so authoritative in the upper world, sat here without tongue or ears, a mere painter's lay-figure dressed out for our criticism!

Bartholomew's endurance of ill-manners controlled its disdain by some additional composure in his gestures, meekness in his countenance, and suavity in his voice. He did not otherwise resent our apparent disrespect than by asking me, with whispers deliberately articulated and elaborately bland, "If we should all know him again in any other place? Whether we had learnt our Greek and Latin from the baboons, or the baboons their language from us? Whether, among twenty or thirty kettle-coloured people, any could tell us by what names the town and country were called in which they lived? Whether their learning and philosophy had discovered as much as that?"

LUGWARDINE.

They confirm my first supposition, Mr. Horncastle. There is no other English word into which I can translate their Greek than the word I forbear from repeating because it has given offence.

MR. HORNCASTLE.

If I had foreknown that I was going thither, I should hardly have expected to find, nor could I have taken with me, any much worse company. But the place itself is so much pleasanter than my expectations, that I have some doubts still.

LUGWARDINE.

Is this your only reason for doubting?

MR. HORNCastle.

No — there are two other reasons, and both better. The first is that thy testimony passes current with me like a Sheffield shilling nailed upon the cheese-monger's counter. I look upon it as a warning not to trust.

LUGWARDINE.

What is the second?

MR. HORNCastle.

It would have been nothing wonderful if these old Heathen had gotten down here or even lower still — and that thou shouldst have followed them. But what have I to do in this place? Be its name Greek or English, what business have I here? I never worshipped either a graven image or a molten image, stock or stone, my own wife or any other person's wife. Whose ass have I taken — or whom have I defrauded? Bartholomew Horncastle could always pay his way. Surely, there must have been a mistake!

LUGWARDINE.

We are all sinners, Mr. Horncastle — even the best of us, more or less.

MR. HORNCastle.

Ay, more or less! What other odds are there between a king and a cobbler? But we are not all

puppies of the same litter, Antony Lugwardine ; nor birds of the same feather ; nor onions of the same string ; though by ill chance we two may have been partners in the same venture. Is it likely that I should have been shut up in this place because I pulled Stephen Smith's ears till his nose bled, for ringing my store pigs too hard upon the quick ? That is the worst burden upon my conscience, save one ; but I have repented both.

## LUGWARDINE.

This seems just retribution, as far as the nose-bleeding : but wrath must have proceeded to extremities when it reached the ears.

## MR. HORNCASTLE.

If they had been thine own ears, Antony, I should have repented less.

## LUGWARDINE.

What else has given occasion for repentance ? Was that also done in haste ?

## MR. HORNCASTLE.

I had no such excuse. It was at leisure, that I gave my companionship to a breaker of bottles, peradventure thirteen in the dozen. Now, prithee, leave me awhile. Begin again with Aristotle. Come hither, young man, what dost call this purple-coloured liquor in thine own language ?

## CHAPTER III.

UNLIKE his words, the manner and countenance of my friend expressed as much gentleness as might have been looked for by spectators thus instructed in Christian love: they were perplexingly placid. Sweetly repulsed, I tried to conceal my mortification by resuming the debate.

## LUGWARDINE.

Permit me to say how much gratified I feel by that change, even in your language, which must otherwise have given pain. Cicero wrote a treatise on the "Nature of the Gods." He speaks now, as we do, of the divine nature, of laws given by the divine authority. That crowd of deities is dispersed for which the capitol, two thousand years ago, could hardly have afforded sufficient standing room.

## CICERO.

They are still stationary among the poets; at least the better looking part of them. If those whom policy assembled as scarecrows had remained with us till now, our small progress in wisdom might well have appeared to you still smaller. The necessity for compliance with popular superstition, demanded by law and usage when my treatise was written, exists not here. For those who ever worship at all,

there is, in this world, One Deity, and no more than one.

## LUGWARDINE.

I see temples, altars, images, vestal processions, and choral dances. In my walk to-day, I saw crowns and garlands laid before a beast !

## CICERO.

They must have been emblems of love or gratitude, old reminiscences of some service or affection, the devotional ornaments which death sanctifies, although no other feelings can be gratified by them than our own. You saw no sacrifices even of fruits or flowers, and of beasts or birds there are none to slay. The genii, good and bad, were left behind us at Porta Libitina. In all your researches here, you will not discover a single sepulchre. As for temples, altars, images, they, like the choral dances and vestal processions, have ceased to be religious. Belonging to art and memory, they are required by cultivated tastes and ancient recollections.

## ATTICUS.

Consider our single law ; and that we perpetually recur to the thoughts which could not die with us. Their illusions are remembered that they may be despised, their impurities that they may be forsaken. More reasonably might you have suspected that we retain no religion of any kind. For as there can be no possibility of change, nothing to hope, to dread,



to expect, to begin again,—religion must, at least, want your selfishness. But memory may now constrain many, even among us Epicureans, to feel grateful and reverential. We may be repentant too that we ever had been ungrateful and irreverent. Perpetuity in error is not with us, as it is with you, a matter of choice. All beside, all who have ever felt the necessity for religious awe, still feel it.

LUGWARDINE.

I would learn why.

ATTICUS.

If the emotion were virtuous, whatever we have once felt we must still feel in proportion to its sanctity and intensity. The brighter the object the stronger and fairer the reflexion. Good thoughts, wishes, affections have followed us from your world, as riches honestly earned, and which will perpetually increase.

LUGWARDINE.

In this direction the tide must continue to run higher and faster for ever as it approaches the infinity it can never reach; but how dark, and deep, and terrible must be that opposite current if its conditions are the same!

CICERO.

Millions are floating upon it. That half of them is not the largest which once disclaimed, with

Atticus, all religious belief; but the other half by whom it was used as an instrument against reason, decency, and God's holiness.

ARISTOTLE.

Had the worship of our old deities been permitted here, we must have brought with us their representatives, if not themselves. This world's Egypt has not so much in it as a single beetle: she possesses neither crocodile nor baboon.

LUGWARDINE.

No other information could have made me more happy!

ARISTOTLE.

Why? Do you propose that you and your friend should become candidates for the vacant shrines?

LUGWARDINE.

I learn to hope a greater change as still possible than that of death. You may be advancing towards the same centre with ourselves, though more slowly and by larger orbits.

ARISTOTLE.

Why should such a hope have made you so happy? Of what value is it to you?

LUGWARDINE.

As you forget nothing, I need not remind you that Christians are required to cultivate such charities. Aristotle is so sceptical that perhaps he may be unconvinced of his own infallibility. Three hundred years ago he was coupled with the Pope; and because Peter Ramus intimated some suspicion that one or both of them might make mistakes, Peter's dead body was thrown into the street at Paris from his chamber window.

ARISTOTLE.

Who is the Pope?

LUGWARDINE.

He is our greatest authority at present, as Aristotle was, conjointly with him, till three hundred years ago. The Pope is the Pontifex Maximus. He resides in Rome; his seat is on the Seven Hills. He claims a spiritual dominion over all the world; but with some restriction, for he may not marry.

ARISTOTLE.

This shows his inferiority to me in power, for I might marry. Perhaps I should have shown my equality to him in wisdom, if possessing the higher privilege, I had declined to exercise it. Alexander contributes nothing to our discussion; yet in this, as in every other difficulty, my first wish is that I may learn what he thinks.

## ALEXANDER.

I think that both of these men may have been fugitive slaves, or else criminals pursued by justice. From evasions and contradictions so impudent, one certainty is sufficiently ascertained—they must have been educated in fraud. It is probable that they have cut the throats of their masters or their parents, and have fled hither from punishment.

## CHAPTER IV.

SITTING as the central figure in this illustrious assemblage, every sentence which I had uttered increased my dignity, elevated my self-esteem, and by rendering my lips the dispensers of truth and wisdom, placed me on a level, as I thought, with those who heard me. But this sunshine was suddenly intercepted by such a thunder-storm, as made me wish for the humblest shelter. The Macedonian king confounded me by his abruptness, and terrified me by his severity. Darkened with the shadow of death was that gloomy and tempestuous countenance hitherto so serene. The spectators who had surrounded us, reeled backward as if afraid of its lightnings; and while other persons beside Atticus and Trebonius started from their couches, Cicero looked aghast! Even Mr. Horncastle's attention was so much excited by a voice which uttered no syllable he could understand, that he spilled his wine. We all looked as if the dreadful image before us, once more assuming a disdainful sovereignty over the destinies of mankind, had extended its empire into another world.

## LUGWARDINE.

What is it that I have said? By what inadvertence have I offended? Slaves or murderers! never has human blood stained either my own hands or my friend's. Before the warmth and effulgence of the

Christian faith slavery has disappeared. The nation from which I came contains not a single slave.

ALEXANDER.

If neither slaves nor criminals, what else are you?

LUGWARDINE.

The question embarrasses me, because it is impossible to find corresponding ranks in ages and countries so far apart. I must use the language both of contrasts and parallels. By birth a gentleman; in dignity, what we call a grand jury-man; the popular voice, anticipating the lord lieutenant's selection, and creating me a justice of the peace, I can remember no Greek correspondences sufficiently near. My profession is not warlike; but supposing that we could adjust some such equality between soldiers and civilians by the intervention of birth, or education, or money, I might have commanded, at the Granicus, two or three hundred men. My state, if a Macedonian, would have been inferior, neither in opulence nor antiquity, to some of your smaller provincial nobles there. Unmarried, and in all ways unincumbered, I am so far rich that I possess more than I need. Could half of my acres be planted with fig trees or olive trees, I might, perhaps, estimate their yearly produce at seven silver talents. The house inherited from my ancestors is adorned with books, busts, pictures, brazen lamps, china vases, a marble slab, and a japan cabinet. There is at Hayfield sufficient room for all the smaller luxuries and elegancies of life.

ALEXANDER.

Of what estate is your companion ?

LUGWARDINE.

He is advancing by longer strides to much greater opulence. Every year he acquires five times more than he can spend.

ALEXANDER.

By what means ? Is he a pirate ?

LUGWARDINE.

He possesses shares in a copper-mine, a slate-mine, the grand junction-canal, the Grafton to Maperly turnpike road, and two Newcastle collieries. Of his own, at Bakewell Rough, he has a lime-kiln, a brick-kiln, and a tile-kiln. A new crane, the wynch to which is Mr. Horncastle's own patent invention, remains — till he shall return — unerected before his malt-house door. The habitation whither he will remove as soon as its lease shall have expired, was purchased by him last year, with all those roomy offices and appurtenances including a tan-yard. It is understood that the marriage portion of his affianced bride, at her father's death, will be the Hayfield-Bridge corn-mill below my house.

ALEXANDER.

Stop ! Stop ! Archippus, one of the Absynthi, had galleys armed for plunder on the Propontis and at

Samothrace. He sacked Cissa in the Chersonesus, burnt down Percote and Terceia in Asia, and sold the inhabitants of Tiristasis for slaves, all at the same time. Like your friend, he could conduct a great many enterprises differing from each other much more widely than did these. He buried his father, killed his brother, married an additional wife, gave two great feasts, surprised two small cities, and was hanged by my orders, within four days and five nights.

## LUGWARDINE.

You mistake our position. We are neither pirates nor murderers, neither slaves nor fugitives; but so far opulent that, though neither of us has children, we both lay by some money every year; I a little only for unforeseen occasions and casual indulgences; my companion not less than ten times as much for stationary investment, or the augmentation of his capital in trade.

## ALEXANDER.

When you returned so frequently and eagerly to the cavern, and transported a boat to the bottom of it with so much labour, what was your purpose?

## LUGWARDINE.

We found a lead-seam running above the water's level, and, perhaps, also below it farther than we could have followed without the boat.



ALEXANDER.

For what purpose did you require this lead?

LUGWARDINE.

If we could have drained the pool with a steam-engine, or have sunk a shaft for the application of Roger Barnacle's endless chain, we might have acquired incomparably more wealth than the value of all our present possessions when put together, ample as they are. I have known speculations so fortunate that they astonished the adventurers themselves, and drove other persons, who either missed them or repined at them, half mad.

ALEXANDER.

Yet once more: for what purpose did you require so much wealth? The boat was needed for the lead, the lead for the money, and the money for what? You taught us, just now, that Christians have no pleasure in provoking envy. Why should they drive one another half mad?

## CHAPTER V.

## ARISTOTLE.

LET us assist your memory, since it appears to hesitate. The teacher of whom you spoke as your example in holiness, was he opulent or covetous? Did he try to accumulate five times as much as he could spend?

## CICERO.

If he referred you to the birds and the flowers in attestation of that providential watchfulness which best understands your wants, why otherwise should you pant for riches than through disbelief? If Christians must neither envy nor covet, distrust nor repine, what right to that name have you?

## ATTICUS.

You proclaimed your subjection to a single Master: and on assuming his name, the vanities of life were renounced by you, pride, avarice, luxury, ambition?

## ARISTOTLE.

Our memory never fails; we are echoes only of your own language. To feel anxiety for the morrow, to lay up treasures for another generation, to masticate that hard and bitter root which poisons

your tempers, fevers your brains, and engenders scorpions in your bosoms, is impiety run mad. A Christian's temperance is for the sake of Him who loved you so much, and pitied you so tenderly. No other obligation can be comparable with this.

CICERO.

This benefactor made broad and straight roads leading directly to truth. His intention cannot be mistaken. It is only in the extent of their obedience that Christians may disagree. You all walk to the same point, though not precisely by the same paths?

ARISTOTLE.

In accumulating five times as much as you can want at present, is there is no excess,—or as you may want in future, no distrust? What answer do you give us? Why such reserve, if those alone ever hesitate about the truth who would evade its contempt, or disarm its severities?

CICERO.

Since the Creator has revealed to you the distinction between right and wrong, and—giving a conditional remission of past offence—has offered to be reconciled if you will love him and obey him, surely you cannot covet, you cannot accumulate, you cannot prefer land, or money, or anything else, to his approbation?

## ATTICUS.

You say that the same Divinity which first bestowed upon you the power of discerning truth, is assistant in your progress toward it. Yet you have hidden yourselves in these caverns from the happiness which he proposes. Nay, there are punishments as well as rewards. No such option was proposed to us. The Christian cannot stand neutral between two repugnant authorities, as we might have done; he must determine which shall be preferred.

## ALEXANDER.

Did this road lead you through the earth's crust? Did this Master teach you to stop, on entering it, that you might search for lead-seams? Possessing more wealth than enough before; a sufficiency for the smaller luxuries and elegances of life; laying up some surplus every year, you for accidental occasions and indulgences, your companion ten times as much for the augmentation of his capital in trade; did you renounce the daylight, bury yourselves among caverns, and incur the indignation of that holy and beneficent Master by breaking his laws and deriding his example? Speak.

## CHAPTER VI.

PELTED by such a hail-storm of scornful questions in my own words, I needed time for consideration. Satisfactory answers to them ; answers so convincing as that there can be no second reply, are less abundant still, with greater leisure for their recollection, than many men may think. How we can contrive to do as we please with an easy conscience, serve two masters so different with equal fidelity, read laws plainly written and a hundred times repeated, dutifully misinterpreting every word, let the learned tell us. It happened that, when Aristotle extended his forefinger toward Mr. Horncastle, I had nothing to say.

## ARISTOTLE.

Here is a philosopher so punctilious in his conscientiousness, that he will not do even so much as he is recommended to do, and as his Master did. It is his misfortune to want what Christians commonly consider as the first among their pleasures ; for never can he discover greater merit than his own in another man ! Self-sustained above the weaknesses of humanity, what induced him to enter this cavern ? Why should he too partake so largely in copper-mines, lead-mines, and coal-mines ? Speak the truth. If through friendship or curiosity he may have been a guide to you, what sodality was it that conducted him among the Newcastle collieries ?

## ALEXANDER.

Must we wait till this tangled skein is, at last, unravelled?

## ARISTOTLE.

There are threads of gold in it brighter than a sunbeam. He has dispersed abroad truth and wisdom, without discerning how rare they are. His thievish hands have snatched out from some royal treasury the richest of its caskets, scattering around him pearls and rubies with vulgar profusion.

## ALEXANDER.

They must not be appropriated by us till we have learnt from whom they were stolen. When his shoulders are uncovered, we may also determine whether—as there are no slaves—there are also no scourges in the country from which he came. Bring thongs and whips.

## CICERO.

He is hardly yet awake to the extent of his contradictions. You have told us, Antonius Lugvardinus, that either a Christian cannot hoard, cannot covet, cannot envy or repine, or that he cannot remain a Christian. Either this holy Master must be followed, or he must be forsaken. His mission is with authority. The voice of nature became silent in his presence; the Deity still speaks through his lips. He proposes an eternity of happiness; but he permits no double or equivocal service; you must obey, or refuse to obey?

## ARISTOTLE.

Believing the possibility of hatred against one so good, we may easily believe that his enemies should defy him; but that his disciples should so far despise him as to retain their riches undiminished till their deaths — to covet and accumulate all life long, while other disciples remain unclothed and unfed — have you audacity enough for the repetition of fables like these?

## CHAPTER VII.

SEVERAL of the attendants left the hall, as I supposed, to introduce their tortures. Of the countenances which still continue to gaze upon me, some were fierce, others scornful. I was about to become a confessor for the truth's sake, without applause, or reverence, or pity, or even much self-approbation! Not one syllable had I uttered which was false, and behold, I must be flayed alive! Mr. Horncastle, who could otherwise have testified to my innocence, spoke no Greek. I appealed, nevertheless, to his commiseration, relating as intelligibly as was consistent with such an agony of fear, the threatened disgrace.

LUGWARDINE.

I shall suffer these cruel indignities for having spoken as a Christian! This is indeed shocking!

MR. HORNCASTLE.

On our first coming hither, when I thought that peradventure they might begin with me more roughly still, for not speaking at all, nobody felt very much shocked but myself. We are shocked one at a time, Antony, and it is thy turn now.

LUGWARDINE.

I have done nothing, and said nothing, but what is good.



MR. HORNCastle.

It is better to suffer for well-doing than for evil-doing. If when we be buffeted for our faults we shall take it patiently, there is no great merit. I would have thee rejoice that thou art counted worthy to endure shame, since it has been so long overdue.

LUGWARDINE.

What! suffer for speaking in commendation of our common faith?

MR. HORNCastle.

Prithee let alone my share of it. If the rod do, indeed, brush away this old habit of lying, I shall count the correction late, but not altogether out of season. Accept thankfully the chastisement, which dealeth with thee as with a son. — Hebrews xii.

LUGWARDINE.

But I have not lied, Mr. Horncastle.

MR. HORNCastle.

Remember that wheel without spokes, the egg-shell and glowworm inside, the tambourine's broad rim sustaining the sky. Bethink thee of the Atlantic's bottom, as well as of thine own.

LUGWARDINE.

The character which I gave these men of Mr. Horncastle was good.

## MR. HORNCASTLE.

Let them keep it, then. Much good may it do them! I shall not bargain for it back again, by paying in the same coin on thy account, otherwise I might lie myself. Capital punishments have no sufficient warrant, according to my thinking, yet, differing from many esteemed friends, I hold with the stocks, the whipping-post, the tread-mill, and now that folks' ears are spared to them, also with the pillory. But I will forbear to witness this shame, sitting by; least they should look for my intercession, and leave the work only half done. Young man, come hither with me.

## LUGWARDINE.

Will Bartholomew Horncastle desert me thus, without speaking so much as one word on my behalf?

## MR. HORNCASTLE.

Not so. Interpret for me this proverb of the wise man, rendering it into Greek: — "Chasten the transgressor while there is yet hope of him; and let not thy soul spare for his crying."

As Mr. Horncastle left the apartment, followed by Sosthenes, he nodded approvingly to Alexander, with a gracious smile. That elastic and elated step, which usually served as the measure of his approbation, drove me half mad. Since our departure from Hayfield, never had I seen him so well pleased.

## CHAPTER VIII.

DURING my terror and humiliation, it did not occur to me that, in this unsubstantial world, there could be neither thongs nor scourges ready made. Intense was the gratitude which I felt for the clemency of Cicero when he interposed on my behalf.

## CICERO.

I must respect the duties of hospitality. These men came hither as guests, invited and conducted by myself. Perhaps we may gather more knowledge from their prudence thus warned, than from their integrity. Antonius, we cannot tolerate falsehood which begins by imputing stupidity so humiliating to ourselves as the hearers of it. The account you give us of this sect, supposes such changes to have occurred in human creatures as are irreconcilable with their humanity. You tell us of a religion revealed by the Deity himself, which is without authority even over those who believe in it — of men who profess it faithfully only that they may disobey it habitually and contumaciously — of an example practically used to render the observer unlike itself — of precepts enforced by hopes and fears, rewards and punishments, carefully studied for your avoidance, as Chaldaean incantations are read backwards. You point out, not the crowds of impious and desperate men who, in all ages and countries, are much alike,

but such as you consider prudent, pious, virtuous, conscientious; while you tell us that they too accumulate riches, disregarding their teacher's example as daringly as the rest, though he have authority from God. All this is incredible.

## LUGWARDINE.

After threats so terrible, I am still insufficiently recovered for such an answer as may reconcile truth and prudence. But it seems unjust, as well as cruel, that memories so exact should reproduce only the half of what was said. I spoke of myself as a neophyte—an aspirant—in this holy faith. I said that the religion described by me, was rather such as it should be, than as it is. I even intimated that my companion himself takes some large liberties in the maintenance of his privileges as a Christian.

## ARISTOTLE.

Large liberties with a divine teacher! The maintenance of Christian privileges against the Christian religion! You told us that before a Christian could question his Master's authority, he must have ceased to be a Christian. You talked of love, gratitude, awe. Cicero reminds you that they are the disciples only of whom we speak—the instructed and initiated in this teacher's wisdom and virtue. Come then, say that you have lied, and we will forbear from threats. Confess your deceptions and contradictions. There can be no such men? You have told us that, regardless of a divine commandment plainly and repeatedly

proclaimed, the grave, the prudent, even the pious among you, save their gold, collect more than they use, more than they need for their friends and children—that they live, and even die, rich! Confess that you have lied?

LUGWARDINE.

At the hazard of worse punishment than your disbelief, I will answer that I have not lied. Grave men, temperate men, even otherwise pious men, do pass their lives in the acquisition of more gold than they want, or propose to spend, or think needful for their children. We may doubt whether any other people are so eager in its pursuit. With us temperance and piety stand before the threshold of fortune to introduce her votaries. A Christian's first business is to take care of his estate, if he possess one: rare, indeed, appears that gratitude which considers our Master's honour so near or pressing even as the second.

ARISTOTLE.

All this is the jingling equivocation of a bastard logic. He uses the word Christian in three or four different senses to perplex us with enigmas. Every age has had its buffoons who made mirth by assuming a designation that they might jest about it and disgrace it. Pretended Stoics in their purple garments have fed luxuriously from dishes of silver. Beans have been eaten by pretended Pythagoreans with their roasted kid, not through appetite, but in derision. Pretended Christians accumulate money, pur-

chase houses and estates, sink shafts, erect cranes, speculate in lead mines and canals—but then, as the other comedians are not philosophers, so these are not Christians. We ourselves may have indulged in some such contemptuous levity. Our religion was not revealed to us from heaven. We argued and conjectured with no greater anxiety as to the result than concerned our reputation for wisdom; since no greater responsibility was at stake. We expected not to be happy or miserable, proportionably as we were right or wrong. There was no claimant, human or divine, for our obedience—and no master sufficiently authoritative for its acceptance, if it had been proposed. But you are pledged and dedicated. You have eternity before you—ruin on one hand, peace and happiness on the other; and do you say that these money-gathering Christians can be Christians in earnest?

LUGWARDINE.

Quite in earnest! Never so much in earnest as when they are so employed. A prosperous adventure, an advantageous purchase, an unexpected bequest, are serious and joyful considerations for the rich and the old. Here is no jesting either in them or me. Of all men they are the most grave, the most wise, and we esteem them the most fortunate. At fifty, sixty, or seventy years old, they are still occupied by their investments—joining house to house, and field to field, their eyes still sparkle at a profitable bargain.

ARISTOTLE.

You speak of misers, usurers, extortioners ?

LUGWARDINE.

I speak of Christians.

ARISTOTLE.

Then every day of their lives must they systematically disobey their Master, divine as he is ?

LUGWARDINE.

Yet never do they name him, or approach him, otherwise than with respect. It is hoped that as long as they are reverential in their deportment, they may shut their ears to what he says. I too am in earnest.

ARISTOTLE.

Audacious and irreclaimable liar !

CHAPTER IX.

AMONG the audience, now broken into little groups, my speech provoked a discussion so eagerly whispered and gesticulated, that again I felt uneasy. I could hear such words as, "Impossible, contradictory, false— behold, the knave is discountenanced and forsaken by his companion." There were also conflicting questions and opinions. "May he not mean something else? Has he not the air of sincerity? With what intention should he deceive us? Why dishonour his fellow citizens and discredit his religion?"—It was a second time that, through the candour and sagacity of Cicero, I escaped.

CICERO.

Let us allow only so much as can be claimed for him by the novelty of his position here, the insufficiency of his language, the changes in thinking, feeling, and speaking which may have arisen during two thousand years—and then his system, as well as himself, will appear, perhaps, less confused. I agree in the impossibility that any moral scheme should exist as a religion, after the wisest of its disciples had so far discredited its authority. By this man's account, their customs are in impious opposition to their belief. They receive laws from God—confessing and proclaiming that they were, indeed, given by



him—which Christians all life long deliberately and contumaciously disregard. Their impiety is not the result of passion or temptation—it is predetermined and systematic. They make pledges which they never even propose to fulfil. We are not told that a Christian is ashamed to be rich, or that other Christians are ashamed of his fellowship. This is impossible! For why should they not have released themselves from a chain which only impedes their movements, by renouncing a Master so irreconcilable with their tempers? If we suppose the truth of what he says, every day must that Master's holy and compassionate image meet them face to face. Superfluous gold would stick to their fingers as if hot from the furnace, only till it might be dropped or shaken off.—But behold, he looks faint! Our hospitality has been less liberal than our threats. I promise exemption from the punishment even of distrust, if after having refreshed his strength from the wine-vessels at his elbow, he will tell us the truth.

#### LUGWARDINE.

I am grateful for the interval which you allow to me. My spirit is tired and bewildered by a presence so august as this—and my companion wanders, as if deaf and dumb, where, in his ignorance, he may give offence. It will be repose enough if I can allay this part of my disquietude, by finding him and bringing him back.

CICERO.

The benevolence of some one from among those who stand behind us — perhaps of Acilius — may give to you the protection and guidance necessarily neglected by myself. But consider before whom you will reappear; and that, whether among the living or the dead, every thing is overruled by the supremacy of truth.



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# THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA.

## BOOK VIII.

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Idem ego, cum subii convexa foramina terræ,  
Supposuique ferox imis mea terga cavernis,  
Solicito MANES.

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## BOOK VIII.

## CHAPTER I.

THE reverence due to great names bewilders all common sense, or rather all sense of common justice, even in the wise. We are indignant that Milton should have received no better recompence from King Charles the Second, for his happy concurrence in taking away the head of King Charles the First, than permission to live unmolested and to die in peace.

Shakspeare was concerned only in killing Sir Thomas Lucy's deer, instead of his father. Sir Thomas could have known no more of Shakspeare than that he was a mischievous neighbour associated with disorderly companions. There is not one gentleman in Great Britain who would scruple to protect his bucks and does, or even his pheasants and partridges, with still greater severity. Our gaols are crowded with much more modest offenders. But because Shakspeare, several years afterwards, became greater than any other man in the same province, Sir Thomas Lucy has been pelted ever since with the sharp pebbles of the witty and the rotten eggs of the stupid. His fault was that he did not foresee,

what Shakspeare himself, at the same time, could not have imagined.

Sir Francis Bacon's contempt for the studies of Cambridge, is told us approvingly and exultingly; his disapprobation of Aristotle's philosophy; and, with some mitigation, of Aristotle himself. We shall search to no purpose in the intellectual history of mankind, for any other three names greater than these. Let us pronounce them with awe! But at what age did Sir Francis Bacon declare his contempt for the studies of Cambridge, and his disapprobation of the Aristotelian philosophy? He was either fifteen or in his fifteenth year.

All America north and south, all Spain, Portugal, Italy, Holland, and England, contend which shall honour most admiringly those two mighty adventurers, Christopher Columbus and Americus Vesputius; for all six countries have had some share, either in the enterprises themselves, or in the profits arising from them. There is a scramble among us which shall pick out from our dictionaries the finest words to write them in imperishable letters over their golden images. And who would refuse either a lofty niche or a glorious inscription? Let our epigraphs declare the courage and constancy of these illustrious men, their wisdom, their piety, their forbearance, their endurance. Surely these be good gifts. But when we babble about them as the greatest benefactors of mankind, what is the truth? At the lowest computation, from twelve to fifteen millions of innocent people were exterminated by themselves and their successors,—people remarkable for honesty, docility,

and true civilisation, who nevertheless ignorantly supposed that they had the best right to their own country. Because they were perplexed by such an illustration of the Christian faith, their throats were cut, if they would not be converted, to punish disbelief, and, if they had been converted, to prevent apostacy. Groans issuing from beneath its surface have made their native land tremble during these three hundred years: for as often as death struck off his fetters from one slave, avarice replaced them on another. It was in vain that such tyranny destroyed its own empire by creating a wilderness. Commerce introduced for the blood which was spilled the flesh which was stolen. Three hundred years have been spent in extracting gold and silver by all those crimes which God abhors, and in reducing their conquerors from the wealthiest and most powerful people in Europe to the poorest and most helpless.

His intentions having been beneficent, I impute no blame to Columbus: perhaps we should excuse the necessity by which every historian and biographer, in compliance with the public taste, has written so wickedly about him. If the discovery had not been made by Columbus, it would have been made, and probably with the same result. Yet he has founded the empire of cruelty over one half of that great continent, of fraud and avarice over the other. He has given the opportunity to greater crimes, and to the infliction of more extensive misery with fewer benefits, than had ever disgraced mankind before. Luckily for us Christians, neither the American red men, nor



the African black men have, as far as we are aware, any historians.

Will these remarks be ascribed to my jealousy? Of whom can I be jealous? Columbus discovered one quarter only of the earth's surface, I the whole inside, which having neither seas nor deserts must be more than tenfold in extent, more than a hundred-fold in population and fertility, in wisdom, learning, science, virtue, glory, opulence, disdaining all comparison. Can it also be said that the discovery would have been made by some one else, if not by me?

## CHAPTER II

BY good fortune, or Cicero's hospitable care for me, I was entrusted to the protection of Acilius, whose frankness and kindness had shown their alacrity more than once in my defence. He proposed to accompany me while pursuing the footsteps of my ungracious associate; and with the promptitude usual in men who, whatever their age or country, have lived much upon the sea, he carried me away. This young patrician had commanded eighteen or twenty triremes against some Messenian pirates in the Hadriatic, where he perished, though fighting victoriously.

It was my guide's suggestion, whispered in the ear of Sosthenes while following Bartholomew from the hall, which had recommended this route. For the Barmaster's devotion to mechanical science had been learnt by them through my narrative. Sosthenes was not incurious on such subjects because, as the architect of aqueducts and fountains, he had studied hydrostatics; Acilius, because art and science prosecuted their larger operations by the river's side. They wished to ascertain whether my friend had brought with him any applicable novelties as proofs of his proficiency.

Mr. Horncastle's desertion in my distress, though not treacherous, was unkind. Yet forgetting those wishes for my correction through such humiliating discipline, I considered that his want of an inter-

preter must increase with his eagerness to teach and his impatience in learning.

So hastily was I led by Acilius toward the river, down broad steps bordered by their balustrades ; along spacious terraces peopled by their statues ; among marble river-gods reclining beside their vases never empty ; and fountain Naïdes so airily sculptured as to laugh playfully and almost audibly while they sprinkled us with their spray, that I found no sufficient opportunity for any closer observation. Life and death had their representatives perplexingly intermixed. This stationary part of them seemed almost as vivacious as the moving multitudes every where around. Even where the assemblage was the greatest, only such suppressed mutterings reached me as we hear in king's courts while justice is administered, or some recent calamity has awed the city. I felt as if suddenly become deaf. There were no cries, no acclamations, no disputes.

Single figures wandered about to whom not a word was spoken. Companionless in a crowd, they repelled the notice which it was sometimes impossible to escape. Those by whom they were encountered, looked at them only that they might not observe them, distinguished them only to ascertain their presence or their approach, that they might not encounter their eyes or engage their thoughts. Yet it appeared as if such criminals could better endure the abhorrence which they provoked than solitude. The misery visible in their countenances had its own separate characteristic of shame, or anger, or malice, or pride, and always the common brand-mark, still deeper,

of despair. The hypocritical affectation of serenity or of benevolence, by which our worst passions in this upper world are often disguised, and sometimes even suspended or mitigated, would be useless here. Memory during two thousand years has been busy in freshening and deepening the terrible inscription of malice, vengeance, cruelty, falsehood, and lust. According to the tempers of those who exhibited them, a momentary glance supplicated or defied pity, invited or resented observation. Yet the least ungentle could endure neither for a moment. Some as we passed by them so quickly, turned round like wounded and disabled snakes, the more fiercely because they were impotent.

Even the gratification of their curiosity soon added new torments to the ferocious, and still greater dejection to the unhappy. Hardly pausing to look on a man who had not yet died, they turned away their faces proudly, scornfully, furiously, mournfully, bashfully, each as his disposition might be, but all hopelessly. Of one such who grinned at me, and as I thought defied me, Acilius whispered that his name was Lentulus Sura. To my inquiry whether I might also expect a meeting with Catiline, Cethegus, or Sulla, he replied that no two of them would be seen at the same time, for, that still more impatiently than the virtuous and the happy, did they abhor each other. While yet speaking, a shriek interrupted his last words, ringing so piercingly, so contagiously expressive of terror, in its shrillness so unnaturally discordant with the drowsy muttering everywhere else, that I ceased awhile to breathe.

It was answered by hoarser yells of abhorrence, and imprecations hardly less loud.

Almost close before us, were seen a male and female, both young, but rushing in contrary directions from each other's presence, and vainly trying to conceal themselves among the crowd, which, dreading their contact, still recoiled. Such an area was left, at first, as I had once witnessed in Valentia, where the half-murdered adulteress fled bleeding one way, and the ill-avenged or ill-satisfied husband, the other.

We were told that Publius Clodius, while trying to make a passage for himself among the multitude—all eyes being intent on so strange a spectacle as myself—was found by her at the side of his sister Clodia, Metellus Celer's repudiated wife. "If the cause of those cries and curses is yet unknown to you," said Acilius, "be content with ignorance. No hatred is, in this world, so fierce, no abhorrence so intense, as that which was generated in your's by the accursed familiarities of guilty love."

Extricating ourselves from this concourse, before terror and disgust had given way to curiosity, we saw Aurelia Orestilla, the wife for whose reception Catiline had made room by the murder of his only son. She sat alone upon the lip of a large basin brimfull with sparkling water. So mournful and despairing was the sigh which sounded in my ears as we hurried by her, that I trembled and looked back. "If this is indeed water," said she, "pity me and taste it for me, that I may drink. Ah, no! who shall pity the cruel? Curse me, then, and begone!" "That sigh afflicts me! terrifies me!" I exclaimed,

“it has taken away my strength!” “The repetition of it must be for ever,” said Acilius. “She wanders from fountain to fountain, but dares not drink. To her eyes the colour is blood, to her lips and nostrils the taste and the smell are blood. Blood red is the reflection of herself, though she is still so fair.” “There are crimes, then, for the punishment of which your universal law is not enough?” “Unless our imaginations had created them while yet alive, and we had brought them with us, to no other are we subject here. This fearful abuse of the senses began before death, memory perpetuates the illusion; she died through thirst because she feared or abhorred to drink.”

## CHAPTER III.

At the river's side there was no noisy, but some playful contention which boat's crew should best recommend itself to our use. Acilius might again have commanded a fleet, though it must this time have been manned by shadows. While occupied in selecting such a vessel as would float my weight where the water was shallowest, many stately galleys shot by us right and left, which he had no leisure to observe. One, sparkling as if both its fabric and its reflection were of inextinguishable fire; propelled by an unusual number of oars which rose and fell to a hair's breadth; and under its purple awning, freighted with passengers whose loose robes, covered crimson tunics, touched at the steps above which I stood. Even the wonder that my presence had excited was forgotten, as soon as the aquiline features and bald forehead of a slender and active, but elderly man, could be distinguished. I might have known by the respectful trepidation of his companions that he was much more than their equal noble as they were, while he stepped on shore and ascended these steps. Acilius himself started as soon as his attention was disengaged from other cares, and hastened forward to salute him. "I am told that we shall find Alexander in the house of Cicero?" said the stranger. "You will find both Alexander and Aristotle there; and if your patience or conve-

nience can wait till I return, two other guests more wonderful than either." "Than Alexander or Aristotle? What new world has one of these guests found to conquer, and the other to enlighten?" "They are stray subjects from that which was once your own world, and from the province in it which alone no one has disputed with you. Behold, this is the eldest of them!" Partly hidden by the reverential concourse around me, and in a dress common to the place, I had remained till then unobserved. So urgent was the haste of these new visitors, that they found no leisure for curiosity, even after my exemption from death had been declared. But their leader stopped, and returned some few paces nearer to me. In no other countenance have I ever seen wonder so reluctantly yielding its disbelief. It was only the countenance, for after a moment's hesitation, he passed on, saying, "We have already lost so much time, that I cannot wait; but if it is the promise of Acilius which tells me so, I shall see this living man again."

Our boat was ready, a vessel so light and long that it appeared only to rest on the water's surface, with its eight rowers and Acilius, till my far greater weight was added. The boatmen turned their faces the way they went, and stood upright like Venetian gondoliers. Till then I had found no time to ask who it was that might claim me as a subject.

ACILIUS.

Caius Julius Cæsar.



## LUGWARDINE.

Then he is injuriously represented by his busts and statues. I have beheld, in one hour, the two greatest of mankind! Alas, if this faintness had not overpowered me, I might have seen them meet! Cicero told me that Cæsar seldom appeared where any other head was as high as his.

## ACILIUS.

Cicero was thinking of his own head. Only one ever has been as high as Cæsar's. They were both crowned with universal sovereignty. When they meet, it is in such accordance as proves that ambition must be the inhabitant of your world alone, and that it cannot survive us.

## LUGWARDINE.

Else would these mighty phantoms have armed their legions and phalanxes of shadows against each other, to have contended for empire even here.

## ACILIUS.

They could have had nothing to fight for. Reflect upon our single law. Where memory is ever occupied by the past, there can be no hope, where no hope, no ambition. Where everything must remain the same, there can be no future, no gain from conquest, no authority from pre-eminence, no honour in victory. Our only distinction is the history we brought with us, and the love or gratitude

for past benefits which attend us here. Cæsar has a host of friends, for he was, beyond all other conquerors, moderate, placable, compassionate, and generous.

## LUGWARDINE.

He must have, at least, as many recollections that one million of men were slain by his sword: another million chained as slaves and sold by his authority. Two millions of men count as ten millions of men, women, and children. Memory will acquit him, indeed, of much partiality in what he did, for he enslaved his own country as well as theirs, and slew his own countrymen not less unscrupulously.

## ACILIUS.

Reserve these reflections till we return, not for him and Alexander, but for Cicero and Aristotle. Even Cicero will now confess that Rome had been enslaved still earlier by a worse tyranny — by her venal magistrates, her factious populace, her ambitious senate — her unappeasable rapacity, profligacy, and irreligion. Without virtue, liberty is impossible.

## LUGWARDINE.

This maxim — though loudly controverted every day by men who claim for themselves the pre-eminence as lovers of liberty; and would extend, not only its privileges, but its powers, among the base, the ignorant, and the selfish — confers upon liberty its highest honour. Virtue generates it, nurses it, educates it,

endows it—or otherwise it must have been born from adultery, and bred as an impostor.

ACILIUS.

After Marius, Sylla, Catiline, Clodius, and Pompeius had been competitors for this sovereignty, nothing remained of the republic beside its forms. There was no other question for the people than from which master they could receive the largest wages. Cæsar knew himself to be the mildest as well as the strongest. As for the first million slaughtered, and the second million enslaved by him—do you believe that these barbarians would have rested satisfied in their own country, or with each other's possessions? By any gentler restraint than war and conquest, could they have been kept on their side the Alps? All nations, and all factions among mankind partook of the same impatience. The poorer struggled to gain something—the richer to gain more. Whether civilised or uncivilised, like drunkards who have quarrelled at a festival, we were all furiously engaged in grasping at each other's throats, and plucking off each other's chaplets. Cæsar would have restored order. The lion would have awed the wolves and frightened the foxes: yet it is another question whether he should have done this.

In the whole of this lower world, there is neither shield nor spear. I have never yet seen a single purse except for the silver coin which your painted companion brought with him. It seems that there is no other article with which a Christian cannot

more easily dispense. By your account, his life is employed in making it capacious, and keeping it secure. His sixty or seventy years are passed in its daily contemplation — joyful or sorrowful as it grows fuller or emptier — and he prepares for an eternity where there are no purses, by devoting it to the corruption of his heirs.

## LUGWARDINE.

This is retaliation only: our covetousness is contrasted with your ambition — but they are both selfish, and so far both base.

## ACILIUS.

Well; and you might have added that it is more criminal to rob other people than to save our own.

## CHAPTER IV.

LUGWARDINE.

OUR customs are so inveterate that I cannot yet disentangle my thoughts from the supposed necessity of gold and silver. Do these eight rowers expect no other recompense than the pleasure of serving and obliging you?

ACILIUS.

What other could they receive? They are unable to forget me, or to think as affectionately on any one else. Some good offices are remembered on both sides — all eight died for me and with me.

LUGWARDINE.

By what power do bodies so light propel their oars? How is matter operated upon by that which seems so unsubstantial?

ACILIUS.

How can your mind, your spirit, your will, move and govern as it does your hand, your foot, your tongue? How are you able to strike one member of your body against another, or against any thing else?

In this case also spirit operates upon matter. To set in motion the club of Hercules or the spear of Achilles, there was nothing stronger than the will.

If you tell me that their hands raised their weapons, by what power was it that they raised their hands? All the difference between us and you is, that we shades go more directly to our work. My question is not proposed captiously or evasively. When you have considered it and replied to it, I can more intelligibly answer yours."

We were skimming the stream with a velocity like that of swallows before rain along fields which have been newly mown. I would gladly have slackened this speed that I might gaze upon the grandeur around me and above me. Still more magnificent than before appeared those lofty porticos, those endless colonnades, those airy domes reflecting a thousand other colours beside their own, and standing in the sky, not behind, but upon their pillars two or three stories high. I saw temples, each of which would have comprehended the whole ancient capitol under its roof, and amphitheatres surpassing the Colosseum, in the same proportion as the Colosseum surpasses the Temple of Peace. We hurried by the cornices and pediments of public baths, and of halls for public assemblies, deeply sculptured with gigantic figures. It seemed as if their artists had felt some pleasure, distinct from the exercise of skill, in representing arms, chariots, horses, and whatever else could be suggested by memory alone,—the prototypes possessing no place here. Hardly any two buildings displayed more than such a necessary resemblance as was required by the common purpose proposed. The just taste with which edifices so infinitely varied were kept from disagreeable contrasts,

and made always to harmonise, surprised me most. Though their architects had receded by preference to the earliest and simplest styles wherever bulk and unity might suit their object—on other occasions, they built with arches tier above tier, and with columns order above order, as if scaling with them the skies.

A few minutes only were sufficient to exchange all this splendour for such solitude as pleased me even better. By an easy flexure, the river ran half round some elevated land covered with the shadiest trees, and then lost its way among an infinity of small verdant islands. Even they who were long familiar with this labyrinth, could hardly have determined what was the water's breadth, or where its shores. Leaving the mid-stream, we floated over pools and shallows which appeared, in some parts, to have been paved with chrysolites and amethysts, in other parts, to have been filled with flowers like our parterres. So pellucid were the waters, so rich the refracted lights, so brightly or tenderly coloured even the sands and stones.

Three or four trees were sufficient to overshadow the smallest of these islands: on others there was room enough for sunny banks and cavernous recesses. Some were steep, rocky, inaccessible without steps, and as high as they were wide or long. Their forms varied as much as their dimensions; but not a single spot ever wanted the kind of harmony which charms us most. The rocks were coated with mosses—the mosses were interspersed with flowers. Blossoms filled the air with their fragrance, while their images

brightened and animated the watery shadows over which they hung. On almost every islet, I observed at least one diminutive cupola shaped like a wine-cup reversed, or a silver bell with its lip downward. In many instances, the forms and colours of these Liliputian domes resembled flowers, and then nothing could exceed the elegance with which they were tinted, shaded, and sometimes variegated. This illusion was recommended by another; for over the whole watery region were diffused a thousand different odours fresher than from the lime-tree's blossom. Each cupola rested on its square base — and each front of this base may have measured, perhaps, twenty feet. Only at the four angles was there room enough for a statue or an urn. Placed on rocky points almost overhanging the water, we could easily perceive the delicacy of their sculpture. When thus elevated, they had always marble steps descending from them to the lake; and almost always such a diminutive boat as medallists will remember on Phenician coins, curved like the new moon.

Reclining upon the herbage above, were a few females, often alone, some in small groups. Acilius informed me that I beheld the habitations of those noble women on whom the republic had conferred extraordinary honours because they had been virtuous, patriotic, learned, or distinguished by some domestic excellence. “We have already left behind us the mothers of Coriolanus and Sertorius: that larger island on the left has room enough for six or seven vestals,” said he. “Like their fathers and brothers, such privileges are enjoyed by them as a security



against intrusion only ; since no accommodation can be required in this world, for food, shelter, or rest."

Seeing that my curiosity was so much excited, Acilius suddenly steered his boat aslant from its former direction ; and the rowers soon stopped it under a steep crag of no great elevation, on which three or four females were seated watching our approach. Telling me to remain there till his return, he landed, ascended the steps, and I could observe that, courteous as was his reception, at least proportionably reverential was his address. No doubt, he proposed to present something prodigious, a man who had never died ! Beckoning me from the boat, and meeting me before I had quite reached to the highest step, he whispered that these were among the most illustrious ladies of their country. I saw there one matron whose ample garments and stately deportment would have discovered her nobility, if it had not been announced. After a few words of no uncere- monious astonishment, she exclaimed, "I must conduct you to my daughter."

When near enough to see more critically the little habitation which stood alone on this fairest of islands, I found that both base and cupola, however unlike in colour, were fabricated from the same materials, either glass half opaque, or porcelain half transparent. Of the square below, every front was encrusted with bas-reliefs as highly finished as if chased in silver. Yet Acilius said that, like the dome, they were cast, each of its present dimensions, in moulds and from furnaces which we should soon see. There was only one small door and no window ; but, on entering, I

found that sufficient light could penetrate the diaphanous substance of which its entire fabric was made, though not less than five or six inches thick. Most Romans preferred the dimness of a seclusion like this to transparent glass and extensive prospects. The genii seemed to have expanded some bell-shaped blossom till it was large enough for the imprisonment of two or three fairies.

## CHAPTER V.

My distracted attention could hardly ascertain in what manner was this most elegant of habitations furnished. There needed no carpets on the tessellated floor, no hangings on the transparent walls, no pictures, statues, cabinets, or lamps. I saw little else than two or three diminutive tables and couches, with some small musical instruments, and still smaller instruments for female work. But, as we entered, the song ceased and the work dropped upon the pavement. Of three females, two were clothed with the same simplicity : there was nothing in their forms or faces which, at such a time, I should have looked at twice. But the third appeared of that age which is most graceful, before childhood has quite passed away. Hardly a woman yet, I had never seen beauty either so perfect, or of the same kind. It might have been heightened by colour, for neither marble nor alabaster was more delicately transparent, but by any change in the character the charm would have been diminished. In such a presence, the grosser passions must have lost their sensuality and become devout. There was more than the defensive innocence which is protected from licentious thoughts by its own purity, and on which vice gazes till it has grown reverential. Beauty like this makes converts to virtue ; not sternly overawing the immodest, but sweetly propitiating the affectionate. Love would

have learnt to worship, less through fear than pity ; less through hope, or admiration, or gratitude than tenderness.

She started as we entered, and seemed afraid. There was a perplexed attempt at recollection, a bewildered look of inquiry—such as in this world I had not witnessed even once before. Her eyes were filled with tears ; they appeared to ask for protection from her mother, and, as if mocked by abortive efforts of memory, for information from her companions. Then, seeing that we felt distressed by her uneasiness, she would have smiled away our anxiety, her own agitation, her mother's alarm. The attempt, though repeated, was in vain. At last, stooping her face amidst the slender fingers of both hands, she sat down, muttering rather to herself than to us ; “ Never died ! Why should he not have died ? Then, perhaps, neither may I be dead—I cannot remember ! ” To Acilius, who said that there was another such man, she replied ; “ How my father died I know, and why my mother died—but nothing else—nor let any one tell me.” While that gentle countenance was thus hidden, the elder matron permitted us to depart

## CHAPTER VI.

OUR visit was so hastily proposed and despatched, that there had been no time for other information than from those few words whispered to me as I ascended the steps. While I was reseating myself beside Acilius at the boat's stern, I exclaimed, that in neither world had I seen beauty which it would be so difficult to forget. If there have been features equal in delicacy, and a form not less graceful, never surely could they have combined with them such consummate sweetness, gentleness, and purity. I shall think long and painfully of that timid and bewildered gaze, of those eyes which wandered so piteously as if to escape their tears, of that sorrowful smile which would have disclaimed or excused what they could not conceal. Her words were unintelligible, but I hear them still;—"Why my father died I know, and how my mother died—but nothing else—nor let any one tell me."

## ACILIUS.

If other forgetfulness were possible by me, yet such a death could not be forgotten. That tempest extends its shadow from your world to ours; and even in the broad daylight of eternity, it is not dispersed. Yes; sometimes for a moment she is bewildered still!

LUGWARDINE.

A virgin of her age can have had no sufficient space for much unhappiness?

ACILIUS.

Are you so ignorant of such distinctions as not to have perceived that her robes and her mother's robes are alike — and that both are clothed as matrons?

LUGWARDINE.

Her mother has, among other characteristics less obvious to my inexperience, a matron's age and dignity. But this child —

ACILIUS.

Was the greatest of the two, the highest in power, in wealth, in authority, in expectation, in the public esteem. She might soon have been greater in such distinctions, not only than her mother, but than any other woman. With no better right, some who succeeded to her place were such indeed.

LUGWARDINE.

You called the mother Octavia, but I have seen only one of her parents—she referred to both?

ACILIUS.

You have seen them both, though the other may not have been observed by you. During the narra-

tive which you gave us in the house of Cicero, her father stood awhile at my side—and when it was afterwards discussed, he occupied a seat on the same couch between Atticus and Trebonius.

LUGWARDINE.

Then his robe was striped with purple down the front and near the ground? I should be ungrateful if I could forget either your interposition in my favour or his. A patrician no doubt—but of what official rank was he?

ACILIUS.

At his death, he held the prætorship of the city. His name was Antistius—his daughter's name Antistia. But young as she was, he had transferred the protection of her to another. She must be considered—so short was their union—as the bride, rather than the wife, of Cneius Pompeius.

LUGWARDINE.

Of Pompeius the Great?

ACILIUS.

“Greatly fortunate—great till it had become necessary to encounter two opponents still greater; and fortunate against the first of them; yet if, at Pharsalia, he had conquered Cæsar, many of his contemporaries would have remembered that, in Spain, he was ten times beaten or baffled by Sertorius. There must, however, have been something great

even for an imaginary resemblance to the Macedonian Alexander. No other Roman has ever since risen so rapidly either in civil or military rank, or in the estimation of his fellow citizens. I served under him ; and as a maxim applicable to other cases also, you should never disregard the opinion of those who lived at the same time with illustrious men ; who were skilled in the same pursuits ; who must have communicated daily with eye-witnesses both hostile and impartial ; and who themselves stood near enough for observation. Unless you have become more modest in criticism than we were, history must still suffer, not less from presumption than from ignorance. Associated with the best generals in the most martial age, Pompeius maintained the superiority of his reputation during thirty years. While yet a boy, he levied and commanded armies on the side of Sylla. His victories were gained as often by skill and foresight, as by valour and good fortune. After defeat, after death, after the ruin of his party, he can hardly have been considered as less than one among the great.

“ Popular caprice had never shown itself so contradictory in any other instance ; for the people hated his father from whose rapacity they had suffered ; and as a partisan of Sylla, he himself must have been considered by them unfriendly to their pretensions. Still they gave and forgave everything to Pompeius. Perhaps their dislike of Sylla found some assuagement in deducting as much as they were able from his honours, and in conferring them upon his lieutenant. Sylla had sufficient wisdom to





render their malignity profitable, by employing, without apparent discontent, so popular an agent. As dictator, he sanctioned the irregularity with which honours and offices were accumulated on this new favourite earlier than in any other instance. Large armies were placed under his command, and difficult enterprises intrusted to his vigilance.

“ We may cast our conjectures beyond their object, when we suppose that politicians can be influenced by nothing lower than their policy. Sylla foresaw, no doubt, that if Pompeius succeeded in what he undertook, the chief profit would accrue to his own supremacy, as our common master—and that if he should fail, an ambitious rival must disappear. But the dictator was not exempt from those casual and vulgar influences which operate on other men. It was, and perhaps is, the common error of historians to elevate low or obscure motives till they could range them on the same level with their heroes and statesmen in dignity, in generosity, or in wisdom. Some among them have been much more anxious to preserve such consistency and uniformity of character, than were the poets. The poets, as better philosophers, knew that only in little men has there been any such thing. Homer represents Nestor as so garrulous about former dangers that he overlooks the urgency of present ruin. Nay Jupiter himself falls fast asleep in the lap of Juno.”

## CHAPTER VII.

## LUGWARDINE.

OF what kind were those influences which interfered with Sylla's policy ?

## ACILIUS.

“It was difficult to see Pompeius without some such partiality as infected the populace. Not yet quite three and twenty years old, he had fought several battles successfully; had commanded against experienced generals and veteran legions, so as to acquire the affectionate attachment, as well as the reverential confidence of his own. There appeared in him all those qualities which, balancing and regulating excess, correct the crude disproportions of each other. Grave, unobtrusive, silent among the talkative, eloquent among the thoughtful, his courage, his audacity, his prowess in martial exercises, his reputation for much more than ordinary strength and skill, were sobered by the quiet dignity of his address, the conscious but inoffensive majesty of his deportment, and, in his countenance, such beauty as painters might have ascribed to Jupiter when Jupiter was a youth. So natural seemed his superiority, that there was less effort in asserting than in concealing it. The moist lubricity of his eyes appeared almost bashful. A thousand tongues attested every day that modesty

like his must be incompatible with pride, for that when he spoke he blushed.

“In other indulgencies he was abstemious but not ascetic; in love some occasional excesses were freely permitted to him among our unrestricted habits, as consistent with temperance, though irreconcilable with chastity. Beside Flora, so memorable for her beauty and licentiousness, other women also would submit themselves to no future attachment after even a casual association with Pompeius.

“During Sylla’s absence, and while both consuls were at the head of armies, Antistius, as prætor, exercised the chief magistracy in Rome. He was considered rather too zealous about the interests of his future son-in-law for perfect justice. He gave Pompeius his support in pursuit of civil honours leading to military power still higher, and excluding candidates with earlier pretensions. He gave him also his only child, of whom I need say nothing more now, than that you saw this flower after its bloom had been breathed upon by misery, and trampled upon by death. Even while memory might decay, no one could see it and forget it. Pompeius inflamed still greater envy in our sex, than Antistia did in hers.

“The enchantment of this dream was overshadowed some few days only after their nuptials, by a calamity which should have rendered faith more sacred and love more tender. Pompeius gained the office for which he had contended, but not without provoking jealousies and resentments among his competitors proportionable to the irregularity of his pretensions.

In the forum his life was threatened by their partisans ; and on the steps of the senate-house, where such dangers appeared to be least probable, it was assailed. Antistius could not otherwise shield from their swords the bosom of his son-in-law, than by the interposition of his own. Missing their blows at Pompeius, they murdered the prætor. In garments which were still wet with her father's blood, Pompeius returned to his young bride unhappy now for the first time."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## ACILIUS.

"A FEW days only could be afforded for consolation. His new office, the critical urgency of civil war, and, above all, the letters of Sylla, required that he should depart for Cisalpine Gaul. He had to contend with three armies there, one of which was commanded by no less an opponent than the Consul Scipio. Victory again preceded his eagles. By almost every messenger did Antistia hear the report of additional success. One hostile and defeated army deserted its own commanders to range its legions under his ensigns, the other two retreated and dispersed. Sylla himself, who had advanced hastily to the support of Pompeius while pressed upon and endangered, arrived with no other advantage from such expedition, than the privilege to congratulate him first on his good fortune, and to salute him as *Imperator*. All Rome proclaimed its astonishment that the Dictator should have conferred a title, for which he had been contending so eagerly with the Scipios and the Marii, on one not yet old enough to take his seat in the senate-house.

"By the side of Sylla, a Roman knight will return with the Dictator's fasces before him! If triumphs might be permitted to a conqueror in civil warfare, Pompeius would triumph! Still more happy is the young bride that, as triumphs or ovations could add nothing to his glory, his advent will not be retarded

by them. Leaving no enemy in the field, and this time it was impossible that he should find any rival in the city, the hero returns to her! The crowds of her father's friends, of her husband's friends, of patricians, generals, statesmen,—all who had hurried to her day by day with their congratulations, foretelling a far more happy and durable dictatorship than that now enjoyed by Sylla, are gone forth to meet him.

“He enters the gates,—he accompanies Sylla to the capitol, — he visits the dictator's house; soon will he escape from the Senate and its congratulations, that he may approach his own. Such happiness is not quite exempt from the pain of impatience through its excess. But he is arrived at last! They must be his attendants who are now left by him in the vestibule, his feet which ascend the steps, which tread the atrium, which stop before the door! Behold, it is not Pompeius who presents himself,—it is the city Præcon, the officer to whose care such commissions are intrusted by the laws! He reads the customary form—in the legal and customary words he demands the keys—he will restore the dowry—he pronounces a divorce! The marriage contract is produced and cancelled, and torn before her eyes. She must depart the house; instant preparations must be made in it for another bride. It is the daughter of Sylla's wife who will confirm the alliance between these two conquerors, so that the sovereignty of Rome may devolve as an inheritance on the younger.

“Those who were present have said that Octavia looked no more than once in her daughter's face. Her husband had been murdered in the defence and

in the room of Pompeius ; by Pompeius had her child been married, and repudiated, and disgraced. She looked but once, and that silently. From the humiliation of shame, she escaped by a courageous, but in its hasty forgetfulness of Antistia, a cruel death. Antistia was the first to enter her mother's chamber, and to find a dagger where now alone, in all the world, she could have looked for comfort. She never spoke either rationally or intelligibly again. Madness saved her from the worst part of such miseries, till death ended them. But even still there is more than a momentary consciousness, in that bewildered look, of some such dream. Memory, in its distinctness, can approach no nearer to the truth, because memory has no standing-place among the ruins of thought. Antistia's funeral-pile had been kindled beyond the Porta Prænestina, before those new garlands which were suspended at the doors and in the halls of Pompeius began to fade."

LUGWARDINE.

Is there no worse hell than this for such cruelties ?

ACILIUS.

"Our single law is ill understood by you, or it would be cruel to wish that there should be one. Terrible is it in its silence, its comprehensiveness, its obduracy ! Never can these crimes be forgotten. They lie heavily upon the inflamed and jaded conscience, chafing its rawness, not night and day, for these seem to have an interval ; not year after year,

for these seem to terminate and to begin again; but during our changeless and eternal *now*.

“ There were more cruelties in connexion with these which produced the same blossoms and blasted them in the same manner. Emelia, the daughter of Sylla’s wife, a reluctant victim to tyranny and ambition, was at that time pregnant by another marriage. Dragged away from the husband whom she loved, to this bloody house and unnatural alliance, she died in child-birth, thus cancelling the accursed confederacy, and rendering abortive two great crimes. Sylla soon found that his safest policy was to smile at the insolence and endure the ingratitude of Pompeius the Great.”

END OF VOL. I.



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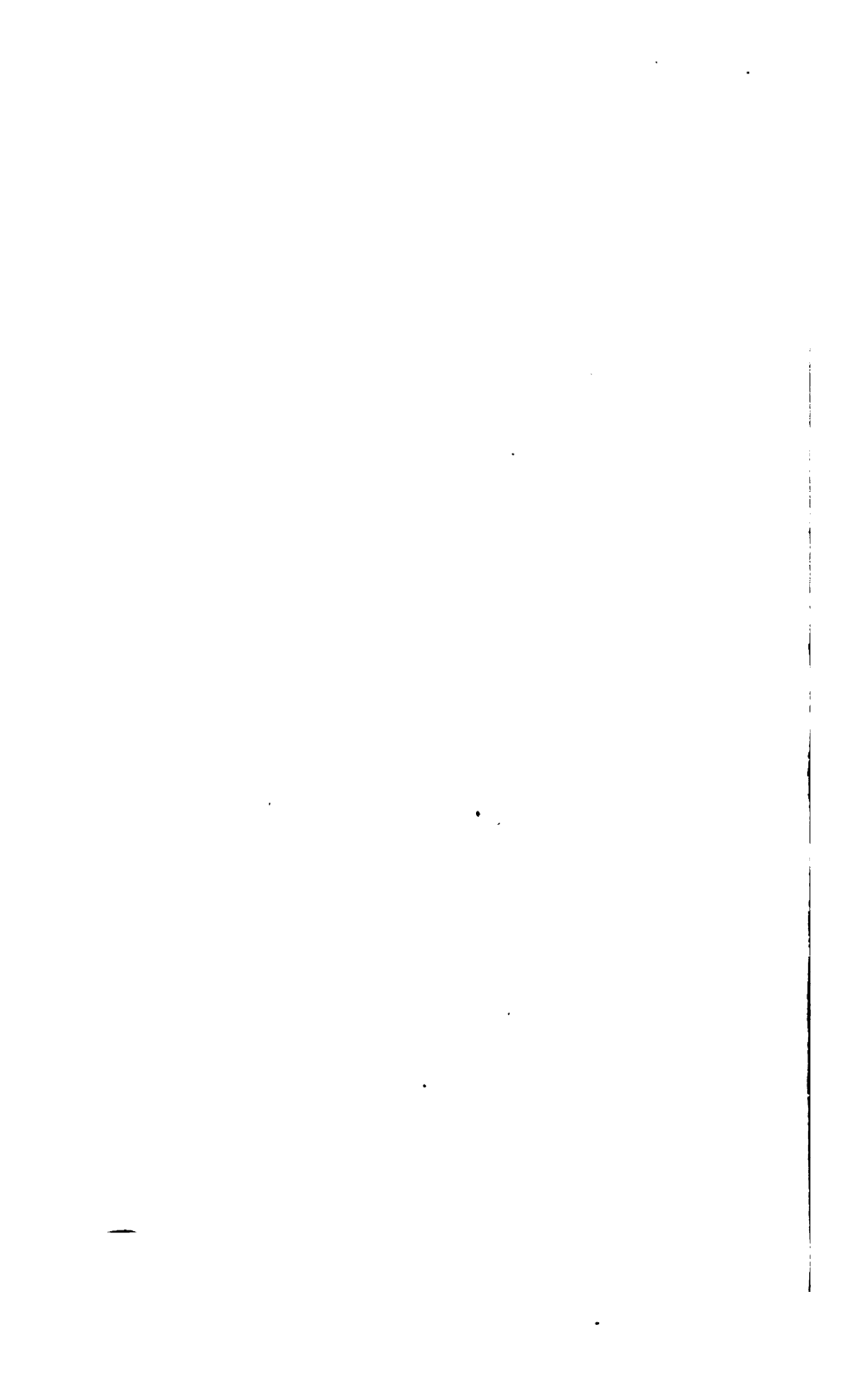
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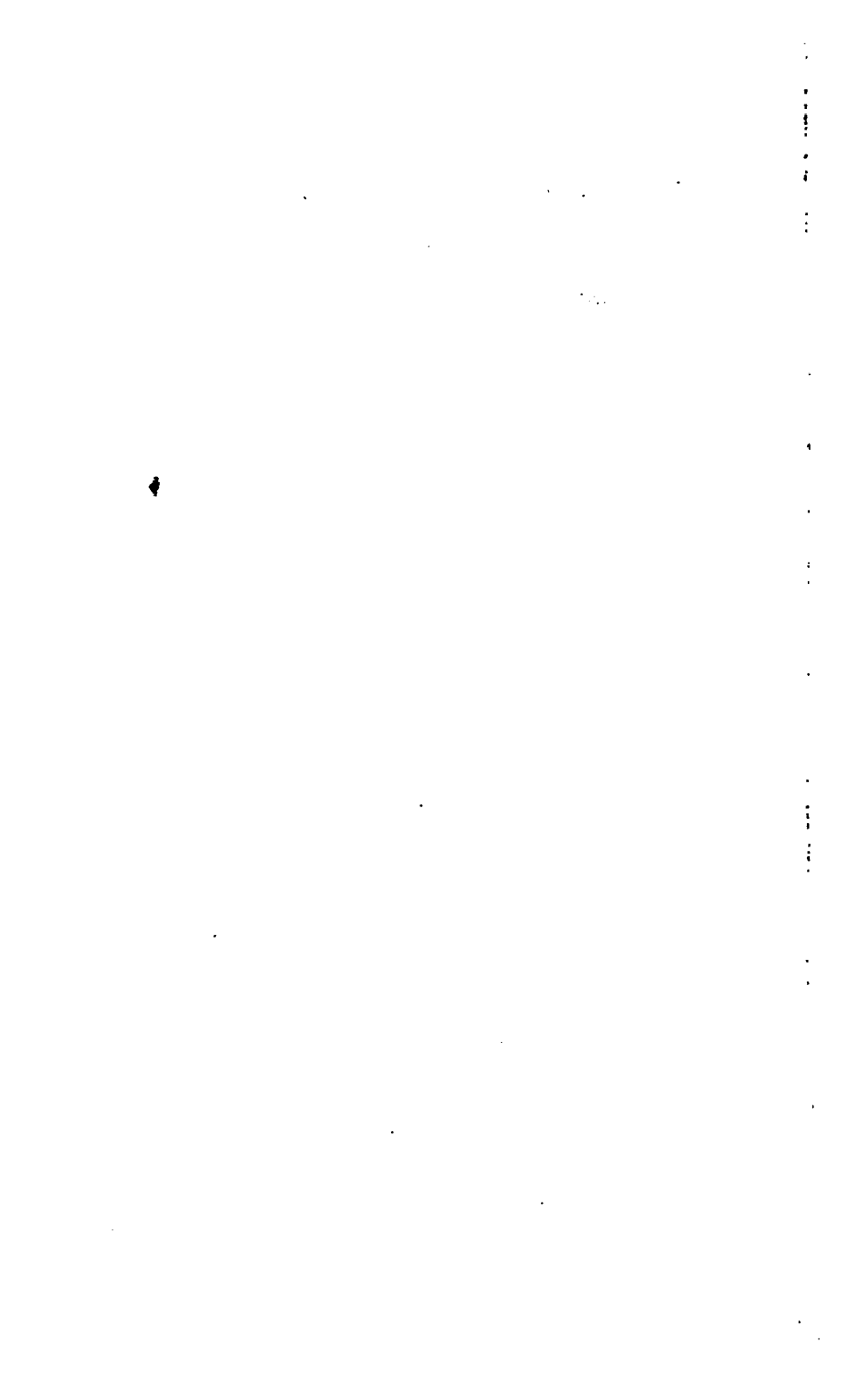
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